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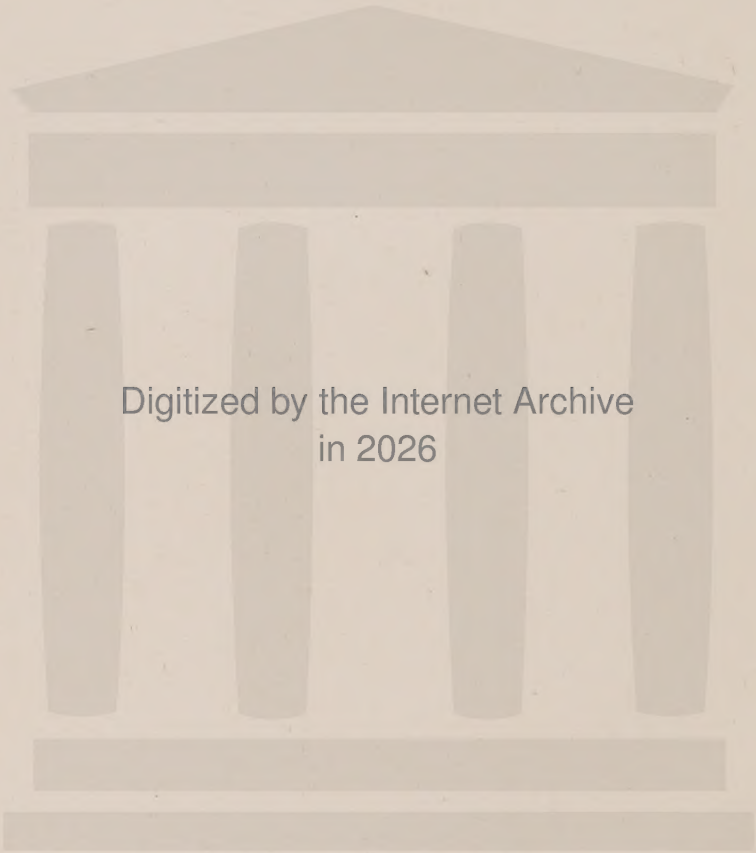
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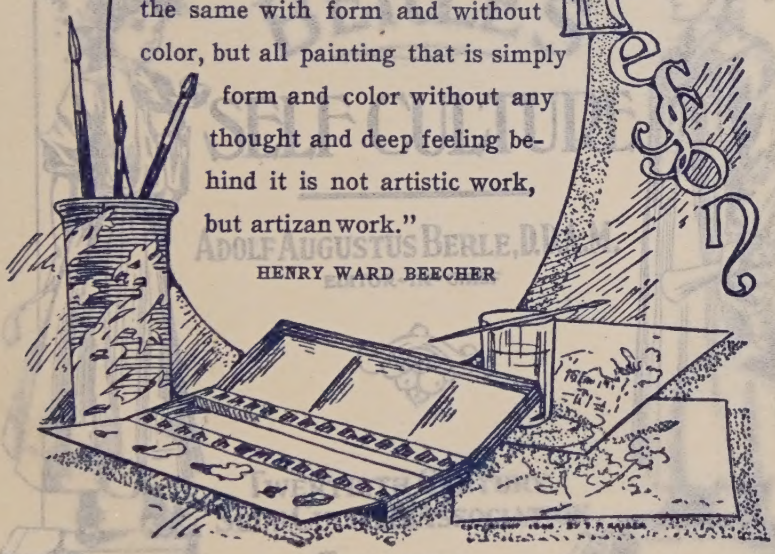
The Water Color Lesson

"PAINTING is the conveyance of thought and feeling by color and form. Words do the same with form and without color, but all painting that is simply form and color without any thought and deep feeling behind it is not artistic work, but artizan work."

HENRY WARD BEECHER



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BERLE'S SELF CULTURE

ADOLF AUGUSTUS BERLE, D.D.A.M.
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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BERLE'S
SELF CULTURE

VOL. IX

MUSIC, THE FINE ARTS
AND THE DRAMA.

BERLE'S SELF CULTURE

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INTRODUCTION

THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

By Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, Kt.,

FORMER DIRECTOR METROPOLITAN ART MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

THE origin of the modern museum is not explained by an examination of the meaning of its name, taken from an institution which flourished at Alexandria, in Egypt, twenty centuries ago, serving as a centre for the learned in the arts, sciences, and literature to meet for mutual improvement, and possibly for mutual defence. This was only following the example of the trades and handicrafts of those days, each of which segregated into a "collegium," or trade society, which regulated all their actions for the general interest.

But the origin must be sought for in other directions; also in the classical times, when the precincts of the Forum, with its triumphal arches and statues of national heroes, were the first national art collections, held as the common property of all. Then later, the treasuries of the Christian Church, rich in art and relics of piety, were displayed to the public on certain holy days; whilst towards the end of the eighteenth century many of the European royal collections, not family property, were opened to the public, and so the modern museum started. As yet it was but a storehouse of natural and historical curiosities, no attempts being made to render the objects of use to either artist or historian. Finally, in 1851, the first International Exposition, held in London, gathered from all parts of civilization the finest products of modern craftsmanship, and these being generally imitations of former styles, the importance of studying works of the past became obvious, and thus the art museum took its place as an educational institution with strong claims for public support.

The word educational is often restricted to signify the ordinary education which, without any definite aim, only prepares the individual to receive special instruction in the business of later life.

In the old days, this special education could be obtained only

through some form of apprenticeship in which, in return for service during a stipulated period of years, a trade was taught more by example than by precept. During this second course of education the errors of the earlier tuition often became manifest, causing regrets for the time wasted, in the acquisition of useless information, which might have been utilized in the special direction of the afterwork.

Therefore in attempting to make the museum educationally useful in the pedagogic instruction of youth, care must also be taken that the more advanced class of practical workers shall also find their requirements understood and supplied. The first require principles for subjective use, the second a wide range of objects properly classified and kept "up to date," in order to show the progress made by others, both at home and abroad.

To the schoolmaster the museum is largely an institution where his pupils can see relics of the past, and the more these are kept together with their respective national and historical surroundings the better it will be for his purpose. Thus a series of displayed interiors, such as a Roman "triclinium" of a private house, with its dining furniture, service and wine-vessels, a German early mediæval "banquet hall," an English dining-hall of the sixteenth century, or a French "salon" of Louis XV., equally furnished, would give life to the dry bones of history, which no amount of book-description could furnish. Then where the museum stops short the picture and sculpture gallery fill the gaps, restoring to us in semblance the makers of history and repeopling the rooms of the past with the rulers, priests, statesmen, nobles, burghers and peasants, who have played their several parts in the life of all ages.

Thus the museum should bear the same relation to the college as the library does. In the latter we form vague mental images of men and things which in the museum became materialized, and through the memory of the eye are more permanently retained.

Such an arrangement of museum collections, however satisfactory to the educational and general public, would fall short of the requirements of the specialist student in any of the arts and crafts, to whom the history of the development of his particular trade is his sole object in visiting a museum. His problem in life is more concerned with the future than with the past, which only serves as a guide to show how, through the centuries, his craft has slowly evolved from the rude attempts of primitive man through a way marked with pitfalls as well as successes, by

the study of both of which he hopes to play his part in developing his art a further stage.

To him the sentimental historic side has but little value. If a potter, his estimation of a rare and costly specimen of Medician porcelain would lead him to place it lower than modern Sèvres, Dresden, or Chinese ware: it was merely a "light that failed." His requirement is a museum wholly restricted to pottery, and arranged to show the practical as well as the historical development of the potter's craft.

It is the same with the gold and silversmith, carver in wood or stone, weaver, lacemaker and embroiderer, all of whom are the people who will, for good or bad, make the reputation which we, all of us, of the twentieth century will present to the eyes of posterity; and it is to help these, the craftsmen of the period in which we live, that the South Kensington Museum of England, the Kunstgewerbe Museums of Germany, and the "Arts Décoratifs" of France were especially founded.

There was a time when museums and libraries, which are now as free and open as God's good air and His bright sunshine, were hedged about with all kinds of difficulties in the way of gaining entrance or, having gained entrance, in inspecting or using their treasures. Nowadays the library is open to all, and under present methods of administration has become one of the most important tools to work with not only for the student and educator, but for the searchers for practical knowledge as well as for the worker with his hand as well as with his head. The museum should be arranged on similar lines, and in conjunction with the library take its position as an important factor in the national system of education.

Now comes the question as to how to utilize the museum as a means for self-culture, and for this purpose I assume that the student requires special information to be gained by visual observation of examples of which heretofore his only knowledge has been the necessarily imperfect book descriptions.

Here we are at once facing the great problem of copies or reproductions, and as yet, in my opinion, museum directors have not given sufficient public recognition to the supreme value of good copies in filling gaps in their collections, and even where such copies have been acquired, the museum authorities generally, from commercial or sentimental reasons, relegate the copies to other parts of the museum apparently from fear of lowering the monetary value of the original works they may possess, which in many cases are inferior as works of art to the copies

of masterpieces. The student in the perfectly arranged museum should find his spécial subject properly illustrated by a complete series of objects in which any missing links, in the chain of evidence, are replaced by actual copies, perfect in form and color, made after the celebrated originals in the great museums and collections of the world. In addition, each section should have a special catalogue, dealing not only with the examples shown in that particular museum, but also giving reference to objects of the same class to be found in other museums and collections, and should as far as possible include a complete bibliography of works treating of the subject in question.

Aided by such means, the student's path is easy. The sectional catalogue, which must be sufficiently technical as well as historical, should be used and marginal notes made of peculiarities in the objects which seem to have escaped notice in the catalogue. Then in the museum library the various standard works which are mentioned in the catalogue must be consulted, and any apparently discordant descriptions inquired into and judged by reference to the originals.

In each section the curator should be competent and willing to explain his special collection, and as far as possible keep an open mind with relation to the values of individual objects for teaching purposes. In this he will find pitfalls of all kinds, the most dangerous being commercialism under the disguise of æsthetic antiquarianism. Honest commercialism is a noble quality, but when objects of little art value are enhanced in price owing to their scarceness or historic connections, it is difficult to relegate them to a minor position in due accordance with their intrinsic merits. Here the curio, or rather curiosity, must be cited as one of the stumbling-blocks with which the modern museum has to contend. The curiosity is either natural—that is to say, accidental—or historical. The first has no proper position in an art museum, and the second only claims admittance on account of any art qualities it may possess, and wholly apart from its personal associations.

Another difficulty is the question of standard of quality, and here the most formidable of all problems has to be encountered. A standard is supposed to be dependent on fixed rules, but when these rules are dependent on fashion and are ever changing, the value of the standard is nil. The golden rule, during the first half of the nineteenth century, was great elaboration of work and perfection in finish of surface, and every care had to be taken to remove all traces of hand, tool, or brush work. This was

followed by a reaction, from the extremes of which we are still suffering. Now the individuality of the worker must assert itself visibly, and the mark of his hand, whether subtle and dexterous or feeble and clumsy, is accepted equally as evidence of good art by those who rely on text-book rules when judging the qualities of art work.

Another mistake is the misuse of the word "machine-made," when applied as a term of reproach. In fact, all work is more or less machine-made, where tools of any kind are employed in its manufacture. The general fault of machinery is that its owner is often ignorant or indifferent to art, and in both cases incapable of selecting the patterns which his machine will repeat in quantity. When, however, a good design is adopted, there are few tricks of the hand, either in form or color, which the machine cannot follow in most crafts; and, after all, the beauty of the finished work must depend upon the hand of the artist who designs the model or pattern which the machine merely reproduces.

To the student the museum should be the adjunct of the library; the movement which has vivified the libraries as an educator has at length reached the museums, and they are beginning to be recognized as factors in the general system of education as they have never been recognized before. Both in America and Europe, museum officials are forming associations, with a view to standardizing the methods of classification and exhibition of their collections, and as, to the student, the certainty increases of finding the necessary objects to illustrate any point or style required in his work, so will the museum habit become more general and an integral part of a good education.

C. Purdon Clarke.

THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

ART EDUCATION THE TRUE INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

By W. T. Harris, LL. D., Former Commissioner of Education.

WE have heard much said on the subject of industrial training in recent years. It would seem that there is no educational subject that occupies the mind of the public more extensively at the present time. There is, however, not an entire agreement among its agitators as to the exact nature of the education demanded for industry. It is the object of my paper to assist in clearing up this question of the best form of training for profitable work in the industries.

One will concede at the start that tool work is valuable as industrial training, and that especially the course of study and work in the manual-training school is valuable because it teaches how to manufacture tools and machines of all kinds and thereby gives the laborer a sort of command over the instruments of industry that assists him very much in his struggle for excellence in the fields of labor.

Still more valuable must we regard the study of natural science, and especially of applied mathematics, in the laws of matter and motion. It furnishes the theory of all machinery and of all production of supplies from nature.

Besides this, we may claim that general education is of the utmost importance, opening, as it does, the powers of thought and observation, giving each laborer an insight into human nature and fitting him for logical thinking on all subjects; fitting him alike to lead others and combine them in extensive undertakings and likewise to serve faithfully and intelligently other leaders when the case requires. This general education is indeed indispensable to the citizen and to the best quality of industrial people.

But æsthetic education—the cultivation of taste, the acquirement of knowledge on the subject of the origin of the idea of beauty (both its historic origin and the philosophical account of its source in human nature), the practice of producing the outlines of the beautiful by the arts of drawing, painting, and modelling, the criticism of works of art with a view to discover readily the causes of failure or of success in

æsthetic effects—all these things we must claim for the true foundation of the highest success in the industries of any modern nation. The dynamic side is needed, but invention of the useful does not succeed in controlling the markets of the world. A nation with its laborers all educated in their taste for beautiful forms will give graceful shapes to their productions and command higher prices for them. The graceful shape and the proper ornamentation charm the purchaser, and he willingly pays a higher price for the beautiful article of usefulness if it is made by an artist than if it is made by a mere artisan. Sweden is the leader in the manual-training movement, but her educators have not yet seen the importance of developing correct taste among the laborers as a condition of industrial success. Accordingly we find that ingenuity is increasing to some extent in that country, but that there is no improvement in the artistic finish and ornamentation of their goods. Clumsy shapes and incongruous ornament are the characteristics of Swedish goods. Other nations do not want such ugly shapes in sight and do not buy them. To have ugly utensils perpetually in view gradually works degeneration in one's taste. The figures of our commercial reports show that we import raw materials from Sweden, but do not buy their manufactures.

In 1851, at the World's Exposition in London, it became evident that English industries were not of such a character as to compete with those of France and Belgium. Prince Albert, wise and thoughtful as he was, set about a deep-reaching system of education that should correct the national defect and recover the prestige of British arts and manufactures. The South Kensington Museum was established, and day and evening art schools set up in all manufacturing centres. The museum placed at its foundation a collection of works of art showing the history of art—its beginnings, its high-water marks, and its fluctuations. On this basis instruction was given in those forms of ornamentation that the world has pronounced beautiful. There began from this time a gradual rise in the taste of the English workman; from being an artisan pure and simple he began to be an artist. England has gone forward rapidly in the direction of producing works of taste, and her useful manufactures, heretofore made without reference to beauty, have improved in tastefulness of design and execution.

The establishment of a great national art gallery, the Louvre, and the studies of French savants in the canons of good taste had long before revolutionized French manufactures and given France the supremacy in the world market for goods that command high prices and ready sale.

Taking hint from England, we have had in this country something of the fever for education in art, especially in the lines of industrial drawing. Remarkable as has been our progress in the matter, yet there is a prevalent lack of insight into the true direction and significance of this branch of industrial drawing. We have had much

stress laid on geometric drawing and the construction of working drawings, as well as the old-fashioned system of drawing pictures of objects, and we have had much invention of original designs, founded on the basis of regularity and symmetry, but we have had very little of a really high order of æsthetic.

In order to explain this statement, I ask your attention to a discussion of some general ideas on the theory of art with a view to show the object of art and its historical realization. This will help to explain to us why art exercises and has exercised so much influence in the world, and why it dominates still in the market of industrial productions. Wealth demands the æsthetic. The days of poverty may be satisfied with the useful.

Let us inquire into the scope of art and see its function, whether serious or trivial, whether elevating or degrading to the soul. Let us study it, in short, in its relations to religion as well as in its relations to industry, because only in this serious aspect can it justify for itself its high place in the esteem of mankind.

There is the theory that the primary function of art is amusement. What makes this degrading theory plausible is the fact that there is sensuous enjoyment in the contemplation of works of art. But if we analyze this effect we shall trace even it to something higher than sensuous sources.

The sensuous elements in art are regularity, symmetry, and harmony.

1. *Regularity* is recurrence of the same—mere repetition. A rude people scarcely reaches a higher stage of art. The desire for amusement is gratified by a string of beads or a fringe of some sort. It is a love of rhythm. The human form divine does not seem beautiful to the savage. It is not regular enough to suit his taste. He must accordingly make it beautiful by regular ornaments, or by deforming it in some way; by tattooing it, for example.

Why does regularity please? Why does recurrence or repetition gratify the taste of the child or savage? The answer to this question is to be found in the generalization that the soul delights to behold itself, and that human nature is "mimetic," as Aristotle called it, signifying symbol-making. Man desires to know himself and to reveal himself, in order that he may comprehend himself; hence, he is an art-producing animal. Whatever suggests to him his deep, underlying spiritual nature gives him a strange pleasure. The nature of consciousness is partly revealed in types and symbols of the rudest art. Chinese music, like the music of very young children, delights in monotonous repetitions that almost drive frantic any one with a cultivated ear. But all rhythm is a symbol of the first and most obvious fact of conscious intelligence or reason. Consciousness is the knowing of the self by the self. There is subject and object and the activity of recognition. From subject to object there is distinction and difference, but with recognition sameness or identity

is perceived, and the distinction or difference is retracted. What is this simple rhythm from difference to identity but regularity? It is, we answer, regularity, but it is much more than this. But the child or savage delights in monotonous repetition alone, not possessing the slightest insight into the cause of his delight. His delight is, however, explicable through this fact of the identity in form between the rhythm of his soul-activity and the sense-perception by which he perceives regularity.

The sun-myth arises through the same feeling. Wherever there is repetition, especially in the form of return-to-itself, there comes this conscious or unconscious satisfaction at beholding it. Hence, circular movement, or movement in cycles, is the most wonderful of all the phenomena beheld by primitive man. Nature presents to his observation infinite differences. Out of the confused mass he traces some forms of recurrence—day and night, the phases of the moon, the seasons of the year, genus and species in animals and plants, the apparent revolutions of the fixed stars, and the orbits of planets. These phenomena furnish him symbols or types in which to express his ideas concerning the divine principle that he feels to be First Cause. To the materialistic student of sociology all religions are merely transfigured sun-myths. But to the deeper student of psychology it becomes clear that the sun-myth itself rests on the perception of identity between regular cycles and the rhythm which characterizes the activity of self-consciousness. And self-consciousness is felt and seen to be a form of being that is not on a par with mere transient, individual existence, but rather the essential attribute of the divine being, Author of all.

Here we see how deep-seated and significant is this blind instinct or feeling which is gratified by the seeing and hearing of mere regularity. The words which express the divine in all languages root in this sense-perception and æsthetic pleasure attendant on it. Philology, discovering the sun-myth origin of religious expression, places the expression before the thing expressed, the symbol before the thing signified. It tells us that religions arise from a sort of disease in language which turns poetry into prose. But underneath the æsthetic feeling lies the perception of identity which makes possible the trope or metaphor.

2. *Symmetry.* Regularity expresses only the empirical perception of the nature of self-consciousness and reason. There is, as we have seen, a subject opposed to itself as object. Opposition or antithesis is, however, not simple repetition, but opposition. The identity is therefore one of symmetry, instead of regularity. Symmetry contains and expresses identity under difference. We cannot put the left-hand glove on our right hand. The two hands correspond, but are not repetitions of the same. It is a mark of higher æsthetic culture to prefer symmetry to regularity. It indicates a deeper feeling of the nature of the divine. Nations that have reached this stage show their

taste by emphasizing the symmetry in the human form by ornaments and symmetrical arrangement of clothing. They correct the lack of symmetry in the human form in the images of their gods. The face is on the front side of the head, but the god shall have a face on the back of his head, too, to complete the symmetry. The arms directed to the front of the body must also correspond to another pair of arms directed in the opposite direction. Perhaps perfect symmetry is still more exacting in its requirements, and demands faces with arms to match on the right and left sides of the body. To us the idols of the ancient Mexicans and Central Americans seem hideous. But it was the taste for symmetry that produced them.

3. *Harmony* is the object of the highest culture of taste. Regularity and symmetry are so mechanical in their nature that they afford only remote symbols of reason in its concreteness. They furnish only the elements of art, and must be subordinated to a higher principle. Harmony is free from the mechanical suggestions, of the lower principles, but it possesses in a greater degree the qualities which gave them their charm. Just as symmetry exhibits identity under a deeper difference than regularity, so harmony, again, presents us a still deeper unity underlying wider difference. The unity of harmony is not a unity of sameness, nor of correspondence merely, but a unity of adaptation to end or purpose. Mere symmetry suggests external constraint; but in art there must be freedom expressed. Regularity is still more suggestive of mechanical necessity. Harmony boldly discards regularity and symmetry, retaining them only in subordinate details, and makes all subservient to the expression of a conscious purpose. The divine is conceived as spiritual intelligence elevated above its material expression so far as the latter is only a means to an end. The Apollo Belvedere has no symmetry of arrangement in its limbs, and yet the disposition of each limb suggests a different disposition of another, in order to accomplish some conscious act upon which the mind of the god is bent. All is different, and yet all is united in harmony for the realization of one purpose. Here the human form, with its lack of regularity and symmetry, becomes beautiful. The nation has arrived at the perception of harmony, which is a higher symbolic expression of the divine than were the previous elements. The human body is adapted to the expression of conscious will, and this is freedom. The perfect subordination of the body to the will is gracefulness. It is this which constitutes the beauty of classic art: To have every muscle under perfect obedience to the will—unconscious obedience—so that the slightest inclination or desire of the soul, if made an act of the will, found expression in the body. When the soul is not at ease in the body, but is conscious of it as something separate, gracefulness departs and awkwardness takes its place. The awkward person does not know what to do with his hands and arms; he cannot think just how he would carry his body or fix the muscles of his face. He chews a stick or bites a cigar in order to have something to do

with his facial muscles, or twirls a cane or twists his watch chain, folds his arms before or behind, or even thrusts his hands into his pockets, in order to have some use for them which will restore his feeling of ease in his body. The soul is at ease in the body only when it is using it as a means of expression or action.

Harmony is this agreement of the inner and outer, of the will and the body, of the idea and its expression, so that the external leads us directly to the internal of which it is the expression. Gracefulness then results, and gracefulness is the characteristic of classic or Greek art. Not only its statues, but its architecture and architectural ornament, exhibit gracefulness or freedom.

The Greek religion made beauty the essential feature of the idea of the divine, and hence his art is created as an act of worship of the beautiful. It represents the supreme attainment of the world in pure beauty, because it is pure beauty and nothing beyond. Christianity reaches beyond beauty to holiness. Other heathen religions fall short of the Greek ideal, and lack an essential element which the Greek religion possessed. The Greeks believed that the divine is at the same time human; and human not in the sense that the essence of man, his purified intellect and will, is divine, but human in the corporeal sense as well. The gods of Olympus possess appetites and passions like men; they have bodies and live in a special place. They form a society or large patriarchal family. The manifestation of the divine is celestial beauty. Moreover, the human being may by becoming beautiful become divine. Hence the Greek religion centres about gymnastic games. These are the Olympian, the Isthmean, the Nemean, and the Pythian games. Exercises that shall give the soul sovereignty over the body and develop it into beauty are religious in this sense. Every village has its games for physical development; these are attended by the people who become in time judges of perfection in human form, just as a community that attends frequent horse races produces men that know critically the good points of a horse. It is known who is the best man at wrestling, boxing, throwing the discus, the spear, or javelin; at running, at leaping, or at the chariot or horseback races. Then, at less frequent intervals, there is the contest at games between neighboring villages. The successful hero carries off the crown of wild olive branches. Nearly every year there is a great national assembly of Greeks and a contest open to all. The entire people, composed of independent States, united by ties of religion, assemble to celebrate this faith in the beautiful and honor their successful youth. The results carried the national taste for the beautiful as seen in the human body to the highest degree.

The next step after the development of the personal work of art in the shape of beautiful youth, by means of the national games and the cultivation of the taste of the entire people through the spectacle of these games, is the art of sculpture, by which these forms of beauty,

realized in the athletes and existing in the minds of the people as ideals of correct taste, shall be fixed in stone and set up in the temples for worship. Thus Greek art was born. The statues at first were of gods and demigods exclusively. Those which have come down to us cause our unbounded astonishment at this perfection of form. It is not their resemblance to living bodies, not their anatomical exactness that interests us, not their so-called "truth to nature," but their gracefulness and serenity—their "classic repose." Whether the statues represent gods and heroes in action or in sitting or reclining postures, there is this "repose" which means indwelling vital activity and not mere rest as opposed to movement. In the greatest activity there is considerate purpose and perfect self-control manifested. The repose is of the soul, and not a physical repose. Even sitting and reclining figures—for example, the Theseus from the Parthenon, the torso of the Belvedere—are filled with activity, so that the repose is one of voluntary self-restraint and not the repose of the absence of vital energy. They are gracefulness itself.

What a surprising thought is this, of a religion founded on beauty! How could it have arisen in the history of the world, and what became of it? Let us consider a few of the elements wherein the Greek religion was superior to other heathen religions.

The Hindoo worshipped an abstract unity devoid of all form, which he called Brahma. His idea of the divine is defined as the negation not only of everything in nature, but also everything human. Nothing that has form, or shape, or properties, or qualities—nothing, in short, that can be distinguished from anything else, can be divine according to the thought of the Hindoo. This is pantheism. It worships a negative might which destroys everything. If it admits that the world of finite things arises from Brahma as creator, it hastens to tell us that the creation is only a dream and that all creatures will vanish when the dream fades. There can be no hope for any individuality, according to this belief. Any art that grows up under such a religion will manifest only the nothingness of individuality and the impossibility of its salvation. Instead of beauty as the attribute of divinity, the Hindoo studied to mortify the flesh; to shrivel up the body; to paralyze rather than develop his muscles. Instead of gymnastic festivals he resorted to the severest penances, such as holding his arm over his head until it wasted away. If he could produce numbness in his body so that all feeling disappeared, he attained holiness. His divine was not divine-human, but inhuman rather.

The Egyptian laid all stress on death. In his art he celebrated death as the vestibule to the next world and the life with Osiris. Art does not get beyond the symbolic phase with him. As in the hieroglyphic the picture of a thing is employed at first to represent the thing, and by and by it becomes a conversational sign for a word, so the works of art at first represent men and gods, and afterwards become conventional symbols to signify the ideas of the Egyptian re-

ligion. The great question to be determined is this: What destiny does it promise the individual, and what kind of life does it command him to lead? The Egyptian symbolizes his divine by the processes of nature that represent birth, growth, and death, and resurrection, and hence conceives life as belonging to it. The curse of the sun—its rising and setting, its noonday splendor, and its nightly eclipse; the succession of the seasons—the germination, growth, and death of plants; the flooding and subsidence of the Nile—these and other phenomena are taken as symbols expressing the Egyptian conception of the divine living being. Finally it rises out of the immediate artistic description by symbols, and tells the myth of Osiris killed by his brother Typhon, and of his descent to the silent realm of the under-world, and of his there reigning king, and of his resurrection.

The Indian art, on the contrary, dealt with symbols that were not analogous to human life. They reverenced mountains and rivers and the storm winds and great natural forces that were destructive to the individuality of man, but also reverenced life in animals. They founded asylums for aged cows, but not for decrepit humanity.

Persian art adored light as the divine; it also adored the bodies that give light—the sun, moon, and stars; also fire; also whatever is purifying, especially water. The Persian religion conceives two deities—a god of light and goodness and a god of darkness and evil. The struggle between these two gods fills the universe and makes all existence a contest. The art of the Persian portrays this struggle, and does not let pure human individuality step forth for itself.

In Assyria and Chaldea we have the worship of the sun rather than of pure light. Hence there were artificial hills or towers constructed, with ascending inclined planes on the outside rising to the flat top, crowned with a temple dedicated to Belus or the Sun god. Images partly human, partly animal, represented the divine. The lion, the eagle, the quadruped and bird, the human face, these were united to make the symbol of a divine being who could not be manifested in a purely human form.

The Egyptian religion, though it surpassed the Persian in that it conceived the divine as much more near human life, still resorted to animal forms to obtain the peculiarly divine attributes. There were the sacred bulls Apis and Mnevis, the goat of Mendes, the sacred hawks and ibis, and such divinities as Isis-Hathor, with a cow's head; Touaris, with a crocodile's head; Thoth, with the head of an ibis; Horus, with the head of a hawk; but Ammon and Ptha and Osiris with human heads and bodies. Thus we see that the Egyptian wavered between the purely human and the animal form as the image of the divine. So long as it is possible for a religion to permit the representation of the divine by an animal form, that religion has not yet conceived God as pure self-consciousness or reason. Its art cannot arrive at gracefulness. As a consequence of this defect, however, it cannot account for the origin and destiny of the world in such a

way as to explain the problem of the human soul. It is an insoluble enigma whose type is a sphinx. The Sphinx is the rude rock out of which it arises, symbolizing inorganic nature; then the lion's body, typifying by the king of beasts the highest of organic beings below man; then the human face, looking up inquiringly to the heavens. Its question seems to be: "Thus far: what next?" Does the human break the continuity of the circle of nature within which there goes on a perpetual revolution of birth, growth, and decay, or does the human perish with the animal and plant and lose his individuality? How can his individuality be preserved without the body? The Egyptian's highest thought was this enigma. He combined the affirmative and negative elements of this problem, conceiving that man survives death but will have a resurrection and need his particular body again, which therefore must be preserved by embalming it. The body of Osiris had to be embalmed by Isis. The sacred animals, bulls and others, were embalmed upon death.

They had not learned that the image of God is man, and, more definitely, man's reason or self-consciousness. It was a great step beyond the heathen religion of Asia and Africa therefore for the Greek religion to conceive the divine as dwelling in human form, however defective it was in respect to its doctrine of the particular attributes of man that are the true image of God. Hence we have the explanation why it is that Greek art has become the conventional expression of the beautiful for all the civilized world. It alone aims at the expression of personal freedom in the body and therefore always achieves gracefulness. Christian art as such strives to show the soul as struggling to free itself from the body. All cultivated peoples will prefer ornament and works of art that show the triumph of the soul over matter to the manifestation of the predominance of matter or the struggle of the soul to free itself. Art studies should therefore find their centre in the history of Greek art.

RUSKIN ON THE NATURE OF ART.

By W. G. Collingwood, M. A. (Univ. Coll., Oxford).

Real and False Art.—To be quite formal and systematic we ought to ask, before proceeding to further inquiries, this question: "Is Art a real thing, worth serious consideration? or only a chimæra, a delusion? Does it exist?" For it is no use examining the nature, end, or use of anything, unless we are sure that our terms are not mere empty and idle words; and especially in the case of Art this is worth while, because to many people painting and sculpture are vanities, about which it matters very little what is

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thought or what is done. Even to some who sincerely delight in them, they are very subordinate to what they call the serious business of life; they do not for a moment rank with grave subjects of thought, such as science or politics, morality, or religion. But if Art really exists as a vital fact of the universe and an important element in human life, if it grows and flourishes and decays like any other great human institution, it has an actual influence on mankind, or serves as an index and exponent of progress and civilization; then the study of Art must be really valuable, if not indispensable.

Mr. Ruskin everywhere assumes that this is the case. But he distinguishes, throughout his writings, between this Real Art and something that pretends to rank with it, but is merely an imitation. For instance, he mentions the forms of what is not Art, but inartistic production, that exist among us: and speaking of the painters of the day he says that modern life is so broken up and imitative that sometimes you not only cannot tell what a man is, but whether he is;—a spirit, or an echo. That is to say, much that passes for Art is a mockery, a superficial imitation of the real thing, presenting no true reality to study, no universal laws of life to expound; it is derivative, and content with cold reproductions of common types; it aims at no sincere and honest original effort. And the persons who produce these derivative works, however ingenious and clever, are not real artists, but manufacturers of pictures or carvings. Strictly speaking, he says, what people call inferior painters are in general no painters.

Whenever he uses the word Art, therefore, he understands Real Art as distinguished from the mockeries of it that distort its reality as in a mirage; Real Art possessing and exhibiting a certain vital power, which, like any other form of life, is subject to law and is material for scientific inquiry. Its possession of vitality is shown by its history, by the rise and decay of schools, and by their correspondence with contemporary phases of national life; and shown further by its influence on men, its real help or hindrance to them as giving right pleasure and true instruction, or the reverse. He does not mean that Art is real only when it is moral and didactic, nor does he refuse to consider any in which he detects an evil tendency, an influence producing or indicating low civilization and base morals. Such may be only too real; though he is never weary, as every reader knows, of demonstrating the catastrophe wrought or indicated by it. With Mr. Ruskin both Science and Art are looked upon as valuable in proportion to the nobility of their subject-matter; so that there is Real Art which is bad, just as Real Science may be used for bad ends—as the compounding of poisons. But Science is false or sham when it proceeds upon unfounded assumptions and treats of non-existent materials; when its conclusions are false, not true; and Art is sham when it is false and futile, representing forms which the artist has neither seen nor ever dreamed, or professing to translate emotions which the artist has never felt. Parallel with the pseudo-sciences there

is Sham Art—a parasite of the vital growth, a shadow of the substance; and it is the too frequent presence of this Sham that makes some people doubt the existence of the Real, and others doubt the validity of an inquiry into its nature and laws.

Aphoristic Definitions.—It is not entirely a gain that Mr. Ruskin is so skilled in epigram and aphorism. Readers sometimes carry away a phrase from his writings which, when the context is forgotten, misleads them; for though right in one connection, it may be wrong in another. And from the mere fact that his aphoristic definitions of Art are so various, being given with the purpose of fixing a certain limited idea, it seems sometimes that they are insufficient and inharmonious. But his chief concern is generally to mark off Real Art from Sham; for instance, when he says: Art is a language expressing ideas, and the greatest Art is that which expresses the greatest number of the greatest ideas, which was his first position with regard to his subject. In another context, Art has for its business to praise God; and again, Great Art is the expression of the mind of a God-made great man; and, differently intended, Art is the expression of delight in God's work. From that he glides to—All great Art is praise; and, Art is the exponent of ethical life, which leads the way to the notion of it as merely human labor regulated by human design, or, any modification of things substantial by substantial power, so long as it states a true thing or adorns a serviceable one. Fine Art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man go together.

This selection of his sayings on the Nature of Art does not include anything like a philosophical definition; they are descriptive; and they describe different phases of Art as it appeared to the writer at different periods of his thought. Ruskin's teaching, like Art, has a vital power; and one of the evidences of its vitality is its growth. To those who find saplings useful for walking-sticks, a full-grown tree is otiose; and many who assented to "Modern Painters" regret the broad-spreading ramifications of his later work. But at the same time this candid self-criticism and continual reconstruction of belief is a warrant of sincerity. It is a cheap thing to adopt a system and stick to it; when it is cut and dried it is apt to command less confidence; but you trust the living bough.

But from these aphorisms it is plain that Mr. Ruskin proposes to his readers two distinctions: the first between Real Art and Sham; and the second between Great Art and something else that is Real but not Great. Both these distinctions are difficult to make at the moment; and even when the subject under consideration is in the comfortable distance of past history, judgments may differ on a particular work. But the distinction is a real one. Sham Art is derivative, insincere, inadequate: Real Art is a living organism, inviting study like any other organism, with its natural laws of growth and its vital influence on mankind. And some of it is Great.

Great Art and High Art.—In the last century it was commonly

thought that all portrait-painting, and genre, and still life, and what we popularly call decorative work, as well as landscape for the most part, were inferior kinds; in contradistinction to which stood something that was called High Art. The most accessible exposition of the doctrine is that of Sir Joshua Reynolds in his discourses. He summed up the Academic teaching, and formulated rules for the production of High Art; not claiming that he followed that manner himself, for he was only a portraitist, and in his heart admired the Venetians, who were not thought to rank so high as the Roman School of Michelangelo and Raphael. He puts the whole art of painting under four categories, and deduced, from accepted examples, the principles of their production: how to create High Art—the Grand Style.

Grand Invention, he says, is the generalization of the mental visions which all have of any incident, not the particular private view of any one person. "Some circumstances of minuteness and particularity" may give an air of truth, and be admitted with caution. But truth is not admitted for its own sake. For instance, St. Paul is not to be painted as weak in bodily presence; Alexander the Great, not, as he was, of short stature; Agesilaus, not as deformed. But what the public in general would imagine them to be, so they must be represented.

Grand Expression also allows no particularization; when Bernini sculptured his David as biting the lip in the act of slinging, he sinned against grandeur. The "blitheness and repose" of a Greek god is the model on which every countenance and attitude should be formed.

In Coloring, because the remains of ancient statuary are colorless, for aught he knew, and because Michelangelo, for their sake, denied himself the glory and the gold which his predecessors and patrons loved, the Grand Style allows no "artful play of little lights or variety of tints." It should be harmonious to monotony, or distinct, like martial music.

And in Drapery, for that is the final category of Academic picture-making, there must be no discrimination of stuffs, but merely folds of classical curtains and robes.

We know how this advice was taken, and what came of it. The Grand Historical School, working on Reynolds's rules, became the laughing-stock of Europe; it became the mere reflex of used-up ideas and worn-out forms, without vitality, without influence or interest; mere Sham Art. And so Mr. Ruskin was led to inquire into the subject from another point of view, not now seeking external signs, but analyzing the more intimate motives of production. And from his inquiry he was led on to the conviction that Art has its root and origin in something deeper than formulæ; that it is really conditioned by the whole nature of the artist, by his morality, his position in the community, his relation to the world and to God;—that Art is great

in proportion as the producer is great—not only as an artist, but as a man.

In reading Ruskin we have therefore to remember that besides his development of personal attitude to the question, he has two main objects in view—the discrimination of Real Art from everything else, and the valuation of it as greater or less in the sum of its achievement.

Art and Manufacture.—There are many degrees of greatness among the various kinds of Art, although they are all true and real: and from the highest efforts of painting and sculpture they pass in unbroken series to the minor handicrafts, which may be artistic, if they are carried on by artists; or they may be mere manufacture, and not Art at all. A manufacture is the product of the hands, with a minimum of brain power. In mechanical employments the skill is a sort of reflex-action: when the head is allowed to busy itself it destroys the manual skill by hesitation as to method and adaptation; and the workman is told not to think, but to do what he knows. But when the head must needs direct the hands, consciously, and as a dominant and continual guide, the work is a form of Art: a low form, but a true one. Every employment can be turned, in some of its branches, into an Art; carpetry, or agriculture, or the making of fabrics for clothes, can be treated as a manufacture, or as an art; and it is usually the case that when these things become artistic, and attest thought, they are considered more valuable. But they do not reach the rank of Fine Art until the whole man is employed; and the whole man has more than hands and a head; he has feelings and emotions, what is popularly called heart. And when the emotions become dominant power they bring in the likes and dislikes of the worker, they display his tastes, they reveal an attempt to impart Beauty to the work which the head endowed only with utility.

And so we get the lower Arts, in which the emotions have little play, and Beauty no conceded position; and the Fine Arts, no matter to what material adapted. Decoration of any kind is just as truly a Fine Art as painting pictures, though there is not the same scope for the whole greatness of a profound intellect and wide sympathies to display itself. This more extended view of Art is the chief difference between Ruskin's earlier and his later writings; in Modern Painters he looked at Art as a Language; in his more recent writings he looks at it as an Activity, as the production of concrete objects in obedience to certain instincts—of which more hereafter.

Ideas of Power.—Yet he did not neglect the handicraft-element, even in his earliest theory. His statement, at the outset of "Modern Painters," that Art is a language expressing Ideas of Power, Imitation, Truth, Beauty, and Relation implies that he did not mean to regard painting as a mere vehicle for what is rightly discriminated by artists as the "literary subject," to the exclusion of the "artistic subject." He notes that many thoughts are dependent on the language in

which they are clothed; and that certain ideas belong to language itself. The first set of ideas, those of Power, involve the purely artistic process of the creation of a work of art, and mean, partly, what we call Execution and Technical ability. The pleasure they produce is that felt by the worker in his triumph over difficulties, and by the spectator in witnessing the triumph. And although the purpose of "Modern Painters" was to call the attention of critics to the thought and truth in Turner's later work, the author, with a candor uncommon in special pleaders, began by showing that part of the interest of Art is in the Power shown by the dexterity and craftsmanship of the artist.

When this interest is the admiration and wonder of an inexplicable talent,—as much an instinct as the power of nest-building in a bird or hive-building in a bee,—it partakes of that high pleasure with which, as we shall see, mankind contemplates the nobler forms of Beauty; it is the contemplation of the artist as himself a work, so to speak, of Divine Art. But when it is merely the applause of the mob at a cheap *tour de force*,—the attention of the conjurer's apprentice trying to learn the trick of it, to the entire oblivion of anything higher in the world than executive dexterity, then it panders to the most prevalent and pernicious form of Sham Art. Nobody has more highly appreciated Execution than Ruskin; from the finesse of Turner's hand, inconceivably microcosmic, to the colossal brush-strokes of Tintoret, painting tree-trunks in two touches apiece. Dürer's severe and subtle pen-stroke; Meissonier's realism in miniature; the free handling of Reynolds, and the flawless modelling of Holbein have alike won his praise. It is only where the "finish" is thoughtless niggling, as in Hobbema's trees, or the "freedom" is licentious slapdash—*si exemplum quaeris, circumspice*—that Ruskin steps in with his veto. Execution as a source of pleasure in Art, nay, as an integral part of the aim and purpose of it, he is far from despising.

But the aim of Art is something more than Execution; and the idea of Power suggests not only the sense of energy perceived in the artist, but also the sense of great force in action represented in his subject,—what is called Sublimity. This has been usually separated from Beauty, as if the two were quite distinct and co-ordinate aims, as if Art had two aims of equal value and indifferent application. Ruskin dismisses Sublimity from that position, pointing out that it is not foreign to Beauty, but the effect on the mind of greatness, of infinity, which, as we shall see, is one of the elements of the Beautiful. Etymologically the Sublime is what "lifts one off his feet"; and the feeling that there is a something infinite and terrible, of forces and laws past comprehension, even in the fashioning of the least flower or pebble, grows upon the instructed mind into the same sense of Sublimity as that which is forced upon the ignorant and unreflective by a thunderstorm or a cataract. S. T. Coleridge was fond of tell-

ing how, at the Falls of the Clyde, he pronounced the scene "essentially sublime"; and heard with contempt a lady rejoin, "Yes, it is beautiful." The beauty of the lines of rushing foam, of crystalline transparency and iridescent mystery were nothing to him—as doctrinaire in Kantian Art-Philosophy—in comparison with the overwhelming certainty that if he fell in he was sure to be drowned. But Coleridge, as poet, could describe the sublimity, the fearsomeness of the sight of a frail and lonely figure in the moonlight "beautiful exceedingly." I do not mean that the Sublime and the Beautiful are one and the same, but they are two developments of one principle.

Sublimity is therefore not to be classed as a separate, collateral factor of Art, but as closely connected with Beauty on the one hand and Imagination on the other; and Great Art is, in the first place, conditioned by these ideas of Power, by consummate execution, and the highest reach of nobility in the forms portrayed. Of the other ideas named at the beginning of "Modern Painters," those of Relation seem to be specially connected with the Imagination and its work; those of Imitation and Truth involve the discussion of the Mimetic instinct and the Representation of Nature. They must be noticed in a slight preliminary way, in order to define the limits of Art.

Machinery and Art.—We have seen that manufacture is not Art; but we are accustomed to meet with all manner of goods professing to be artistic, yet produced by machinery,—the extreme form of manufacture, made not only without head-work, but without hand-work, as far as possible. No doubt head-work and hand-work went to the making of the machines in the first instance; but that hardly affects the statement that the patterned products of a steam-loom are quite distinct from the products of a hand-loom, as these last are from pure artistic embroidery. If hand-manufacture be not Art, still less is steam-manufacture, though its results are often so interesting, and display so much ingenuity, that the public is content with the sham, and many critics hardly venture to incur the ridicule of the thoughtless and the enmity of the trade by upholding a logical discrimination.

Mr. Ruskin was led to his position by considering the effect of machinery upon the life of the workman. He found that where the minor arts and crafts are treated in a purely artistic spirit, they react in a wholesome manner on the producers, who became of necessity more intelligent, more interested in their work, and consequently happier. Where machinery is introduced, the human capacities of the workman are minimized: the qualities of head and heart are not wanted, and even skill of hand is reduced to its lowest terms.

Not only that, but the work itself loses its interest and higher qualities of beauty; what it gains in superficial neatness it loses in refinement; it is vulgarized, because there is no imagination put into it. Consequently all the products of machinery tend to become Sham Art, in proportion to the part which machinery plays in their produc-

tion. Real Art does not depend upon materials and tools; a great artist could make great works with the very simplest,—such as a bottle of ink and a deal board, painting with his finger; for "the imagination amends them." Even the reproduction by mechanical processes of paintings and drawings loses many of their qualities,—and this is the case even with the most marvellous of recent inventions, as any one can see who has the opportunity of comparing original drawings with what are published as facsimiles. Still more is it true of the great mass of decorative work, cheaply produced by machinery.

It is not to be thought for a moment that Mr. Ruskin would refuse the advantages to utility which are gained by machine power. His position is quite simple. As long as useful articles can be made plentiful, without involving the slavery and degradation of the workman, he encourages manufacture; but when it is supposed that Art can thus be cheapened, he points out that there is an impassable gulf between utilitarian manufacture and Real Art; and the cheapening of a hybrid between the two serves only to blind the public to the real uses and true standards of Art.

Photography and Art.—The Ideas of Imitation and Truth, which it is the business of Art to give, might be thought to be attained by photography; and in some sense photography claims its place on the borderland of Art. But there are two reasons why photography fails to take a place alongside of painting and sculpture. First, that it gives no really accurate representation of Nature: the lowering of tone makes it impossible to get the effect of a landscape; and the falsification of values, even with the most ingenious appliances to evade it, leads to falsification of landscape detail. Artists who work from photographs know how much allowance has to be made for these disturbances; they know that the perspective of an interior or a figure, the modelling of certain masses of drapery or rock-form, and many other parts of the picture, are not to be strictly copied from photographs. So that mere truth, which is the boast of photography, is not fully attained, though perhaps, with improvements in management and appliances, truth may eventually be secured in other subjects, as it is already in the wonderful instantaneous photography of facial expression.

But even if that were done, Art is, by its very nature, the expression of human feeling, the representation of external things as seen through a human eye and imaged in a human mind. The interest in Art is quite different from the interest in Nature. In Art we look for the record of man's thought and power, but photography gives that only in a quite secondary degree; every touch of a great picture is instinct with feeling, but however carefully the objects of his picture be chosen and grouped by the photographer, there his interference ends. It is not a mere matter of color or no color, but of Invention and Design, of Feeling and Imagination, the very quali-

ties which make Art interesting and great. Photography is a matter of ingenuity; Art is genius. And if it be said that Nature is more beautiful than Art, which is true, Mr. Ruskin replies that a photograph is not Nature; and that nobody who really sees and loves natural beauty pretends that it is adequately replaced by a photograph.

Photography is, however, extremely valuable as a record of certain facts, and as a help to the reproduction of designs; but we must not confuse its service with that of Art. As in the case of manufacture, it is a separate thing. Fine Art is not science, it is not manufacture, it is not photography. It is—I do not attempt a philosophical definition, but to mark it off from these it may be called the thoughtful and purposeful expression of human emotion.

Programme of the Subject.—At the outset of an inquiry into the nature of Art it is hardly possible to prove every statement and follow it out in detail. Much of what has been here noted down will be treated again more fully; though the limits of any handbook, and the intention of this one in particular, preclude a full development of special arguments. But we have not got Mr. Ruskin's view of what he means by Art, and what he separates from his conception of it. We have next to examine the End of Art, its purpose or aim: and then to find its Uses, for we have seen that though its business is not primarily utilitarian, it has an influence on human life. Then we shall be at liberty to proceed to the different sorts and conditions of Art, remembering that Mr. Ruskin has not especially treated Music and Literature and Acting and several other of the Fine Arts, though many remarks upon them can be gleaned from his writings: but he has devoted himself to plastic and graphic Art—what he calls Formative Art. I think no apology needed for confining ourselves to those questions which he has answered at length; and I feel that it would be forcing his doctrines if in a work of this sort we attempted to apply them to departments of the subject for which they were not intended. Finally, we shall notice his advice as to the more practical side of the question; though it involves theory and general considerations, just as the theoretic examination of the End and Use of Art involves practical application.

And so, without misleading sub-titles of division, the reader may be asked to note that the earlier parts of the book are mainly theoretical, and the later part mainly practical. Beginning with the Purpose of Art, we shall discuss Ruskin's teaching on its relation to Truth, Beauty, and Imagination in the first part. The second part will treat of the Uses of Art in its relation to Religion and Morality, Sociology and Political Economy. The third part, dealing with the concrete products of Art, will divide them into their departments, and examine the virtues of each, concluding with Mr. Ruskin's doctrines on matters of technical practice and study and criticism.

The review of history, the detailed criticism of schools, the description of special works of Art, and the characterization of artists,

hardly seem to form part of Mr. Ruskin's Art-Teaching; they are rather subjects of Art-Criticism. And indeed to do justice to his exposition of the example and precept of Greek Art; the virtues and vices of Gothic; the secret and interest of the primitive masters, one by one; the glories of Venice; the mysteries of Dürer and Holbein; the magic of Reynolds and his cycle; the aims and achievements of Turner; and to relate in sufficient fulness all his hopes and fears for modern painting, from the Pre-Raphaelites to Miss Kate Greenaway; all his plans and proposals for modern architecture, from the Oxford Museum to that of St. George's Guild;—to do all this is so utterly beyond the scope of a book on his Art-Teaching that the least said about it will be soonest amended.

So I have to set down his doctrines, not his criticisms; his teaching, not his examples; and I mention the omission simply that the reader may know it for intentional. I do not think it enough to quote his words, either in affairs of criticism or of teaching. Much false impression may be given by exact quotations; and the appearance of authenticity only strengthens the falsehood. If you want his words, read his books: for that is the end to which I desire to lead. It is useless to compile an Art-Philosophy for the sake of summing up its results; that is like taking a walk for the sake of getting home. Unless you get the exercise of every step, the benefit of every breath of fresh air, unless you bring back the recollection of things seen by the wayside, and glimpses perhaps of worlds less realized in the far distance, you might as well have sat in the doorway all the afternoon. No doubt it is from some feeling of this sort that Mr. Ruskin prefers to dole out his teaching in letters and lectures; and never seems to come to any general conclusions, or to advance any formulated system. But as we have seen, and shall see, he has travelled over the whole of the ground; and I have tried to survey it and map it for the benefit of those who follow him in his walks abroad. It is a poor substitute for a tour in Switzerland to pore over the maps in the guide-book; and yet, before setting out, it is well to know the lie of the land; and after the excitements of the trip are over even the guide-book may be pleasant, and sometimes instructive, reading.

NOTE.—The reader will understand that the references to future chapters in the foregoing do not pertain to this volume but to the work from which this article is taken—a work which no Art Student can afford to ignore, for it shows how the writings of Ruskin on art though "a mighty maze" are "not without a plan" [C. W.].

PRINCIPLES OF DRAWING.

BY

MADAME L. B. URBINO AND HENRY DAY,

Joint Authors of "Art Recreations."

A PERFECT muscular control of the hand is of the first importance in drawing, as accuracy of outline and delicacy of expression can only be obtained by having the fingers in complete subjection to the will, so that the slightest volition will be properly interpreted by the pencil. This requisite facility in the use of the pencil or brush can be acquired only by patient practice, the length of time necessary for its attainment being in some degree dependent upon the natural ability, taste, or "genius" of the learner. Of equal importance, and as absolutely indispensable, is correctness of eye in determining distances and measurements—an attainment which can be carried to a wonderful degree of perfection. Thorough practice in making straight and curved lines demands the first attention of the beginner. Use a pencil of medium softness, well sharpened, and hold it very lightly. Commence with short horizontal lines, gradually increasing the length, making the line in a distinct, bold and rapid manner, first from left to right, and then *vice versa.*

Next, draw straight lines touching each other at different angles, then perpendicular lines. Too much practice cannot be given to these lines, and the difficulties at first experienced in drawing straight, continuous lines will gradually diminish. When these right-lines, horizontal, perpendicular, and at various angles, can be drawn with accuracy and with freedom of pencil, then practice a combination of them all. Combinations will suggest themselves to the inventive mind, and the learner will be astonished in his practice in finding what a variety of forms and almost endless variations can be produced from straight lines. It may be well to copy some figures composed of straight lines; but the best method is to draw from the storehouse of your own invention, taxing the mind for new combinations, and thus adopting one of the surest means of success. The power to originate, as well as to imitate, is necessary to make the true artist.

Having attained a degree of proficiency in straight lines, the next step is the curve, with all its variations. Commence by drawing a horizontal line, connecting the ends by arches of different altitudes, then perpendicular lines, connecting the ends by arches in the same manner.

In each of these cases, the straight lines form a basis by which to determine with more accuracy the true sweep of the arch curves; and all irregular forms can best be determined by their relative positions to straight lines. A practiced eye will soon learn to detect right-lines in all things, and thus have an unerring standard.

Now draw straight lines, and divide them into equal parts, testing the accuracy of your eye by the compasses, and practice this until the

eye can measure with great accuracy. Then draw arches (without any base line) and divide them in the same manner. Forms of grace and beauty being dependent upon curved lines, great attention and practice should be given to them in the infinite variety in which they occur. Select simple curved forms, and having acquired some proficiency in making them, advance to those of a more difficult character. Vases, goblets, shells, and numerous other forms combining curved lines will readily occur to the mind.

It will now be found a good practice to draw straight and curved lines with their parallels, varying the spaces between the lines until the hand becomes steady and accurate in its motion and the eye determines the equi-distances. Thorough practice in drawing these lines, and in dividing them at equi-distances, gives to the learner the whole alphabet of drawing. Too much attention cannot be given to the combinations of which these various lines are susceptible, and patience and diligence are indispensable requisites to success. All mistakes should be carefully corrected, not in imagination, but in reality, as thus the hand and eye gain experience. Fruit and flowers are interesting models from which to draw, and these can be followed by more complicated subjects.

LIGHT AND SHADE IN DRAWING.

A proper disposition of light and shade gives to drawing and painting the expression of form, and thus the eye receives nearly the same impression in looking upon the flat canvas or papers as upon the natural objects. So Ruskin remarks, in speaking of color and shading: "Everything that you can see, in the world around you, presents itself to your eyes only as an arrangement of patches of different colors variously shaded; . . . and the first thing to be learned is, how to produce extents of smooth color, without texture." To acquire proficiency in effecting a true light and shade, the pupil or learner must cultivate the eye to aid in giving true representations of the objects to be painted or drawn.

The variety of form and direction in nature can only be imitated by a corresponding variety in the lines and touches used in their delineation, expressing as nearly as possible the exact form and character of the original. For instance, an even, smooth surface requires an evenness and regularity in the lines, approaching as nearly as possible to an unbroken surface; and if it is desired to imitate a broken or uneven surface, recourse must be had to broken, curved or uneven lines, such as will best represent the object. It will readily be perceived by the learner that the lines (if the shading partakes of the linear character) must vary according to the subject.

The representation of a round object is managed by a careful disposition of the light upon the convex part, and the shade attending it. It is this difference in the shading which gives objects drawn on a plain surface their proper relief, and expresses space and distance. India ink or sepia is useful for this purpose. Prepare two, three or more

2

3

4

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS EXAMPLES OF SACRED ART.

1. Madonna de San Sisto, by Raphael. (Complete.)

2. Madonna de San Sisto, (detail of.)
This is also called the "Sistine Madonna." It was painted in 1518, and is in the Dresden Gallery. St. Sixtus—Pope Sixtus II. is on the left, and St. Barbara on the right.

3. The Immaculate Conception, by Murillo.
This world famous painting is in the Louvre at Paris. It was painted in 1678 and was carried from Spain by Marshal Soult. The French government paid 615,300 francs for it.

4. Day, by Correggio.
This is a companion to the equally famous picture of "The Holy Night",—the whole group of these paintings in the Dresden Gallery representing the Holy Family.

shades of either in small cups, lay on the shades with camel's hair or sable brushes, putting on the lighter shades first, and work gradually darker until the required depth of color is secured. It is better to have the shades too light than too dark, as it is very easy to strengthen shades, but difficult to lighten them. As a general rule, it must be observed that the different tones are to be so blended together as to form a gradual shade, becoming fainter as it approaches the light.

In the disposal of the shades, the following directions may be studied with benefit:

All the shades of objects in the same piece must fall the same way; that is, farthest from the light. For instance, if the light comes from the right side of the piece, the shades must fall toward the left, and *vice versa.*

The part of an object nearest the light must have the faintest shades. This rule is observable in the folds of drapery, where the projecting folds appear light, and the inner folds dark. Titian observed that "the best rule for the distribution of light and shadows may be drawn from an observation of a bunch of grapes."

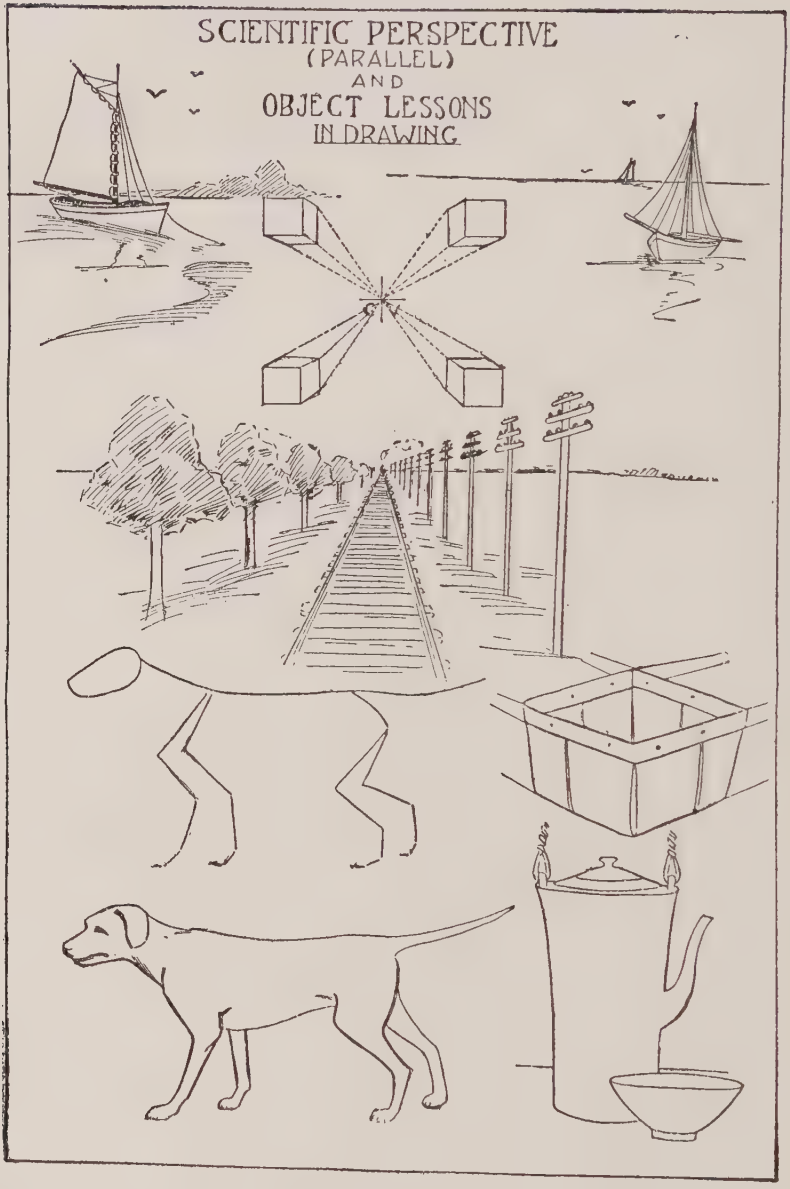
[After gaining some skill in shading with the pencil, begin using a "crowquill" pen, first filling in small squares with lightly crossed lines until this makes even tints from gray to black. Practice with the pen for accuracy, which is reached in drawing only by using the "hard point."]

Some substances have the property of reflecting the light strongly, as satin, silk and all polished metals. In these there must be very strong light, and consequently a deep shade. All bright lights must be contrasted with strong shades, and fainter lights with weaker shades. The examination of busts and statues is of great assistance in establishing these principles in the mind; and a critical attention to the effect of light and shade in the world around us, in the open air, or when the sunlight pours through the windows or door, or where the rays of the moon light up the evening landscape, and steal in through the opening curtains; indeed, the opportunities for studying the various phenomena of light and shade are ever present with us, and the observing pupil will in this way learn more than by pages of directions.

PERSPECTIVE IN PICTURES.

Perspective is the art of drawing on a plain surface the true representation or appearance of any given object as it would appear upon a pane of glass when held upright between you and the object.

The eye of a person when sketching from nature is presumed to be placed in the center of a circle of 360°, and the expanse of vision, while the eye is stationary, is an angle of 60°; in other words, the eye embraces a range of 30° on each side of a center. This angle of 60° has no reference to the length of lines on either side, since they are regulated by the assumed width of the picture proposed to be drawn. For instance, if your perspective plane be some distance from you, the ob-


SCIENTIFIC PERSPECTIVE
(PARALLEL)
AND
OBJECT LESSONS
IN DRAWING.

jects would be larger; if nearer, the objects would be smaller—both pictures representing the same scene.

If a person standing on the seashore look far away over the expanse of water, he will observe a boundary line—the water apparently meeting with the sky by a well-defined straight line. This is called the horizon line, and it is exactly opposite the range of the eye; and that particular point of the horizon line to which the eye of the sketcher is directed is called the point of sight. If he ascend to any height on the shore, the line of the horizon must be placed higher in his drawing, because his eye is so much higher; and the axiom laid down in the previous paragraph holds true, that the horizon line is that line exactly on a level with the eye.

Any person looking on a straight road which continues into the extreme distance may observe that the edges of the road appear to terminate in a point. Perhaps a better illustration of this may be found on the track of a railroad, in a part where it is perfectly straight. The rails, as they recede into the distance, converge until apparently lost in a point, and at the same time appear to rise up, the extreme point being just level with the eye.

From facts like these Chapman deduces these elementary principles:

"1. The point of sight must be in the center of the perspective picture.

"2. All lines parallel to an imaginary line drawn from the eye of the observer to the point of sight must terminate or vanish in that point.

"3. The line of the horizon must necessarily rise or descend with the position of the eye, and consequently with the point of sight.

"4. The base or ground line of the picture, and all others parallel with it, must be parallel with the line of the horizon.

"5. The diagonal of the square, perspectively represented, directs to a point on the line of the horizon, the distance from which point to the point of sight represents the true distance of the eye of the observer from the picture."

It is not too much to say that strict attention to these principles will produce the most gratifying results in the progress of the learner. One rule the artist should always remember: that is, never to carry the point of sight outside the picture. The eye naturally seeks a point of view in the picture, and the nearer this point is to the center of the picture, the greater is the harmony between nature and art.

All objects appear to diminish in proportion to their remoteness from the eye of the spectator. Hence columns, posts, trees, etc., of equal height, will appear to diminish as they recede from the eye. The lines which govern their diminution in perspective drawing are called vanishing lines, and, if perpendicular to you, vanish in the point of sight, or that point in the horizon exactly opposite your eye as you stand when sketching. If the lines are below the eye, they tend upward, as the rails on the railroad; but if above you, as the ceiling of a long corridor, they would tend downward toward the horizon.

The point of sight may be fixed at pleasure; and although, strictly speaking, the center is the correct place, it is generally better to place it a little removed from the center of the picture; for if the subject were a street, or an avenue of trees, the perspective would be very formal, and the scene would thereby be diminished in interest.

Many contend that all objects appear better to one than to both eyes; alleging that the sight is rendered more powerful by one eye being shut. Be this as it may, it is certain we see a piece of perspective better with one eye than we do with both, and it is undeniable that by opening or shutting either eye the position and general appearance of an object are changed. It is this very fact that caused Sir David Brewster to reflect, and that reflection has created a new era in the history of discovery by introducing to the world the stereoscope.

HOW TO USE WATER COLORS.

To succeed well in this, one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most difficult of the fine arts, will require, in addition to a natural taste, a certain degree of industry that will be indispensable to success. There are two kinds of water color painting in general use. We prefer using the moist colors for landscape painting, and the dry cake colors for flowers. The moist colors are put in little earthen pans, and fitted into a tin box, with a palette, all complete for painting out of doors or on the table. The materials to be procured for water color painting are colors, sable brushes, paper, a drawing board, an eraser, an old silk handkerchief for wiping out lights, a small bottle of gum water, a soft sponge, a one and a half inch flat camel's hair brush, a china palette, or a set of saucers.

The paper most desirable for landscapes in water color should be rather rough on the surface, as, if it is too smooth, the painting loses much of that boldness which characterizes the English school. Whatman's paper is considered the best.

Brushes.—A complete set of brushes comprises a one and a half inch flat camel's hair, one each of swan, goose, duck, and crow; best sable brushes; select those which come to a point when charged with water, and which, when bent a little on one side, will spring back to the proper position without splitting.

Colors.—For landscapes, a tin sketching box, containing gamboge, French blue, raw and burnt sienna, yellow ochre, Venetian red, Vandyke brown, Prussian blue, olive green, brown madder, crimson lake, Indian yellow and a bottle of Chinese white.

Stretching and Preparing the Paper.—The painting side of Whatman's paper is known by holding up the paper between your eye and the light, and reading the name in proper position from left to right. This must be the outside. Place the paper on a table, and moisten the back well with a soft sponge and clean water; let it remain a short time, if the paper is thick, so that it may become saturated; then place it in the frame of your drawing board, confining it with the cross-bars.

Sometimes the paper, after being damped, is put upon a plain clamped drawing board, fastened down with glue around the edges. This mode of straining causes a little more care, and is not so expeditious.

Wiping Out Lights.—The parts of a picture (after the color is on) that require half lights, should be treated as follows: Mark out with your brush, and clean water, the parts you wish lighter, and then apply a little blotting paper to absorb the moisture; next wipe it hard with a silk handkerchief, and if not sufficient, repeat it; if you desire it still lighter, use the rubber.

Scraping.—Before using the eraser for any extra high lights, the painting must be perfectly dry.

Rays of Light.—Such as occur from an opening in the cloud, through windows, etc., can be successfully produced by placing a straight-edged piece of paper in the direction of the rays, and gently washing the exposed part with the damp sponge.

Using the Brush.—The effective handling of the brush requires rapidity and experience in covering large spaces with flat washes of color. It is well to commence brush-work, after making suitable proficiency in outline, with India ink or sepia; you then have but one color to deal with, and, with a little practice, all the mechanical difficulties of floating the color evenly will soon disappear. As a general rule, the brush for broad shades should be pretty full of color; but for finishing, all the colors are worked much drier, and the brush worked chiefly on the point.

Outline.—We will suppose that the paper has been properly strained on the drawing board, and allowed sufficient time to dry; the outline is then commenced. In making a sketch for water-color landscape, it is best to sketch very lightly at first, so that the marks can readily be removed if required; as by hard rubbing the surface of the paper is liable to be disturbed. Proceed with all the minute details, sparing no pains in the sketching. The time is by no means thrown away, for you are remunerated for it when painting, as you can work with perfect confidence up to your sketch-marks. The appearance of a good sketch should be lightness in the extreme distance, working a little stronger as the foreground is approached. In the foreground, boldness, observing a fineness of line on the light side, and breadth and depth on the shade side, so that even the pencil sketch may be suggestive of what the picture will be.

COLORS FOR FLOWER PAINTING.

Yellow Flowers.—In painting yellow flowers, examine whether the shades are warm or cool; and if the latter, paint them with Indian ink; if the former, paint them in with a little burnt umber. When dry, coat evenly over with gamboge—the general tint of the flower. Where the high light strikes, it can be washed out a little with the second brush, slightly moist. Repeat the color in the stronger parts, finishing, if requisite, with a little carmine, or burnt sienna, added to the gamboge.

Blue Flowers.—Coat them evenly with cobalt or smalts, according to the tint. Smalts blue is rather difficult to coat on evenly, and should not be used until some skill and experience are obtained. Cobalt, with a little rose madder added, may be used as a substitute. Shade the deeper parts of the flower with a little Prussian blue added to it; and if a very deep shade is required, add indigo.

Purple Flowers.—Make the desired tint with carmine and Prussian blue, increasing the shade to the depth required, using more color and less water.

Purple Flowers.—Make the desired tint with carmine and Prussian Indian red; then coat it smoothly with royal scarlet, or, in lack of this color, use carmine and gamboge mixed, the proper tint, finishing up with carmine on the shades. If the flower is coated with royal scarlet, add carmine to it in the finishing.

White Flowers.—Some are first shaded with Indian ink, while others are shaded with a neutral composed of cobalt blue, rose madder, and a little Indian yellow. When dry, some of the petals are slightly tinted with a weak shade of yellow ochre, some portions with cobalt blue, others with a greenish neutral; the anthers, if not left white, should be done with permanent white, added to Indian yellow, and carefully dotted with weak burnt sienna.

The Deep Crimson, Tuscan Rose.—Shade all the petals more or less with Indian ink, until it would pass for a finished drawing in Indian ink; then coat it twice with strong carmine, and finish the deep shades by adding a little Prussian blue to the carmine.

Pink Rose.—This flower is the most difficult of any to paint, as it requires so much delicacy of manipulation to give it its true representation. The most successful method is to paint in the shade with pure cobalt blue, and then coat all over with a pale shade of carmine, with a little vermilion added. This is repeated on some of the petals until the requisite depth is obtained: some of the outside petals may require a second working over with the cobalt, to give them a thin, transparent, neutral appearance.

Arranging and Grouping.—With those who possess naturally a good eye for color, the most pleasing arrangements of form and color will naturally suggest themselves without effort on the part of the designer. For those who are deficient in this taste, it would be well to study the groupings and colorings of the best flower painters. Sometimes a very pleasing effect is obtained by placing the light flowers in the center—such as white, light pink, pale yellows—and have the rich, dark-colored flowers outside—such as dark roses, hollyhocks, fleur-de-lis, etc., thereby making color a substitute for light and shade. The most pleasing groups are painted with a slight predominance of warm coloring. Some artists paint nearly two-thirds of the flower groupings with warm colors.

—From "Art Recreations," by Urbino and Day.

THE MEANING OF THE ARTS AND CRAFTS MOVEMENT.

By Frederic Allen Whiting, Secretary and Treasurer Society of Arts and Crafts, Boston.

FEW people realize that the beautiful pieces of furniture which have come down from the cabinet-makers of colonial New England, or the objects of mediæval craftsmanship which are so carefully treasured, are interesting not only for their beauty or for their historical significance but also as examples of an almost vanished system of production.

The development of the modern systems of production has led us a long way from the simple conditions under which the workmen of the middle ages in Europe, or of the early colonial days in New England, did their work. The fact that the farther we have gone from the old methods the farther has our result strayed from the best standards of beauty, seems to indicate that herein lies a truth worth searching out and applying. Let us see just how conditions have altered and what the changes mean to the young people of the present generation.

The most imposing monuments of man's skill with tools are those great mediæval churches and halls which were built in England and on the continent during the time when men who worked with their hands still sought through their craft to express the religious feelings and the craving for beauty which were still a glory and a source of humble pride. The stone carver who cut the pillars of Melrose or of Rosslyn or of York, wrought to the glory of God, consciously feeling that if his work was good it was because it was sanctified by its end. He was recognized as one interested in the success of the whole undertaking and could therefore be accorded a freedom impossible to-day, when the average journeyman has little thought of his work as a means of expression, considering it too often only as a means of livelihood.

The causes which have brought about this change of feeling are numerous and can only be touched upon. In the first place the men who built the cathedrals were living in a state of practical isolation which it is hard for us to realize to-day. Each town, each village almost, had to be as far as possible an economic unit, containing within its borders craftsmen capable of supplying the needs of the community. Means of communication were so rare, except in the seaport towns, that furniture, vessels of silver, copper, and brass,

woven cloths, clothing, shoes, etc., were of necessity produced in each community, while the commercial system was still so simple that much of the trading was still done by barter or exchange.

These very limitations brought with them the personal relationship which safeguards the standard of workmanship. The man who makes things for his neighbors to use, has a reputation for integrity which he may lose if his work is not so good as they have reason to expect. The man who works in a factory turning out uninteresting fragments of an unknown whole for an unknown possible customer across a continent, feels no moral pressure beyond that contained in the foreman's refusal to pass work below a certain grade. By this contrast have we come to see that in gaining much which is good and which is inevitably ours, we have, perhaps needlessly, sacrificed much of the old which a wiser second thought is teaching us at this late day to recover where recovery is possible.

In England the craft traditions had sadly languished during the mid-years of the last century, and many beautiful country mansions were desecrated by the hands of unintelligent decorators. Thomas Carlyle gave the first note of warning, declaring that the cause for the loss of culture was the loss of respect for honest work. He tried to make his readers believe that the only truly satisfactory and happy life was one full of useful and ennobling labor. Ruskin took up Carlyle's cry and carried the idea much farther. He claimed that art can only be produced by artists; that artists must be workmen and workmen artists; and that conditions making this possible must be secured before it was reasonable to expect art to become once more a vital element in our daily life. Ruskin went far to show how much the rare beauty of the great architectural monuments was due to the freedom of expression granted the individual craftsman who worked upon them, since with this opportunity of expression went that keen feeling of responsibility, not only for their own work but for the whole undertaking, which is so sadly lacking in the worker of to-day.

William Morris took up Ruskin's cry, declaring that the only enduring art was "an art made by the people and for the people as a happiness to maker and user." His inability to secure for his own home the quality of work he required led to the establishment of the firm of Morris & Company, in which were associated with him Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Ford Maddox Brown, and others. The untiring energy of Morris resulted in the firm's offering its patrons, in a surprisingly short time, objects of interesting design, splendid color, and sound workmanship in a rapidly growing list of crafts, and in a financial success which encouraged many others to undertake handicraft work. The whole standard of English taste was very decidedly affected; and perhaps as much through the constant talking and writing of Morris as through the opportunity he afforded for securing beautiful house furnishings, the English houses began once more to assume an air

of homely charm and again to represent the character of those who lived in them. Morris said "have nothing in your houses which you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." The more that we in America can apply this saying the sooner will our homes be—as in the colonial days—sincerely expressive of their occupants rather than of obsolete and half-understood styles of another century and another people.

This unintelligent following of the professional decorator's taste has led astray many an ambitious owner of newly acquired riches. It must be done away with if the crafts are to be revived and our homes are to represent our national life. This is easily accomplished if we will but take the pains to buy wisely, putting to the test of our most acute intelligence each object taken into our homes, and buying because we are convinced it is permanently good rather than because it is the prevalent fashion. The best work is always good and always looks well beside other work equally good, regardless of varying style or period.

It is for this, then, that the Arts and Crafts Societies are striving in our country—to urge people to think before buying and to take the pains to buy the things best suited to the individual need. Inexpensive furniture, for instance, made by piece-work under the factory system is cheap only in its first cost. It becomes an abomination as its "cheap" finish wears away, and it must soon be replaced. So many inexpensive chairs are needed to serve through the lifetime of one that is thoroughly well made, that in the end the good chair is the least expensive. It has in addition the saving grace of individual character which makes it, if good in the first place, always beautiful.

There is so much said by those not conversant with the true meaning of the movement as to its being opposed to machinery, that it seems advisable to state definitely that the protest against the machine is only in so far as it encroaches upon the field of art, thus depriving the craftsman of his right to individual expression and turning him into a "hand," entirely dependent upon the owner of the machine for the opportunity to earn his livelihood. It is recognized by all intelligent people that under existing conditions the greater part of the articles of daily use must be made by machinery, which extends man's capacities and enables a few to accomplish with comparative ease undertakings which in olden times would have meant unending drudgery to many. The machine, properly used under the control of an intelligent man, is a blessing to humanity and supplies comforts to innumerable people: the machine when wrongly used to exploit untrained human labor, enslaves men and women and deadens the small spark of intelligence with which they started. Let the machine production be kept strictly to the utilities without pretence to art and its use is manifest. It seems almost unnecessary to state that it is an unsound proposition which claims that art (which

must be the expression of an intelligent individual) can be produced by machinery.

Where fifteen years ago the art schools were training only painters and sculptors, to-day they are more and more training designers, most of whom are preparing to enter the great, almost unlimited field offered by the reviving demand for handicraft productions of good design and workmanship. There is to-day no opportunity so alluring to the young man or young woman who has artistic cravings and who is willing to do hard, serious work; and success is assured to those who have natural ability and the persistence to acquire a thorough training in the theory and practice of design and of the technique of the chosen craft.

The great Exposition at St. Louis gave to many people their first understanding of what individual workers in the various crafts were doing. For the first time in an American Exposition the applied arts were admitted in the Department of Art,—over one thousand objects being shown from craftsmen living in every section of the country. There are now Societies with permanent exhibitions and salesrooms in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Detroit, and other cities where young people who are interested can learn what kind of work is being done.

THE OBJECT OF ART STUDY.

By Halsey C. Ives, Late Director of The Museum and School of Fine Arts, St. Louis, etc.

TO the well-educated person a knowledge of art is a necessity, not a luxury. This was recognized by both the Greeks and the people of the Renaissance, as can readily be seen from the many beautiful objects which they have left to us; and, moreover, this knowledge of art was not confined to the wealthy, to the highly educated, but was shared equally by those of the middle class, even by the humblest workman who spent his life producing the common utensils of every-day life.

It would be hard to find any subject, no matter how it be regarded, which opens the way so certainly to so many healthy pleasures and solid benefits as this subject—art. This applies alike to all conditions of people. There is a closer relationship between the æsthetic and practical than we who are struggling with the dry business of every-day life realize, or if we realize, care to admit.

Much that we have to contend with whenever art is discussed as a possible factor in education arises from the mistaken idea entertained by the public in regard to its practical value. Art above everything else in the world should be democratic, and instruction in schools should be based upon the idea that its object is not alone to increase the number of artists, *i. e.,* producers of pictures and statues, but also to create a class of skilled workmen who shall have the power to put artistic feeling into the commonplace objects they may be engaged in producing.

It is only within the last twenty years that intelligent people in America have awakened to a consciousness of the great field of activity which is open to art, a field which it is the legitimate province of art to enrich and make almost limitless. Those who recognize the commercial value of art in the industries and manufactures have been first to appreciate this.

The commonly accepted idea of art instruction is that the beginning and end of a thorough course lie in drawing, modelling, and painting alone, and it is true that these studies form the basis of all successful art work. The student must become a thorough draughtsman. To this should be added a knowledge of form, best acquired by the study of modelling. The color sense also should be developed by the study of painting, first by studies of still life, then of the more complex forms found in the human head and figure. The methods used in representing form in color should not be confined to one medium—water color, oil, pastel, chalk, etc., etc. The foundation well established, the range and character of work that may be built upon it is exceedingly varied. It is not unusual for students to spend four

or five years in these preliminary studies and then leave their school without a knowledge of the methods of applying their skill in the production of works other than the representation in black and white or color, of the human form, a landscape, or a well-modelled bust from life. It has been a general feeling among young artists and students that any method of expression other than these is a lowering of their art. This feeling is also shared by many art lovers who have confined their studies to a narrow field of observation. Art is universal in character; it is limited to no material or product. The commonly accepted division of art into fine art and industrial art is a false one. Art should always be recognized as one. It is unjust and misleading to separate or make a difference between artists, except by the measure of inspiration shown in their work; whether it be on canvas, in marble, plaster, wood, metal, glass, porcelain, or textile. All who serve art technically, should, if they work with an equal degree of conviction, be included in one and the same family.

HOW TO TELL A GOOD PICTURE.

By Charles H. Caffin, Author of "American Masters of Sculpture," "American Masters of Painting," "How to Study Pictures," etc.

TO appreciate the beauty of a poem we must study the poet's language and his conception. If the poem is in French, we cannot fully enter into it without a knowledge of the French language. To appreciate a picture we need equally to acquaint ourselves with the painter's language, or medium of expression, and also to try to place ourselves at his point of view, in order to realize his conception.

Before enlarging upon both of these, let us note two wrong ways of looking at a picture. Watch many of the visitors to Sargent's Hall in the Boston Public Library. They glance at the paintings; then espy the printed description; pick it up and work their way through the maze of more or less unfamiliar names and myths, lifting their heads occasionally to identify the details. It is a long description and hard reading. The end reached they ejaculate, "How interesting!" and pass on their way. Or, again, watch the people in a picture gallery. How many move round, catalogue in hand, intent particularly on learning the painter's name and the subject of his picture and on verifying the subject in the details. If without consulting the catalogue they can correctly attribute a picture to a painter, they are jubilant. Such progress have they made in their art education!

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The Sargent example illustrates the tendency to interpret pictures entirely in a literary way; the other, that method of studying by labelling, sorting, and arranging in separate pigeon-holes of the brain for identification. The latter ignores the æsthetic qualities of a picture, the former misinterprets them.

Both errors arise from our system of school education, which is devoted to the development of the intellect, with little attention to the moral, scarcely any to the sense side of our natures. Yet the senses are always with us and in constant communication with the brain, though in an untrained, haphazard, and often quite unconscious manner. In a limited degree the child's sense of sight is trained, as, for example, to distinguish between straight and crooked lines, but not to appreciate the subtle inflections of a line, as every Japanese child learns to do; so, as we grow older, these inflections have no meaning for us, make no impression upon us, apart from the object which they help to depict. The drawing of the human form is nothing more to us than a representation of some man or woman, whereas to the artist it is primarily an expression of beauty, as perceptible as the ripple of melody in music. In the same way the child obtains a rudimentary knowledge of form, but little or no æsthetic perception of it: still less of composition, of the effects produced upon the senses by repetition or by contrast. It learns to name this the oak and that the birch, but not to study the sturdy bulk of the one and the delicate sprinkle of the other, the massive trunk and muscular arms, and the tapering stem and pendent branches. So, too, with color; the child is taught to give names to painted discs, but not to appreciate the harmonies of color, still less to note the effects on nature's colors according as they are played upon by light or shadow.

It is names, names, always names. We are taught to classify, name and identify, not to feel. The education being confined to mental conceptions and to the words embodying them, it is not strange that with most people the interest in a picture is solely a "literary" one, addressed to the subject and not to the painter's language (of which we shall speak presently), through which it is expressed. And yet it is just this expression which is the main virtue in a good picture, making it a separate work of art as distinguished from a prose or poetical treatment of the same subject by a writer.

The fault is often with the painter. A great many pictures convey nothing more to us than a story, the incidents of which could be more fully and forcibly related in words. Such pictures are not "good": they do not rise to the possibilities of art. Or, some painters try to tell the story precisely as the writer would: "This is Juliet and that the potion; observe also the accuracy of the costume and of all the details." But there, perforce, they stop; the fixing of the moment is fatal to the effect. The poet can give us the approaching dread, the supreme moment, and the following horror; the scene lives and moves in our imagination. But the painter—he chooses his

moment and must abide by it; and lest we should mistake the maiden for some other heroine of romance, he has to write "Juliet" beneath his picture, or we should not understand it. He has chosen a subject which literature can better treat, and he has been forced to bolster it up with literary suggestion, and even so it is unsatisfying. Why? Because he has not relied upon his own painter's language, or chosen a subject which that language can express more adequately than words. The words of his language are: line, form, composition, color, tone, light and shade, and atmosphere, in infinite variation and union. The æsthetic effect of these, their impression, that is, upon our sense, is not translatable into words.

When you listen to music, do you try to interpret it into words? You allow it to appeal directly to your sense; blended, if you are a musician, with an intellectual appreciation of the science displayed, but never confused with words. Music has its own separate language. So, too, has painting; and, for that matter, sculpture and architecture also, but for the present we are speaking of pictures. We shall find a picture to be "good" in proportion to the extent with which the painter has relied upon this separate language.

There is composition. The indifferent painter tries to represent all the facts; the good one eliminates some, retaining the essentials and grouping them to produce a unified instead of a scattered whole. This whole will convey to your sense an impression of sublimity, tranquillity, awe, tenderness, or what not, according to the artist's motive, and all the methods employed will be contributory. Study the composition in detail: sometimes its beauty depends upon parallelism of line or repetition of direction, as in Tintoretto's *Mercury with the Graces;* sometimes upon contrasted lines, as with Vedder's *Anarchy* in the Library of Congress. Then, too, there will be æsthetic meaning in the inflections of the lines themselves. Regard the color not as tinting, designed to relieve the monotony of the canvas, but as a medium of emotional expression, chosen to convey the painter's mood; the different hues related to one another so as to produce a harmony, which appeals to us as a whole and not in spots. The painters call this color-relation "tone." Another word they use is "values," to express the way in which color is modified by the action of light and shadow or by the greater or less amount of atmosphere which intervenes between the object and the spectator. Thus blue satin appears almost white where the light shines strongest, and approximates to black in the deepest shadows. The grass is green, but becomes gradually grayer as it recedes from the eye. Both hands of a figure are the same color only so long as they are represented in the same plane; if one is placed further back in the picture, not only is the arm foreshortened (a matter of correct drawing), but its flesh-tints are modified. There is a difference in "value."

These are the scientific effects of light, shadow, and atmosphere; but the artist does more with them. He arranges his lights and shadows

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MASTERPIECES FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

1. Women Fishing, by Don Vicente Palmaroli. (Spanish.)
2. The Gulf Stream, by Winslow Homer. (American.)
3. Coffee House at Cairo, by L. C. Gerome. (French.)

so that, independently of the color, they shall themselves combine into a harmonious whole. You will find a focal point of light and another one of shadow, and many gradations of both between. And note the highest light is not a glare which blinds you, or the deepest shadow a blot which obstructs the eye: both are penetrable. Then, too, the atmosphere is made contributory to emotional expression: silvery, for example, in Corot's landscapes, warm and lambent in a Daubigny, laden with wind and moisture in one of Winslow Homer's marines.

Another quality intimately associated with the action of light is "texture." On a table is a covering of yellow velvet, a porcelain vase of the same color, and a lemon. The action of the light upon each of these surfaces will produce a different texture. And there is more than that involved in texture. With our eyes shut we could distinguish between these objects by handling them. If the painter through the sense of sight can stimulate into fancied activity the sense of touch, he ministers to our satisfaction. To this also is attributable the pleasure we derive from the modelling of the objects. They are not like pieces of paper pasted one upon another; they have bulk and substance, and in imagination we cannot only pass our hands over the face of them, but even round behind them.

These, briefly, are the words at the disposal of the painter, which, in a greater or less degree, according to his ability, he combines to convey his meaning; and this meaning, representing the particular point of view from which he has studied his subject, call it his conception or the sentiment of his picture or what you will, is another test of a "good" picture. It may be sublime, as in Titian's *Assumption;* tender, as in one of Troyon's landscapes; magnificently subtle, as in a Rembrandt portrait; or elegantly sensuous in a still life by Vollon: whatever it be, it is the reflex of the artist's personality. Be sure to look for it, since it represents the best he has to give, beside which all the other qualities are primarily a means to an end.

This point of view is the subjective side of his art, declaring how the subject affects himself; necessarily, it is united with the objective point of view. For example, in a portrait the painter has to produce a good likeness (the objective fact), but he should also represent the sitter's character as it shows itself to him. Herein is the subjective capacity, and the good portrait-painters are those whose suspectibilities are so alert that they can catch the composite ingredients of a sitter's personality,—that is the "analytical" faculty,—and whose comprehension is so complete that they can express it as in a formula,—which is the "synthetic" faculty. So, too, in landscapes and marines, there is something better than the accurate record of what any one of us can see for himself. If the artist, in his capacity of creator, which every artist in some degree should be, can open new windows for us, through which we may see unexpected beauty in the simple moods of nature, we rank his picture "good."

Briefly, then, we test the goodness of a picture partly by the con-

ception which it embodies, the revelation, in fact, of the artist's point of view, and partly by the skill with which he has employed the language of his craft,—the drawing, composition, color, light and shade, tone, values, and atmosphere. If any one picture included all these in the fullest degree, it would be the perfect picture, a consummation impossible to imperfect humanity. Therefore, in judging whether a picture is good, do not insist upon the loftiest conceptions, or expect to find all the elements of expression uniformly good. Rather, judge each picture on its own merits. What did the painter set out to do and how far has he accomplished it? In this way you will discover that there are infinite varieties of "good," and that it is better to try and enjoy them all than to limit your appreciation by expecting too much. On the other hand, a familiarity with these tests of a good picture will enable you to reject what is obviously trashy.

So far we have been talking of paintings, which few of us can afford to possess; but, through the union of science and art in modern photography, good reproductions are within the reach of even moderate pocketbooks. A good reproduction is much more than a memorandum, furnishing the means of identifying a picture. It is itself a work of art, reproducing almost all the charms of the original except its colors; and the latter it suggests. The subtlest thoughts of great writers are often conveyed, not directly, but by suggestion; and "black and white," or sepia and white, though merely arbitrary mediums, just as words are, can move the imagination to supply the color. We do not miss the color in one of Whistler's Venetian etchings. On the other hand, there are bad reproductions as well as good. How shall we distinguish between them?

We are apt to think that photography is absolutely truthful; while, as a matter of fact, the bare, mechanical, scientific process, unmodified by artistic intervention, consistently lies. Blond hair, for example, in a dull light will be rendered as if dark brown, and in a strong light will result in silvered locks. In the old, merely mechanical photograph of a picture there will often be a complete disturbance of the artist's purpose. Let us imagine a portrait of a lady in a pale yellow dress, trimmed with cream-colored lace, seated against a background of blue silk. The whole picture is light, but the figure is intended to count as lighter than the background; and there is a very delicate difference between the hues of the dress, lace, and flesh, and much subtlety in the values as the light and shade caress the various textures. The bad reproduction will show a darker figure against a nearly white background, and an indiscriminate blur instead of the refined details and delicate scheme of values.

But in a good reproduction art intervenes, in the actual operation of photographing, as well as in the subsequent stages of developing and printing, so that the artist's intention is reproduced.

And it is precisely as works of art that good reproductions may be fairly rated; a contribution to art very characteristic of the age. The

great paintings are locked in private collections or only to be seen on occasional visits to museums; but through these artistic prints they may become a part of our intimate belongings.

N. B. This writer and Mr. Ruskin do not quite agree (see p. 36). But the reader must remember that Mr. Ruskin had left us before photography had reached its high pitch of excellence of to-day.

THE LANGUAGE OF PAINTING.

By John C. Van Dyke, Author of "Studies in Pictures," "Art for Art's Sake," "The Meaning of Pictures," etc.

WHAT is the object of any language unless it be to express an idea, a thought, a fancy, a conception of the mind, or an emotion of the heart? If it convey no meaning it is entitled to no serious consideration. There may be some charm about a manner of talking, and there is beauty in the manner of painting, but the higher aim of any language is not to exhibit itself for its own sake, but to express the ideas and meanings of men.

We are here in the gallery examining the technical part of art; we are admiring this light and that color, marking the grouping here, the textures there, studying a piece of drawing, and wondering over a bit of perspective; and we are rightly admiring these technical features as beautiful in themselves, but what is it that we shall take away from the galleries with us? An impression, surely, but will it be one of well-drawn hands, finely-painted clothes, and good color; one of rug texture, jewel brilliancy, and foliage lightness? No; we shall forget about these features. They are not sufficient in themselves to impress us very deeply. There is a stronger element in the picture, if it be a masterpiece of its kind; and that is the artist's conception, thought, or feeling. We shall carry away the impression of his idea, imagination, or creation; we shall feel the power of his individuality.

How many stanzas of Longfellow's poem of "The Bridge" can you remember? You do not recollect the words, but you have a distinct remembrance of the poem. Well, what is the impression of it left upon your mind? Is it not one of profound melancholy at the ebb and flow of life, the come and go, the disappointment, the unfulfilled hope, the final resignation? And what do we now remember of Harvey Birch, the Spy of Washington? What do we know about his dress, lineage, look, talk? We can hardly remember a sentence that he spoke, and we know little or nothing of the dramatic situations in which Cooper placed him. In fact, the artistic efforts used to create the Spy have all been forgotten, but not so the impression of the character. The creation of the novelist still lives in our minds in

From "How to Judge of a Picture." Copyright by Hunt & Eaton, New York. By permission.

shadowy form, and in it we see a hero who suffered ignominy in obedience to orders.

You have no doubt seen Millet's picture of "The Sower," yet can you tell me accurately its color, drawing, light, atmosphere, textures? Do you know the position of the right leg; can you say how many oxen there are on the neighboring hill? I doubt if you can, but you remember the picture; you can never forget it. And what is your remembrance? It is that of a shadowy figure at dusk, moving across the fields, with rhythmic motion scattering the grain. He looks gigantic in proportions, a man of sinews, heart, and brain; a man who tills the fields, as God decreed all men should; a man who in a humble sphere is no less a hero than he who sweeps over the same field at the head of cavalry. This is Millet's conception, that is what he is striving to tell you with his colors and shadows, that is what you feel and the impression that you receive. The same thought is apparent in this half-finished picture of "The Spaders." In a short time you will forget all about the half-finish and the charcoal lines, and will retain only the look of those solemn faces and the splendid motion of the figures, just as they who visit the Sistine Chapel at Rome carry away only the impression of the sad-browed Sibyls, the mighty Prophets, of Michael Angelo.

We shall not go far astray then in saying that the stronger part of art is not its language, but the ideas which that language expresses; that it is not so much the technique, brush work, or handling for their own sake, as for the conceptions they can present to us. Let us say at once, then, that what is said is of more importance than the manner of saying; that the chief aim of art is to express ideas, feelings, impressions, or beliefs of the artist; and that the language of art, the drawing, modeling, coloring, and all, are but parts of speech which enable the artist to frame a sentence and convey a thought.

Discard the idea, which you may have received from friends, who are artists perhaps, that the only aim of art is the expression of technical skill. It could be as well maintained that the object of poetry is to display rhythmical words and sentences after the Swinburnian manner, and that poetic ideas are of no consequence. Skill of hand is important—aye, absolutely necessary; but it is the means of saying, not the end or that which is said. I will not say, for the sake of making a point in the argument, that these art-means are not interesting in themselves, nor that Tennysonian and Swinburnian verse is not agreeable, even though it may contain no meaning. To the initiated the manner in which Goya and Velasquez paint a dress, the power with which Rembrandt focusses light, the dash and brilliancy of Fortuny, the strength of Courbet, are almost as pleasing as the great ideas of Michael Angelo and the poetic sentiment of Millet. The skill of the craftsman is admirable, especially to brother-craftsmen; but the work of the hand and the conception of the mind must not bear a false relationship to one another. The thought is greater

than the means of expression, but there is beauty in both. Despise neither, but place the former above the latter.

You may be possessed of the idea that the object of a painting is to see how closely the artist can imitate nature—many people have such an idea. I beg of you to discard that likewise. Imitation never made anything worth looking at the second time. The world is indebted to it for nothing. The imitators have all died, like "Poor Poll," without leaving a trace of anything we appreciate or care for. Their labor has been too ignoble and purely mechanical to endure. The painter detailing nature upon canvas line upon line, with no hope, object, or ambition but that of rendering nature as she is, is but unsuccessfully rivalling the photograph camera. The sculptor working in a similar fashion is but emulating the hideousness of the wax figure. No; the object of painting is not to deceive, and make one think he stands in the presence of real life. Art is not the delineating of peanuts and postage-stamps in such a realistic manner that you stretch out your hand to pick them up; not the moulding of bronze and marble so that you start with surprise when you find they are not living. True, painting and sculpture are classed among the imitative arts, and so is poetry; but consider how far removed from reality is poetic language, and consider how wide the gulf between nature and the greatest masterpieces of painting. The idea of imitation is a false conception of art throughout. Painting is a language, and trees, sky, air, water, men, cities, streets, buildings, are but the symbols of ideas which play their part in the conception.

But you may think that though literal imitation is despicable enough, yet a truth to nature is absolutely necessary, and the measure of this truth attained makes a great artist or an inferior one. You may agree with Mr. Ruskin that this truth to nature is the aim of art. Again I beg of you to discard the idea. Truth is not the aim of any of the arts. Their object is to please, not to instruct. If we wish to be taught we shall go to science, which has the one object of finding out the truth. Painting should please us with æsthetic ideas, received through the sense of sight, precisely as poetry should please us with æsthetic ideas received through the sense of hearing; and the value of each depends very much on the quality and quantity of pleasure given. If truth alone were the object of either of these arts it would appear as though Meissonier were greater than Raphael or Michael Angelo, and Pope greater than Shakespeare or Milton. Mind you, I am not quarrelling with the painter's or poet's veracity. Truth is absolutely necessary in painting, just as necessary as color, oil, and paint-brushes; but I would have you discriminate between an accessory and a principle. Truth is quite indispensable in a picture, but, remember, it is the means whereby the language of art is made easily recognizable, and not the end in itself.

But you say: "Of course the plain brutal truth of nature is not

the aim of art; it is too realistic. The painter must strive after the ideal; nature must be idealized, heightened, glorified." Now, do you know exactly what you mean by the ideal? Have you ever heard a satisfactory or comprehensible explanation of it? Do you know any one who understands what it means? People talk knowingly of the ideal, of Phidias and Raphael, of Kant and Hegel, but when we come to sift down their meaning to a practical application in modern painting they mean a fair head or figure imitated from the artist's recollections of Greek sculpture; of a figure, city, or landscape formed in the artist's mind by the union of many fancies. Such work is quite worthless, except for decorative purposes, and as serious art has no good reason for existence.

There are others who think they recognize the ideal in another way. When Daubigny, for instance, paints a landscape with a certain haziness of atmosphere and line they call him an idealist, and when Bastien-Lepage paints the same landscape without the haziness they call him a realist. The true idealism of modern times presupposes the existence of a universal perfection in nature and life, toward which mankind aspires, and the painter who comes the nearest to the supposed universal perfection is accounted the greatest artist. Whether this has an existence in fact, as in theory, I have now neither the time nor the inclination to inquire. I quarrelled once with what I conceived to be the false interpretation of the word "ideal" in modern art, but with little result. People will continue to write and talk in a vague way about ideals, and fancy they see and feel them. Perhaps they do; but, as this is a practical talk, I wish to advise you to quietly lay the ideal on the shelf for the first ten years of your picture-viewing experience. At the end of that time you may be able to decide about it for yourself, and you may find that you are capable of enjoying pictures without a blessed thought of ideals of any kind. Do not bother about it under that name, at any rate, but in its place look for the artist's meaning in his picture, strive to find out what he is saying to you; put yourself in his place, and try to see as he sees. In other words, look not for the artist's *ideal,* but for his *idea.* The latter you may with practice readily discover; the former you may never recognize, for the ideal is more in the metaphysician's head than in the head of the *modern* artist.

You have heard somewhat of the necessity for the beautiful in art, and are perhaps now wondering what part it plays in painting and just where it comes in. I will try to explain in a few words my own idea of it, avoiding metaphysics as much as possible. Beauty may be an attribute of things tangible or intangible; that is, in practical illustration it may attach itself to the form and features of a head, and it may also be an attribute of a thought emanating from that head. One set of metaphysicians will tell you that it exists in the features *per se,* and that beauty is objective; another set is equally certain that it is only in the thought, and that beauty is subjective. If we take

a sober view of the matter we shall see that neither is exclusively right. Beauty may belong to either the objective or subjective world.

I cannot here enter into an argument to prove that beauty may be an attribute to external life; moreover, I have written of this at some length in another work. It will not, however, be hard for you to believe that there is a beauty about sunset, mountains, valleys, and animals, independent of man or his thoughts. If loveliness is an attribute of the flower, why is not beauty an attribute of higher creations? Our perception or lack of perception of beauty has nothing whatever to do with its existence. The Patagonian Indian and the African Hottentot see no beauty in the forest, but does it follow therefrom that there is none? Whether seen or unseen it is there, and that beauty which is seen by all is usually of a commonplace kind, often portrayed in painting.

It is the object of one kind of art to picture this natural beauty, and when accompanied by some individuality, enthusiasm, feeling, or method in the artist it is not an unworthy aim. Oftener it appears unaccompanied by these latter qualities, and it then sinks to the level of decorative art. It is most frequently portrayed in the human figure. Every exhibition of painting has its numbers of "ideal" heads and figures, which, if we analyze closely, prove to be only the modified portraits of pretty-faced studio models. The pretty model likewise obtrudes herself under different names upon many compositions, but she never has anything to commend herself but her face. She is generally devoid of character and force, and you could say at a glance that her head never ached with an idea. Look about you in the gallery and you will see her companions. Bouguereau always paints them, Henner is fond of them, Meyer von Bremen loves them, and Gérôme does not despise them. They are all pleasant enough in their way, especially to the masses, and it is to their pretty subjects that some artists are indebted for their popularity; but the faces are inwardly empty, the beauty is only skin-deep.

Natural beauty is again represented by the production of the commonplace scenes in landscape with which we are all familiar. They correspond to the studio model, regarding whom we have just been speaking. A familiar scene—a valley, lake, mountain, or brookside—is chosen, and painted as it is, with lack of thought and want of feeling, painted simply that you may have a facsimile of what you possibly may not possess in reality. Such pictures are good reminders of the places we have visited, like the photographs we buy along the line of travel, and they may not improperly serve to conceal a break in the wallpaper of the drawing-room; but they scarcely add to the world of art.

Somewhat of a change takes place in the character and value of the painting when the natural beauty is not commonplace, but comparatively unknown. For the object of every true artist is in one sense to discover hidden beauty and to reveal it to the world, which, by

reason of not possessing the eye of genius, is blind to it. We then have a new beauty, for which we may thank our explorer, the artist. It may be that the hidden beauty lies in a form commonplace, almost repulsive. There is such a thing as the beauty of the ugly, of which the Germans have written somewhat. Not alone the face of youth is beautiful; age possesses it even in humble life. Did not Rembrandt bring it forth in his aged and wrinkled faces, and Leonardo in his demons? Frère, Millet, Breton, Lerolle, Mauve, and Israels—what a charm they have thrown about the coarse-featured, heavy-headed peasantry! It is all true and all beautiful, but it was entirely unknown and unseen before these painters came into the world. In a similar manner there is a new beauty in the light of Corot, the foliage of Rousseau, the gray, voyaging clouds of Daubigny, the stormy skies of Courbet. We recognize it again in the tigers of Delacroix, in the children groups of Diaz, in the cattle of Troyon, and in a less degree in the satins and armor of Fortuny and the fish and fruit of Vollon. These men are not imitators—not parrots reiterating a well-worn theme—but, on the contrary, revealers of new features and interpreters of new beauties.

So, then, it is not a little part of the artist's aim that he discover and interpret to the world new beauty, and the value of his work may be estimated by the importance of his discovery. This is the rendering of objective beauty, tinctured, perhaps, by the painter's individuality, method, or feeling; but there is a higher beauty in the subjective of which it is necessary to speak. The most perfect beauty lies not in external surroundings, but in the conception of the human mind. There is nothing in nature that may be compared with it; beauties of form, texture, or quality sink into insignificance beside it; it is predominant and omnipotent. It would seem, therefore, that the artist who discovers natural beauty and interprets it is not so great as the artist who creates beauty and uses the forms of nature merely as a means of explaining his creation.

Take the "Sower" of Millet, and what is it that we admire about it? A hundred living artists could excel the drawing, a hundred could excel the rendering of textures and light. The figure is of little consequence. In any street in Paris might have been found a physical man of more perfect make-up. It is the thought, the conception of heroism in humble life, that is strikingly beautiful. You may remember seeing in Rome the statue of *Moses* by Michael Angelo. As a piece of mechanical work it is not wonderful. I doubt not that Canova could have equalled, if not excelled, Michael Angelo as a carver and polisher. But there is something in the *Moses* that is worth all the marbles Canova ever cut. It is the conception of tremendous power, the conceived ability of Moses to overawe, crush, destroy all things before him. In the Prophets and Sibyls of the Sistine some of the same power is apparent, combined with solemnity, mystery, weirdness, even the spirit of that prophecy which characterized the origi-

MODERN MASTERPIECES FROM THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Drinking Place, by Constant Troyon. (French.)
2. Going to Pasture, by G. S. Truesdell. (American.)
3. The Banks of the Adige, by Martin Rico. (Spanish.)
4. The Road to Concarneau, by Wm. L. Picknell. (American.)

nals. The conceptions are lofty to sublimity, nor are the forms at all unworthy of the ideas they embody; but they are not so great as the latter. Bouguereau could have drawn them as well; Delacroix could have given them a more harmonious coloring; Alfred Stevens or Carolus-Duran could have painted their garments much better; but all of them together could not have created that idea of mystery and power which attaches to them.

In the Old Pinacothek, at Munich, is a picture by Rubens of the "Christ on the Cross." It is the dead Christ hanging there alone in the night with drooped head and flowing hair, and in the background a black sky over the distant Jerusalem. There is no color to it of consequence, and color was a great feature of Rubens's art; it is not overwell drawn, nor will it compare with some of his other works in painting; but there is about it the blinding horror of the scene, the blackness of darkness, the awfulness of the deed. The power, the dread, the strength of death are overwhelming. The conviction rushes upon you irresistibly that the Crucified, hanging upon the cross, is not a human being, but the real Son of God. How the mind of Rubens ever soared so high as to grasp that conception baffles comprehension. For the idea seems great even above Rubens's greatness. Of course, the painting of it is not what one would call poorly done, for Rubens was too good a painter for that; but when you come to look upon the picture you will never see paint, or line, or texture. The conception absorbs everything else.

The landscapes of Corot, that is, the nobler ones like the "Danse des Amours," are great in a similar way. The technical part of the "Danse des Amours" is most excellent, and yet it fades into insignificance when compared with the predominant and beautiful conception of light. Still another instance of art excellent by the predominance of idea may be taken from the work of an American artist—Mr. Albert Ryder. You have doubtless seen a small sea-piece of his, often exhibited in New York, called "A Waste of Waters is Their Field." It is a little larger than your two hands, and represents a fisher-boat tossed by the waves of mid-ocean. The light is dull, the figures and boat mere suggestions, and the waves scarcely distinguishable, as I remember them; yet there is an indefinable something about the picture that draws us to it. It is not the painting of it, for that is hardly up to the average. I can scarcely describe what it is except by saying that the picture conveys to one the idea of the loneliness, the weirdness, the wildness of a continued existence at sea amid storms and tempests and dangers innumerable. The craft with her dusky crew, as she pitches and rolls in the sea, her black sails blown full of heavy air, and the light dimly seen through storm-clouds, looks like a wraith, a phantom boat, an exile hunted of men. We forget the material parts of the picture after a time, yet the idea haunts us. It keeps galloping through our brain like that dashing falconer of Fromentin. The painter holds us by his thought, his conception, precisely as the

novelist makes us remember Lady Dedlock, Jean Valjean, or Harvey Birch, though we may hardly be able to recall a word they said or a thing they did.

The most enduring part of art, then, is the conception of the artist, and the embodiment of conception in form and color and their variations constitutes the highest aim of painting. But now from this you must not infer that sublime art is the only art worthy of consideration; nor must you infer that the art of poetic or artistic feeling, or even the art of technical skill or natural beauty, is to be sneered at. Those who have produced great art are like the Shakespeares and the Goethes—but the few from the millions; and surely there are many poets and painters beside the greatest whom we may honestly admire. I have instanced only the superlative cases to bring before you what I consider the highest art, to impress upon you the superiority of the conception over its realization or embodiment. There are other grades of conceptions, ideas, impressions, and feelings, but for the present we may rest content with the general statement that the highest aim of art is the expression of an idea, impression, or emotion, regarding something conceived, seen, or felt by the artist.

SOME FAMOUS MADONNAS.

By Lina Wright Berle.

THERE has been no subject more frequently treated in art than the Madonna in its various forms and phases. Ever since the beginning of Christianity, it has been the object of loving care and tender reverence on the part of painters of all kinds. It is associated with all that is finest in modern art.

The various stages of development of the Madonna theme in early art are interesting to both the student and the lover of painting, for the more clearly one understands them, the greater is the discovery of charm in half-appreciated paintings. Roughly, the historical development illustrates somewhat the following line of growth, proceeding from the earliest ascetic portraiture to the more modern intimate treatment.

The earliest Madonnas were portrait-like figures, stiffly arranged, with the utmost formality and severity. Usually they were about half-length, and the background was of the slightest importance. From this it was a natural step to the development of a throne or dais on which the mother was seated with her child in her arms. The further representation of this aspect led to the introduction of a celestial background, the heavens opening up and down to disclose the Holy Mother. Still later, the Madonna was represented in the open fields surrounded by lovely and beautiful scenery. The last phase was the domestic one, in which the Madonna was represented in the environment of a home, a stable, or other interior scene.

The oldest of the portrait Madonnas were the so-called Byzantine Madonnas, because they were brought from the ancient city of Byzantium, now Constantinople, to Italy. Most of them show a background of pale gold, reminiscent of the Eastern devotion which attaches gold and precious stones to the object of its adoration,—as may still be seen in Russian churches at the present time. The portraits themselves show little in the way of beauty, but they have been so long worshipped that one cannot but feel a regard for them, out of all proportion to their actual merit. In many cases, legend has attributed these pictures to the workmanship of some saintly artist.

One of the earliest Italian painters to undertake the painting of the Madonna with the thought of something a little more natural than the older pictures had shown, was Jacopo Bellini, a Venetian, who painted at the beginning of the fifteenth century. He too ornamented his background with gold, and faintly indicated angel-heads adorned it. This, as it is one of the most artistic of these early portrait Madonnas, is also one of the last, for with the growth of technical skill, painters made use of increasingly complicated effects.

Many of these early painters of the Mother and Child were monks, and their representations are painted on the walls of old convents, in churches and private chapels; and they all show a profound religious feeling. There are later instances of the portrait Madonna; and one of the most interesting is the so-called "Madonna of the Napkin," which takes its name from a curious tale. Murillo, the artist, spent a time in a Capuchin monastery, painting as the monks desired. When it came time for him to leave, the cook in the institution, who had done him some services, begged a small painting as a gift. The painter agreed, and, as there was nowhere a canvas upon which to execute the picture, he accepted a napkin which was offered to him as a substitute. The resulting Madonna is one of his most beautiful.

In its next phase, the Madonna is shown seated on a sort of throne, surrounded, often, by a group of saints or worshippers. The saints may be identified by the various symbols which they carry, each pertaining to the special form of martyrdom to which they were the victims. Sometimes, too, the figures of special persons, contemporary with the painter, are introduced for one reason or another,—the figure of the ruling duke or king, of a personal friend of the painter's, or of some wealthy patron of the arts.

Probably the greatest picture of Andrea del Sarto, the "faultless painter," is a picture of this kind. It is often called the "Madonna of the Harpies," because of the harpies which are twisted into a design around the throne on which the Virgin stands. Another famous Madonna is that of Perugino, in which Mary is accompanied by two of the reverend bishops and a couple of saints. This picture was one copied in varied form by Raphael and Pinturicchio, who were pupils of Perugino. These are among the notable models of the kind.

Among the artists of the Venetian school the prejudice in favor of the royal Madonna was very great. It appealed to the Venetian love of color and magnificence, and it offered opportunity for all the lavish elaboration of detail and gorgeous workmanship in which the painters of Venice loved to clothe their portraits.

One of the earliest Venetian Madonnas which makes use of this type of arrangement is that of Giovanni Bellini, the "Madonna of San Zaccaria." This was painted when Bellini had grown old,—he was past eighty,—and it shows his maturest art.

A painter who followed Bellini, and stood between him and the later artists was Georgione, and his "Madonna of Castelfranco" is one of the supremely lovely things of the kind. There is in the face of the mother a curious brooding expression which reveals an intensity of contemplation and a profound sympathy with all the sorrows of the world, which stands alone as an artistic presentation.

But it was not enough to represent the Madonna on the throne; the Italian painters wished to find still another way of emphasizing her separation by her high calling from other mothers. To satisfy this desire there was developed the fashion of representing her in the sky, in company with angel figures of various sorts. Fra Angelico painted such a Madonna, the "Madonna della Stella," so-called from the star that is poised like a jewel above her head. Around her, but yet at a considerable distance, are ranged angels in a great circle, paying her homage. This is the earliest form of the glorified Madonna.

There are any number of devices for representing the Madonna after this style. Sometimes the whole picture is arranged against a background of upper air; sometimes again there are two sections, showing the ethereal realms and the earth below, with but slight separation of the two, and sometimes the Virgin is represented with a very distinct line separating her from the rest of the picture.

In all these pictures the definite school to which the painter belonged is plainly evident both from the special variation of the principle which he adopted, and also from the physical and intellectual type from which he drew his subject. Thus the Venetian school shows a vivid, robust, voluptuous figure, while another is distinguished by the meagre, ascetic expression of its Virgins, and a third by the mysticism of its handling. All these elements must be taken into account in determining the importance or character of a special picture.

With the development of the art of painting came the use of landscape as a setting for the Madonna figures. The knowledge of how to handle the problems which the painting of nature involves was one of the last technical problems to be solved by the artists of the Renaissance, and it is often a matter of curiosity to see how they attempt to meet it. One recalls the difficulty of the frescoes of Giotto, and the famous illustrations of the life of St. Francis, in which the background seems to overwhelm the picture in the foreground. In many of the

pictures, a mountain in the distance seems about to fall on the shoulders of saint or devotee; or the dark forest behind the Virgin looms over her like a vast canopy. Often, too, the rivers which wind through the plains behind her flow most strangely to the modern eye, trained as it is in the appreciation of perspective. All this the artists of the Renaissance had to learn, and they set about it in many ways.

Among the earlier Madonnas of Raphael there are a number which show bits of open country behind the group of holy personages; and often these are employed in the enthroned Madonnas, to fill in special spaces. Thus in Georgione's picture, there are exquisite glimpses of open country shown in the distance, behind the figures of the two saints which stand at the base of the throne. The Madonnas of Raphael which show this treatment especially are that called "La Belle Jardinière," the "Madonna in the Meadow," and the "Madonna of the Goldfinch." In all of these the landscape is of the open, quiet sort which fits so perfectly with the type and characteristics of the mother and child who are represented in it.

A distinctive rendering of the Madonna was achieved by the Venetian artists, who represented what has been called the "Santa Conversazione." Its merit lies in the naturalness of pose and action which it makes possible, for it represents the mother and child sitting in the open with a group of figures about them, in the easy and familiar attitudes which might be expected on such an occasion. Palma Vecchio is supposed to have been the inventor of this form of treatment.

There are not a few paintings in which the Virgin is represented in a garden, surrounded by flowers, and with or without a considerable number of accompanying figures. Such a one is the "Madonna of the Rose-garden" of Filippino Lippi. This is an exquisite bit of painting, showing the enclosed garden in which the Virgin kneels beside her Child, with angels about her, and all surrounded by blossoming shrubs.

One of the latest developments of the Madonna-theme was that which permitted the adoption of an interior setting, such as we see so frequently in all kinds of modern portrait work. For a long time this was not held to be permissible, owing to the veneration which the painters and buyers felt for the sanctity of their subject. It is a matter of interest that this development of the subject was made by the painters of the North, German and Flemish and Dutch.

Significantly enough, this development in the representation of the Madonna is one which foreshadows the latest development of art, which has found its inspiration of late years in the life of humble folk, and which in doing so has achieved the union of poetry and realism. Millet, in representing the peasants of France, found the same dignity and profound sanctity that is possible in this type of Madonna.

In all these pictures, we have noticed the manner of treatment, rather than the essential conception of the subject. The understanding of maternity is, necessarily, of such breadth and largeness that it is im-

possible to comprehend its whole significance in one picture, or in one form of art. No two painters see it through the same eyes, or with the same significances. It is therefore possible to recognize the work of a painter or a school by the expression of the Madonna as well as by other more tangible evidences.

The simplest type of Madonna is that which shows the affection of the mother for her child, without endowing that love with any superhuman qualities. Such a Madonna fits best with simple settings, unhampered by the trappings of the throne and celestial attendants which the Madonna seated among the clouds requires. The Madonna of the Chair shows this simplicity and universal, human affection in a high degree; there is no subtlety of conception or execution to puzzle or perplex the beholder; all is plain, human, lovely, with only its superb humanity to suggest its divine origin. In the same way Correggio shows the human qualities in his Madonnas. The "Vierge au Lapin" of Titian is another instance of the kind. The same phase of maternal affection is especially characteristic of the Flemish and German painters, and may be seen in the work of Rembrandt, Rubens, and Albrecht Dürer.

There is a different conception of the Virgin Mother, however, and this is no less remarkable than the other. In this is recognized to the full the sacred duty imposed upon Mary, and she is shown in all the various stages of humility and awe. Her position suggests her mental attitude. Sometimes she stands before the Child, at other moments she kneels before him, while at other times she may be seen brooding over him and his destiny with a profound appreciation of the honor which has been granted her in being the bearer of the precious life.

From this the gradations by which the Madonna slips into the conscious Mother of God, knowing her duty, and foreseeing the agony which awaits her, yet calmly and earnestly accepting the charge laid upon her, are easily made. It may be seen in the pictures by Giovanni Bellini, in the pale, devout Madonnas of Botticelli, and in the grave, wondering Spanish faces of Murillo's paintings.

In this way some of the great masters of painting have sought to show the beauty of the Madonna, and to emphasize the effects of the various phases of religious and emotional conception. No two people can be found to see the Virgin in the same way, or to appreciate the simple fact of motherhood alike; and it is one of the perennial charms of art that it finds opportunity for the expression of all these varying forms of understanding. Great though the variety of Italian paintings of the Virgin is, there is yet room for an additional treatment, if there can but be found a painter of sufficiently high skill and character to undertake it.

It is most notable that the purer the artist's own understanding and character, the purer and finer will be his rendering of the Madonna theme. In a certain sense the highest development of this belongs to a

past age, in which the religious fervor of nations as a whole had reached a point which seems incompatible with modern civilization. The Madonnas of the future will be more intimate than those of previous centuries, more humanly dependent, less regal; but they will all hold the same fundamental reverence which has made the older Madonnas famous. Under all the variations of form which the passing of time has laid upon the treatment of the Madonna, its essential dignity and holiness becomes increasingly evident in the hands of competent artists.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, AND ITS MURAL DECORATIONS.

By Lina Wright Berle.

ONE of the most beautiful buildings in the United States is that which houses its National Congressional library. It is one of the sights of the Capital, and deserves repeated visits, both to enjoy its loveliness and to become familiar with the treasures of art which it contains. The foremost American painters have contributed to its decoration, and its walls glow with warm and beautiful coloring. It bears the same relation to our own country that the British Museum does to England, for in it are gathered the written memorials of American intellectual progress, in addition to the scientific contributions of other nations, gathered here by the Smithsonian Institution and other societies.

But it is for its artistic charm that the casual visitor loves it most, and it is worth while to point out some of the notable decorations in order to simplify the task of the reader who may some time wish to see much in a short time, or to recall what has once been seen.

The building was completed in 1897, and the problem of decoration was exquisitely handled. Nearly fifty painters and sculptors were commissioned by the Government to decorate its walls, and thereby was secured a permanent record of American art. Great bronze doors, with beautiful reliefs, open into the building. Above the door is a representation of Tradition, the source of all intellectual progress, and on the doors themselves are panels representing Memory and Imagination, all the work of Olin L. Warner. Another door shows a symbolic figure of Writing; and there is a door by Macmonnies, in which Minerva is shown spreading knowledge through printing, and in addition, designs representing Intellect and The Humanities.

Among the first of the mural decorations which the visitor notices are the paintings of Charles Sprague Pearce; first a large picture representing The Family, and accompanied by smaller studies with the various titles, Religion, Labor, Study, Recreation, and Rest. All these are simple, pastoral scenes, and figures of men and maidens in the normal pursuits of daily life. In harmony with this conception of intimate

family life, the names of distinguished educators are inscribed in suitable spaces near the pictures.

Corresponding to these in the general positions which they occupy are the pictures by H. O. Walker, to which is given the general title of Lyric Poetry. It is a delicately conceived group, in which Poetry appears as a beautiful woman, attended by the passions which most frequently offer her inspiration. In the smaller pictures various notable English and American poets are represented by mythological figures which bear some special kinship to the poet imagined,—either because he has been the author of a poem fitly linking his name with that of his hero, as in the choice of Endymion to celebrate Keats, or for some like reason. In this way are conceived Tennyson, Keats, Wordsworth, Emerson, Milton, and Shakespeare.

John W. Alexander was the painter whose works were planned to fill another corridor. The subject chosen was "The Evolution of the Book." In elaborating it, there were created six studies, The Cairn, Oral Tradition, Egyptian Hieroglyphics, Picture Writing, The Manuscript Book, and The Printing Press. In keeping with the subject, the treatment is austerely simple, dignified and restrained in the last degree,—a marked contrast to the light-heartedness of the lyric groups.

There are five paintings by Elihu Vedder which are all concerned with various representations of the idea of Government, conceived in its various phases. There is an idealized study of the general theme, followed by pictures dealing with other aspects of the function of the state,—Corrupt Legislation, Anarchy, and Good Administration, and Peace and Prosperity.

The wealth of decoration here indicated occurs all of it on the lower floor. Upstairs it is continued on the same scale. To Walter Shirlaw was given the task of decorating eight small spaces, and into these he has set figures representing the sciences on the understanding of which all material progress rests. They are Zoology, Physics, Mathematics, and Geology; Archaeology, Botany, Astronomy, and Chemistry. For each of these a single figure stands as the symbol, accompanied by the natural objects indicative of her function.

Here also are the paintings of Robert Reid to illustrate the Five Senses of man. These occupy spaces in the ceiling. On the walls are panels which deal with Wisdom, Knowledge, Understanding, and Philosophy.

Two series of paintings represent the various forms of literature and the life of man, respectively. In the first there are female figures representing Tragedy, Comedy, History, and Lyric Poetry, and Love Poetry, Tradition, Fancy, and Romance. In the second series are shown successively, infancy, maturity, and old age. These are by William A. Mackay, as the others were by George R. Barse.

F. W. Benson was chosen to provide the decoration for a corresponding space in another corridor, which has been filled by three paintings

of The Three Graces of ancient legend. In addition there are four studies of The Seasons, by the same artist. In like fashion, there are two pictures by W. B. Van Ingen, typifying L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, with appropriate quotations from Milton beneath them.

The great dome of the library was decorated by E. H. Blashfield. It is surrounded by a series of paintings which in their theme portray the progress of civilization, under the guidance of the human intellect. To show this, twelve figures have been designed, each one of which represents some great civilization of the world, exemplified by the appropriate country.

Kenyon Cox was the artist who contributed two large paintings, the one rendering the conception of the Arts, and the other of the Sciences. In each of these, classical figures were arranged in a harmonious grouping, bearing the appropriate symbols of their significance. A space corresponding to this has been filled by two pictures by Gari Melchers, the one showing Peace, the other War.

At the four corners of the main dome there are smaller rooms which present special decoration of their own. That which has been decorated by George W. Maynard deals with the discoverers, represented in a huge painting which covers the ceiling, and in groups on the walls. Another, with pictures by R. L. Dodge, shows the four natural elements, Earth, Air, Fire and Water. Still another, by W. de L. Dodge, deals with art and science; and the last represents the seals of the nation, artistically arranged by Van Ingen.

Another series of pictures remains to be mentioned,—that of Walter McEwen, in which the various heroes of Greek mythology are shown one after another in a long succession,—Paris and Jason, Bellerophon and Orpheus, Perseus and Prometheus, Achilles and Hercules. The paintings of Edward Simmons, depicting the Nine Muses, occupy a similar space elsewhere, and provide an excellent decoration.

Among so many and so diverse types of painting, it is impossible to do justice to all, and it is possible only for a single person to note individual preferences. These will vary with the taste and the training of the individual. Yet certain paintings are notable, not merely for the dignity and acceptability with which they serve the purpose for which they were designed, but for the energy or flexibility which they display in the handling of their respective themes. It is fitting that some of these receive more detailed mention than the foregoing.

One of the most impressive series is the group of paintings by John W. Alexander, for this reason. The development of the written record of human life is a theme of profound significance in itself; and in the several stages which were chosen to represent it the artist showed his skill and his appreciation of fundamental values in pictorial representation. The earliest means of communication is shown, the cairn, or small heap of stones left by travellers to show all later-comers that others have trod that way before them,—a strong, primitive bit of symbolism. The next step in the progress of the race occurred with

the development of memory, and the oral tradition which grew up with it, in which the tale was told from one generation to the next and the history and ambitions of a people kept alive from father to son. When one remembers the part that such verbal records have played in the development of civilization, one realizes the significance of the picture as conceived by Alexander. The study called Egyptian Hieroglyphics shows yet another phase of development,—the first inscriptions in which a definite written record is established. Picture Writing shows yet another method among primitive or half-savage peoples, and carries man yet a step forward toward full written communication. The transition from this to the book painfully copied out in the crabbed monkish script of the Middle Ages marks a great advance, but the crowning triumph of all comes in the production of the first printed book, in which are set forth, clearly and legible for all who wish to see, the information which the writer wished to convey.

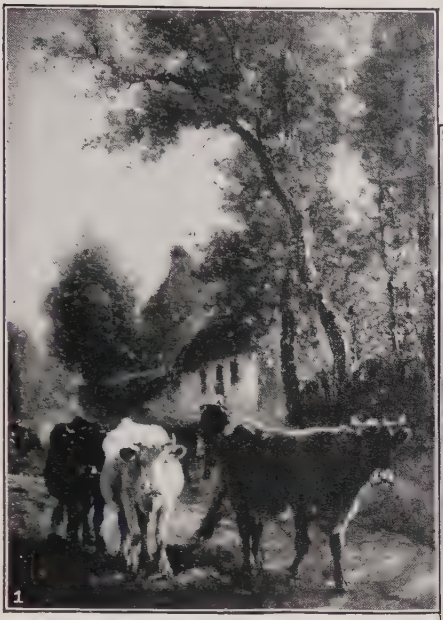
There is something majestic in this procession of ideas, set forth as they are in pictures whose simplicity and austerity marks them with character and dignity worthily accompanying the record they illustrate. There is an absence of brilliant coloring, a quietness of tone which adds largely to their effect.

The studies of Walker on the theme of Lyric Poetry also deserve special note. They are entirely different in character from those we have just considered, as their subject necessarily requires them to be. Here is no place for a stern, self-contained art; and in harmony with the material, the pictures show a lightness and delicacy of treatment, a lyric joyousness in handling, which gives them a different harmony.

The main picture shows the Muse of Lyric Poetry, a woman clothed in floating draperies of deep rose, and bearing in her arms the lyre, to the strains of which she tunes her song. Beside her stand the emotions, —the eager, imploring figure of Passion, loosely girt with a scarf of golden hue, placid Beauty, and the merry figure of the boy Mirth. Pathos, a female figure, lifts sad eyes to the sky, while Truth stands proudly by, naked and unashamed. Devotion crouches near. The setting for these figures is a wooded glade, through which a brook rushes swiftly murmuring.

In this picture the coloring is delicate and soft, yet warm and living as befits the subject. There is an ideal quality about the whole, a remoteness from actuality, that lifts it beyond the region of mere symbolic representation and gives it a life and vitality of its own. The same skill and harmonious taste has governed the artist in his choice of forms under which to symbolize the work of the great poets of his selection. Tennyson is represented by Ganymede, the cup-bearer of the gods, who was stolen away from earth by Jove himself, hidden in his eagle's dress, to serve nectar and ambrosia on Olympus. The reference is to a passage in "The Palace of Art."

To suggest Keats, the figure of Endymion was a happy selection,



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MODERN MASTERPIECES FROM THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

1. A Golden Autumn Day, by Emile Van Marcke. (French.)
2. Alice, by William Merritt Chase. (American.)
3. The Song of the Lark, by Jules A. Breton. (French.)
4. The Beheading of John the Baptist, by Chas. Sprague Pearce. (American.)

for the hero of Keats' greatest poem has been credited with many of the same characteristics with which we have endowed his creator. Wordsworth is symbolized in the figure called "The Boy of Winander," which derives its inspiration from a poem describing a solitary childhood, in which the company of woods and hillsides, mountain streams and nights of stars, brought about reflection and inner peace. For Emerson the symbolic figure is conceived after the manner suggested by Emerson's poem of "Uriel," the winged angel who sits apart from his fellows, alone upon a rocky cliff, high above the world. Equally happy is the form of Adonis, beloved of the goddess Venus, to represent Shakespeare, one of whose greatest lyrics is the poem of "Venus and Adonis." For Milton, a passage from "Comus" is illustrated.

In these paintings especially is shown the vast adaptability of allegorical painting. All the range of emotion, from the realities of the pictures of John Alexander to the idealisms of Walker, is expressed in visible form, and plain to the humblest vision. It is possible to turn from regions of pure fantasy to regions of primitive fact, and yet perceive no disharmony; for in each subject the manner is delicately adjusted to the material. To do this is the test of all art.

Some mention ought also to be made of the mosaic pictures which adorn certain walls of the library. The art of mosaic decoration is an exceedingly old one, which is found in great perfection in the ruins of ancient cities, notably in Pompeii, from the architectural style of which the building adopted certain decorative features. As everybody knows, the art of mosaic-building is an art of representing the picture of the artist's conception by means of small colored stones, closely set together to form the design,—achieving in stone somewhat the same effect that is seen in stained glass windows. The design must be drawn in line, and colored as it is to be when finished, and on this as a foundation the separate parts are strongly fastened, face down, so that the finished work cannot be seen until the design is removed. Then it is polished as much as the type of work requires for its full effect.

The commonest use of mosaic work is in pure decoration,—simple natural or geometric forms applied to walls, ceilings or floors, to give color and warmth and a pleasing harmony of design. The mosaic work in the library is in general of this kind, covering the ceilings which are not otherwise decorated. But there is one place in which the mosaic is used as the medium for a more elaborate decoration. This is in the figure of Minerva by Elihu Vedder.

According to the old mythology, Minerva was the goddess both of War and of Wisdom. She was said to have sprung full-armed from the head of Jove, and to her was given the famous aegis-shield, bearing the deadly countenance of Medusa in its center. In this picture, however, she is shown as the guardian of peace and the patron of civilization. Her shield is laid aside, and her helmet doffed, while she holds a scroll containing, as is proper, the names of the sciences by which

human progress is won. Near her is placed a small image of Victory, standing with outstretched arms bearing a wreath of laurel and a leaf of palm. The goddess leans upon her spear, in peaceful contemplation of prosperity. The whole picture is full of good hope and promise for the future. It is surrounded by a conventionalized border of laurel, whose leaves and branches form a delicate tracery about the central figure. The picture glows with color, and is filled with the full light of the sun, shining out to confirm the promise of the goddess' favor.

These are some of the most significant of the decorations in the library. It is not enough to spend a brief fifteen minutes or so among them, as the casual visitor is invited to do when the sight-seeing car finally lands him there, after allowing half or three-quarters of an hour for the contemplation of the animals at the Zoo; and one whose time for the sights of the city is limited would do well to plan for this independently of other expeditions, for there is material to occupy hours and days if one can spare the time. More than this, it is an artistic education of the most complete sort.

In a beautiful building like this, all that is best in the artistic consciousness of a nation may, if it is permitted, find expression. Somebody has called architecture "frozen music"; and if this be true, we may well widen the term by likening the pictures within its walls to histories, poems, philosophies in line and color. To do this has been the aim of those who planned the decoration, and under whose direction the artists were given their commission to paint what they imagined to be the bodily form of ideals such as should animate a great and new nation.

It is a great achievement to possess a record of the best that American art has produced such as this. The work of the library was all done by American sculptors and painters, with the intention of perpetuating such a record. More than anything else, it shows the quality for which we, as a nation, pride ourselves most,—our spirit of fearless idealism, our pacific and generous breadth of vision, and our golden opportunity as the heir to the accumulated wisdom of the ages. To that, more than to anything else, the artists have paid their tribute. The evolution of family life, the continuous progress in art and science, the steady development of the spirit of discovery and exploration, have all opened to the nations of the Western hemisphere a future which may, in the providence of God, escape in part the dangers of older civilizations.

It is in this that these paintings should inspire us with a sense of the great responsibility which is ours,—a responsibility which is only increased by the varied inheritance which is ours,—an inheritance so penetratingly suggested in the Blashfield pictures that encircle the central dome, of the twelve nationalities and civilizations that have contributed most distinctively to our growth. There is everything in the pictures here gathered together under one roof to stimulate every patriotic visitor to renewed pride in his country.

MICHELANGELO'S PAINTINGS IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

'THE *ceiling* of the Sistine Chapel contains the most perfect works done by Michelangelo in his long and active life. Here his great spirit appears in its noblest dignity, in its highest purity; here the attention is not disturbed by that arbitrary display to which his great power not unfrequently seduced him in other works. The ceiling forms a flattened arch in its section: the central portion, which is a plain surface, contains a series of large and small pictures, representing the most important events recorded in the book of Genesis—the Creation and Fall of Man, with its immediate consequences. In the large triangular compartments at the springing of the vault are sitting figures of the Prophets and Sibyls, as the foretellers of the coming of the Saviour. In the soffits of the recesses between these compartments, and in the arches underneath, immediately above the windows, are the ancestors of the Virgin, the series leading the mind directly to the Saviour. The external connection of these numerous representations is formed by an architectural framework of peculiar composition, which encloses the single subjects, tends to make the principal masses conspicuous, and gives to the whole an appearance of that solidity and support so necessary, but so seldom attended to, in soffit decorations, which may be considered as if suspended. A great number of figures are also connected with the framework; those in unimportant situations are executed in the color of stone or bronze; in the more important, in natural colors. These serve to support the architectural forms, to fill up and to connect the whole. This may be best described as the living and embodied genii of architecture. It required the unlimited power of an architect, sculptor, and painter to conceive a structural whole of so much grandeur, to design the decorative figures with the significant repose required by the sculpturesque character, and yet to preserve their subordination to the principal subjects, and to keep the latter in the proportion and relations best adapted to the space to be filled."—*Kugler,* p. 301.

The pictures from the Old Testament, beginning from the altar, are:—

1. The Separation of Light and Darkness.
2. The Creation of the Sun and Moon.
3. The Creation of Trees and Plants.
4. The Creation of Adam.
5. The Creation of Eve.
6. The Fall and the Expulsion from Paradise.
7. The Sacrifice of Noah.
8. The Deluge.
9. The Intoxication of Noah.

From "Walks in Rome 7," by A. J. C. Hare, London.

"The scenes from Genesis are the most sublime representations of these subjects;—the Creating Spirit is unveiled before us. The peculiar type which the painter has here given of the form of the Almighty Father has been frequently imitated by his followers, and even by Raffaelle, but has been surpassed by none. Michelangelo has represented Him in majestic flight, sweeping through the air, surrounded by genii, partly supporting, partly borne along with Him, covered by His floating drapery; they are the distinct syllables, the separate virtues of His creating word. In the first (large) compartment we see Him with extended hands, assigning to the sun and moon their respective paths. In the second, He awakens the first man to life. Adam lies stretched on the verge of the earth, in the act of raising himself; the Creator touches him with the point of His finger, and appears thus to endow him with feeling and life. This picture displays a wonderful depth of thought in the composition, and the utmost elevation and majesty in the general treatment and execution. The third subject is not less important, representing the Fall of Man and his Expulsion from Paradise. The tree of knowledge stands in the midst, the serpent (the upper part of the body being that of a woman) is twined around the stem; she bends down towards the guilty pair, who are in the act of plucking the forbidden fruit. The figures are nobly graceful, particularly that of Eve. Close to the serpent hovers the angel with the sword, ready to drive the fallen beings out of Paradise. In this double action, this union of two separate moments, there is something peculiarly poetic and significant; it is guilt and punishment in one picture. The sudden and lightning-like appearance of the avenging angel behind the demon of darkness has a most impressive effect."—*Kugler,* p. 304.

"Pheidias created tranquil Divinities; Michelangelo, suffering Heroes."—*Goethe.*

The lower portion of the ceiling is divided into curvilinear triangular spaces occupied by the Prophets and Sibyls in solemn contemplation, accompanied by angels and genii. Beginning from the left of the entrance, their order is:

1. Joel.
2. Sibylla Erythræa.
3. Ezekiel.
4. Sibylla Persica.
5. Jonah.
6. Sibylla Libyca.
7. Daniel.
8. Sibylla Cumæa.
9. Isaiah.
10. Sibylla Delphica.

"The Prophets and Sibyls in the triangular compartments of the curved portion of the ceiling are the largest figures in the whole work; these, too, are among the most wonderful forms that modern art has called into life. They are all represented seated, employed with books or rolled manuscripts: genii stand near or behind them. These mighty beings sit before us pensive, meditative, inquiring, or

looking upwards with inspired countenances. Their forms and movements, indicated by the grand lines and masses of the drapery, are majestic and dignified. We see in them beings who, while they feel and bear the sorrows of a corrupt and sinful world, have power to look for consolation into the secrets of the future. Yet the greatest variety prevails in the attitudes and expression—each figure is full of individuality. Zacharias is an aged man, busied in calm and circumspect investigation: Jeremiah is bowed down absorbed in thought—the thought of deep and bitter grief; Ezekiel turns with hasty movement to the genius next to him, who points upwards with joyful expectation, etc. The Sibyls are equally characteristic: the Persian, a lofty, majestic woman, very aged; the Erythræan—full of power, like the warrior-goddess of wisdom; the Delphic—like Cassandra, youthfully soft and graceful, but with strength to bear the awful seriousness of revelation."—*Kugler,* p. 304.

"The belief of the Roman Catholic Church in the testimony of the Sibyl is shown by the well-known hymn, beginning with the verse:—

'Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla;
Teste David cum Sibylla.'

It may be inferred that this (fourteenth-century) hymn, admitted into the liturgy of the Roman Church, gave sanction to the adoption of the Sibyls into Christian art. They are seen from this time accompanying the prophets and apostles in the cyclical decorations of the Church. . . . But the highest honor that art has rendered to the Sibyls has been by the hand of Michelangelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Here, in the conception of a mysterious Order of women, placed above and without all considerations of the graceful or the individual, the great master was peculiarly in his element. They exactly fitted his standard of art, not always sympathetic, nor comprehensible to the average human mind, of which the grand in form and the abstract in expression were the last and first conditions. In this respect the Sibyls on the Sistine ceiling are more Michelangelesque than their companions the Prophets. For these, while types of the highest monumental treatment, are yet men, while the Sibyls belong to a distinct class of beings, who convey the impression of the very obscurity in which their history is wrapt—creatures who have lived far from the abodes of men, who are alike devoid of the expression of feminine sweetness, human sympathy, or sacramental beauty; who are neither Christians nor Jewesses, Witches nor Graces, yet living, grand, beautiful, and true, according to laws revealed to the great Florentine genius only. Thus their figures may be said to be unique, as the offspring of a peculiar sympathy between the master's mind and his subject. To this sympathy may be ascribed the prominence and size given them—both Prophets and Sibyls—as

compared to their usual relation to the subjects they environ. They sit here in twelve throne-like niches, more like presiding deities, each wrapped in self-contemplation, than as tributary witnesses to the truth and omnipotence of Him they are intended to announce. Thus they form a gigantic framework round the subjects of the Creation, of which the birth of Eve, as the type of the Nativity, is the intentional centre. For some reason, the twelve figures are not Prophets and Sibyls alternately—there being only five Sibyls to seven Prophets—so that the Prophets come together at one angle. Books and scrolls are given indiscriminately to them.

"The Sibylla Persica, supposed to be the oldest of the sisterhood, holds the book close to her eyes, as if from dimness of sight, which fact, contradicted as it is by a frame of obviously herculean strength, gives a mysterious intentness to the action.

"The Sibylla Libyca, of equally powerful proportions, but less closely draped, is grandly bringing herself to lift a massive volume from a height above her head on to her knees.

"The Sibylla Cumæa, also aged, and with her head covered, is reading with her volume at a distance from her eyes.

"The Sibylla Delphica, with waving hair escaping from her turban, is a beautiful young being—the most human of all—gazing into vacancy or futurity. She holds a scroll.

"The Sibylla Erythræa, a grand bare-headed creature, sits reading intently with crossed legs, about to turn over her book.

"The Prophets are equally grand in structure, and though, as we have said, not more than men, yet they are the only men that could well bear the juxtaposition with their stupendous female colleagues. Ezekiel, between Erythræa and Persica, has a scroll in his hand that hangs by his side, just cast down, as he turns eagerly to listen to some voice.

"Jeremiah, a magnificent figure, sits with elbow on knee and head on hand, rapt in the meditation appropriate to one called to utter lamentation and woe. He has neither book nor scroll.

"Jonah is also without either. His position is strained and ungraceful—looking upwards, and apparently remonstrating with the Almighty upon the destruction of the gourd, a few leaves of which are seen above him. His hands are placed together with a strange and trivial action, supposed to denote the counting on his fingers the number of days he was in the fish's belly. A formless marine monster is seen at his side.

"Daniel has a book on his lap, with one hand on it. He is young, and a piece of lion's skin seems to allude to his history."—*Lady Eastlake, "History of Our Lord,"* i. 248.

In the recesses between the Prophets and Sibyls is a series of lovely family groups representing the Genealogy of the Virgin. The four corners of the ceiling contain triangular groups illustrative of

the power of Jehovah displayed in the deliverance of His chosen people.

Near the altar are:
R.—The deliverance of the Israelites by means of the brazen serpent.
L.—The execution of Haman.
Near the entrance are:
R.—Judith and Holofernes.
L.—David and Goliath.

Only 3,000 ducats were paid to Michelangelo for all his great work on the ceiling of the Sistine. It was uncovered November, 1512, and fairly astonished the world.

It was when Michelangelo was already in his sixtieth year that Clement VII. formed the idea of effacing the three pictures of Perugino at the end of the chapel, and employing him to paint in their place the vast fresco of "The Last Judgment." It occupied the master for seven years, and was finished in 1541, when Paul III. occupied the throne. During this time Michelangelo, a devout Dante-lover, frequently read and re-read the wonderful sermons of Savonarola, to refresh his mind, and that he might drink in and absorb, and reproduce, their religious grandeur. To induce him to pursue his work with application, Paul III. went himself to his house attended by ten cardinals: "an honor," says Lanzi, "unique in the annals of art." The Pope wished that the picture should be painted in oil, to which he was persuaded by Sebastiano del Piombo, but Michelangelo refused to work, except in fresco, saying that oil-painting was for women and lazy persons.

"In the *upper half* of the picture we see the judge of the world, surrounded by the apostles and patriarchs; beyond these, on one side, are the martyrs; on the other, the saints and a numerous host of the blessed. Above, under the two arches of the vault, two groups of angels bear the instruments of the Passion. Below the Saviour another group of angels holding the books of life sound the trumpets to awaken the dead. On the right is represented the resurrection; and higher, the ascension of the blessed. On the left, hell, and the fall of the condemned, who audaciously strive to press to heaven.

"The day of wrath ('dies iræ') is before us—the day of which the old hymn says—

'Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus,
Cuncta strictè discussurus.'

The Judge turns in wrath towards the condemned and raises His right hand with an expression of rejection and condemnation; beside Him the Virgin veils herself with her drapery, and turns with a countenance full of anguish towards the blessed. The martyrs, on

the left, hold up the instruments and proofs of their martyrdom, in accusation of those who had occasioned their temporal death: these the avenging angels drive from the gates of heaven, and fulfil the sentence pronounced against them. Trembling and anxious, the dead rise slowly, as if still fettered by the weight of an earthly nature; the pardoned ascend to the blessed; a mysterious horror pervades even their hosts—no joy, nor peace, nor blessedness are to be found here.

"It must be admitted that the artist has laid a stress on this view of his subject, and this has produced an unfavorable effect upon the upper half of his picture. We look in vain for the glory of heaven, for beings who bear the stamp of divine holiness and renunciation of human weakness; everywhere we meet with the expression of human passion, of human efforts. We see no choir of solemn, tranquil forms, no harmonious unity of clear, grand lines, produced by ideal draperies; instead of these, we find a confused crowd of the most varied movements, naked bodies in violent attitudes, unaccompanied by any of the characteristics made sacred by holy tradition. Christ, the principal figure of the whole, wants every attribute but that of the Judge: no expression of divine majesty reminds us that it is the Saviour who exercises this office. The upper part of the composition is in many parts heavy, notwithstanding the masterly boldness of the drawing; confused, in spite of the separation of the principal and accessory groups; capricious, notwithstanding a grand arrangement of the whole. But, granting for a moment that these defects exist, still this upper portion, as a whole, has a very impressive effect, and, at the great distance from which it is seen, some of the defects alluded to are less offensive to the eye. The lower half deserves the highest praise. In these groups, from the languid resuscitation and upraising of the pardoned, to the despair of the condemned, every variety of expression, anxiety, anguish, rage, and despair is powerfully delineated. In the convulsive struggles of the condemned with the evil demons, the most passionate energy displays itself, and the extraordinary skill of the artist here finds its most appropriate exercise. A peculiar tragic grandeur pervades alike the beings who are given up to despair and their hellish tormentors. The representation of all that is fearful, far from being repulsive, is thus invested with that true moral dignity which is so essential a condition in the higher aims of art."—*Kugler,* p. 308.

"It may be fanciful, but it seems to me that in this, and in every other of Michelangelo's works, you may see that the idea, beauties, and peculiar excellencies of statuary were ever present to his mind; that they are the conceptions of a sculptor embodied in painting.

" . . . S. Catharine, in a green gown, and somebody else in a blue one, are supremely hideous. Paul IV., in an unfortunate fit of prudery, was seized with the resolution of whitewashing over the whole of

the Last Judgment, in order to cover the scandal of a few naked female figures. With difficulty was he prevented from utterly destroying the grandest painting in the world, but he could not be dissuaded from ordering these poor women to be clothed in this unbecoming drapery. Daniele da Volterra, whom he employed in this office (in the lifetime of Michelangelo), received, in consequence, the name of Il Braghettone (the breeches-maker)."—*Eaton's "Rome."*

"The Apostles in Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment' stand on each side of the Saviour, who is not here Saviour and Redeemer, but inexorable Judge. They are grandly and artificially grouped, all without any drapery whatever, with forms and attitudes which recall an assemblage of Titans holding a council of war, rather than the glorified companions of Christ."—*Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art,"* i. 179.

"'The Last Judgment' produced to my eye the same sort of confusion that perplexes my ear at a grand concert consisting of a great variety of instruments, or rather when a number of people are talking at once."—*T. Smollett, Letter xxxiii.*

MODERN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

By Lina Wright Berle.

THE distinctive tendency of modern painting is one curiously traceable in all the imaginative arts of our time,—literature and painting share it equally. This is the interest in reality, both of life and of representation. The story of its development is the story of the intellectual movement of the past forty years.

The painting of earlier centuries was characterized, to a large extent, by the representation of mythological, historical, and allegorical subjects, varied by purely pastoral scenes, and with a large preponderance of religious art, as was to be expected of the times when the church was the greatest patron of the arts. With the revolutionary spirit which swept over Europe at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and increased all through the first half of the century, art received a new impulse, not directly from events themselves, but through the influence of literature, which is necessarily much more responsive to all such currents in the thought and feeling of its contemporaries.

The Revolution in France swept away much of the tradition of the previous régime; and there grew up a generation which was forced to learn by painful experiment the secrets of color and technique, which the older artists had thoroughly mastered, but which died with them in the Terror, and which have not been recovered, in many cases. This produced an abnormal situation, and one in which new theories found ample room to expand. The older forms of painting were felt to be

out of harmony with the modern spirit, and new technical methods were devised to meet the new condition.

Out of this experimental phase two distinct movements had developed by the middle of the century. One of these, the wider in its scope, was the so-called "Impressionist" movement, which originated in France; the second was the Pre-Raphaelite movement in England. Both of these have profoundly affected modern art, and have between them comprehended the advances of the present day.

The Pre-Raphaelite movement started in England under the influence of Millais, who, with Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and others, formed the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," with the avowed object of going back to the masters before Raphael, and imitating their literal fidelity to detail, their idealistic spirit, and their symbolic manner. It is a matter of no little significance that many of these men were distinguished as poets and writers, as well as in their capacity as painters; no single fact so well indicates the interrelation of the arts.

Perhaps the simplest way of indicating somewhat the character of painting which followed the principles of this group, is to quote a stanza or more from a poem by the most notable writer of the group, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, which shows, in its handling, its visual conception, its definiteness in matters of insignificant detail, the same traits which characterize the painting of these men. The poem is "The Blessed Damosel," which may well be read in this connection.

"The blessed damosel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

* * * * * * *

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks,
And bosoms covered;
Into the fine cloth, white like flame,
Weaving the golden thread;
To fashion birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead."

Here we have the description of what might well be a typical Pre-Raphaelite picture. Many of Rossetti's poems, indeed, are written to accompany the pictures which he or his friends had painted.

In France the same revolt against the conventional standards of the time showed itself in a more striking and characteristic form, and one which foreshadowed the distinctive development of the first years of the twentieth century. The Impressionist school arose out of the desire of

*See Section on Poetry for the complete poem.

MODERN MASTERPIECES BY AMERICAN ARTISTS IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

1. Portrait of a Lady in Black.
   FROM THE PAINTING BY W. M. CHASE.
2. The Young Pioneer.
   FROM THE PAINTING BY DOUGLAS VOLK.
3. The Seer.
   FROM THE PAINTING BY WM. SERGEANT KENDALL.

certain of the younger painters to escape entirely from the formalism of the schools, and to represent nature in her broad effects rather than in her petty details. Under this general classification, two extremes have formed, the idealists, and the realists. Both represent what they have observed in its broader aspects, but each limits itself to some particular phase of observation. The revolt, however, had begun before their time.

In France, unlike England, every literary or artistic revolt becomes articulate, stating its principles and its theories aloud for the discussion of the public at large. Thus literary questions receive public notice as they do not in England or America, and elaborate controversies acquire a profound significance which they do not have in the English-speaking countries. Such was the Quarrel of the Ancients and the Moderns, which started in the French Academy somewhere in the seventeenth century, and which has not altogether died out yet; and the revolutionary theory and practice of the Impressionists, which created a new outlook on the world for its followers.

The revolt from convention took many forms. It was most effective among the landscape painters, whose art had been most profoundly trammeled by convention; but it affected figure painters as well. It was then, as now, the special skill of French painters to represent the nude in all its phases with special skill and charm; and the criticism was sometimes made that they knew nothing else. Certainly the art of the studios was a thing independent of the life of its own time; and this was what the modern spirit could not tolerate.

Standing alone as the supreme expression of this modern spirit, independent of special groups and special theories, is Jean François Millet, born in 1814, who, after a training in technique, found himself out of sympathy with the prevailing artistic ideals, and set himself to learn a truer appreciation of art and all that it might do and be. In his case the revolt had nothing to do with insufficient skill in the accepted line; his drawings and paintings of the nude are exquisite bits of craftsmanship, perfect in their own kind. It was merely that his inner consciousness of true art demanded a different mode of expression; and this he found in his studies of the French peasantry.

Millet's pictures of peasant life are more than merely studies of men at work; they are in essence studies of labor itself, in its dignity and in its completeness. Many of the pictures are familiar to the school children of the country, through reproductions and copies; and their fascination is perennial. The subjects are drawn from the life of the people, and would be remarkable for their faithfulness and accuracy if they had not a greater claim to distinction. This is the singular dignity and largeness of human feeling which makes of every scene the epitome of that special phase of human labor. One need only review the titles to see what this means,—"The Man with the Hoe," "Man Spreading Manure," "The Reapers," "The Gleaners," "The An-

gelus," "Bringing Home the Calf," "The Grafter," "The First Steps,"—these are enough to show the range of his work. Simple subjects all, yet through them mankind is analyzed and interpreted in its unchanging heroic aspects. The dignity and inevitableness of toil, its massive and epic position in the life of the race,—all this finds final expression, once and for all, in the pictures which Millet has created.

His singular genius for an original and remarkable view of artistic possibilities is exemplified in one other painting, which is important for its spiritual kinship with the work of the Impressionist school, the landscape "Spring," which is reckoned by many critics one of the finest landscapes of any painter. Here is a wonderful effect of light and space and air, enough to delight the most ardent Impressionist. The same qualities appear in the backgrounds of his pictures, which convey with striking directness the various effects of heat, sunlight and shadow as they occur in the fields.

It was in the treatment of light and air that the Impressionists showed their greatest divergence from the older schools. With Edouard Manet, (1832-1883) the movement was really inaugurated. He stands as a connecting link between the two extremes of impressionism, the realistic and the idealistic, a middle course which he adopted after trying both forms. His work is connected especially with the so-called "Plein Air" school of impressionism, recognizable especially in its treatment of landscape.

The artists who were responsible for this school were anxious to represent color and light as they saw them, without regard to the conventional interpretations which had come down to them from their predecessors. Under their initiative there developed a mastery of the technique of painting light and cloud effects, a broad and free treatment of landscape, without any trace of formality. In this group several names are important. Gustave Courbet, who lived from 1819 to 1877, was a distinctive influence on the group. Claude Monet, born in 1840, is another distinguished member of this school. His canvases are notable for their rendering of light and atmosphere, and for the blue and violet tones in the color-harmonies of nature which he saw and made others appreciate. Renoir, born in 1841, should be mentioned here, though the unevenness of his work and its markedly individual character set him in a class by himself. Of them all, Monet is probably one of the most important, since his landscapes exhibit all the marked characteristics of the school.

The men at this extreme of impressionism dealt by preference with landscape. The figure painters took a different line. They too sought to represent nature as they saw her, not according to the doctrinaire interpretations of the schools. The more original of them carved out for themselves distinctive genres, as Millet had; the others applied their principles to the interpretations each of what suited his immediate conception of beauty. In general this divided into those who saw harmony in the

humblest portraiture, beggars, criminals, humble folk, and those who turned instinctively to symbolic painting. Thus impressionist art may be found most sympathetically employed in the treatment of allegorical subjects, or in a penetrating form of character-portraiture. Individual painters have shown remarkable gifts in this especially.

In the class of those whose work is most characteristically symbolic, the most notable modern name by far is that of Puvis de Chavannes. Master of technique, he developed a delicate, ethereal harmony of color and a lightness of design which is marvellous. He was born in 1824, and first won recognition with a pair of companion pictures, "Peace" and "War," which were promptly purchased by the French government. They are to be seen in the museum at Amiens, where they were placed, and around them are four panels which were painted to complete their effect. These smaller paintings bear the following titles: "The Standard-bearer," "Woman Weeping Over the Ruins of her Home," "A Reaper," and "A Woman Spinning." The city of Amiens was so pleased with these that it commissioned the artist to add other decorations, and in addition he gave two studies, "Labor" and "Repose." Later on he painted still another picture for the same building in which the fertility of the country was symbolized under the title, "Ave Picardia Nutrix." This was completed in 1865.

He was engaged to paint the history of Ste. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, for that city; and this he did in a series of pictures showing her childhood. The series was received with great approbation, and he was commissioned to complete them with the "Old Age of Ste. Genevieve," the whole forming a series of mural decorations of marked dignity and spirituality, the great characteristic of his work.

The story of Ste. Genevieve is one which makes a strong appeal to a painter of this type. As a child, Genevieve is supposed to have dedicated herself to a religious life; and so great was her sanctity that when the city was threatened with attack by the Huns, under the leadership of Attila, she persuaded the inhabitants to remain where they were, and promised them that the attack would not harm them. This was in the sixth century. After her death, she became the patron saint of Paris. The great picture of the series illustrates her in this character, overlooking the city in her charge. The coloring in all these pictures is in the pale, misty tones which Puvis de Chavannes loved, soft blues and greens, atmosphere in which the figures move idealized and glorified.

Of special interest to Americans is the only one of his works which is to be seen in America, the series of paintings on the walls of the Boston Public Library, the last of his work. It was finished shortly before his death, in 1898, and may justly be regarded as one of the greatest art treasures of this country. It represents the progress of mankind, showing all the intellectual faculties in appropriate symbolical forms. The coloring is especially noteworthy, similar to that of the Ste. Gene-

vieve pictures, although colder, soft tints in which the blues predominate, and which give a certain remote and ideal quality to the whole,—like a vision seen from a great distance, and none the less lovely for that.

Among the artists whose personalities and whose work alike combine to make a distinctive impression, James Abbott MacNeill Whistler holds high rank. Around him and his art some of the stormiest battles of modern art criticism have raged. He himself was a personality of the most decisive sort, a controversialist of the first order. By birth he was an American, though his work was all done in Europe. His career is interesting for what it shows of the development of recent artistic understanding.

Born in 1834, Whistler received his education for his profession in the French schools, and learned what they had to teach of technique, and with it the impressionist theory of color, which had pointed the way for more perfect representation of the various effects of light. A part of this theory lay in the manipulation of successive tones of color to produce a desired gradation of effect. Whistler, however, did not begin with painting, but with etching. In this the power of his work was soon apparent. There was notable in it a sensitiveness to the powers and limitations of his medium, which was a great factor in the success of his work. It is a commonplace among critics, whose business it is to analyze works of art, that the same subject cannot always, or indeed often, be successfully treated in several different mediums. What is suitable for treatment in oils will not serve for watercolors or for etching. In the applied arts, these differences become more than ever marked, as in the case of the real laces, where flower designs which are perfectly adapted to Brussels lace cannot be carried over into Valenciennes, and so forth, because the traditional designs have developed through years of searching to find the exact type which will harmonize with the technical limitations of the medium. This subtle point of difference Whistler understood as it applied to the various types of art which he undertook, with the result that his work exhibits a sureness of handling accordingly, and never is subject to failures or partial successes because these peculiarities have not been fully grasped or understood.

In Whistler's oil paintings he developed a style distinctively his own. It was his habit to suggest the meaning of his pictures by adopting the terminology of another art than painting; and therefore we find him naming a picture of Valparaiso Harbor a "Nocturne," and referring to another picture as a "Nocturne in Blue and Silver." These eccentricities were the jest of his critics, but we have come to regard them as desirable indications of the interrelation of all the arts. It is now no strange thing for a musician of high reputation to name his compositions after the manner of the painter, "Moonlight," "Goldfishes," "A Day in Seville," and the like.

In some respects this treatment shows the modern attitude most completely. The older artists, whether in speech, in music, or in oils, were eager to emphasize the separateness of their art from the other arts; they clung to the differences, and they resented any attempt to show how all arts blended and joined one another along those fluid lines which marked the boundaries of all art. When the musicians first heard the title "tone-poem," they were shocked at the implied comparison, exactly as the painters were over Whistler's "Nocturnes"; now we are only mildly interested to learn that a symphony is written to give a picture of Chicago from the angle of a baby in a perambulator.

Whistler's treatment of portraits was another of the characteristic expressions of his skill which has been of profound significance in the world of art. Among his most notable portraits are those of Carlyle, and the particularly famous one of his mother, the latter remarkable for handling masses of black and gray tones. His manner of posing his subject, with an eye for background and setting, is important, involving as it does the absence of formal treatment which had been the practice of earlier painters. "The Music Room" is an example of this.

Important as was the work of the revolutionary group in the treatment of landscape and symbolic themes, it was not less so in portraiture. Everyone who remembers the portraits of the early nineteenth century, stiff, formal, uncomfortable, representing commonplace people standing or sitting in unnatural attitudes, will appreciate the necessity for reform. The new spirit in art endeavored to correct this, by introducing the type of portraiture which, in the endeavor to catch some portion of the character of the sitter, adopted intimate settings, natural scenes, and everything which might enhance the individual personality of the subject. There are, as a result of this attempt, a number of notable names of portrait painters among the recent leaders in the world of art.

One of the most distinguished painters of the present is John S. Sargent, whose portraits may best be described in the words of Kenyon Cox, himself a talented painter and critic. The passage quoted comes from an essay in the volume "Artist and Public," on "Two Ways of Painting."

"Among the modern paintings in the Metropolitan Museum is a brilliant and altogether remarkable little picture by John Sargent, entitled 'The Hermit.' Mr. Sargent is a portrait painter by vocation, and the public knows him best as a penetrating and sometimes cruel reader of human character. He is a mural painter by avocation and capable, on occasion, of a monumental formality. In this picture, as in the wonderful collection of water-colors in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, one fancies one sees the essential John Sargent, working for himself alone without regard for external demands, and doing what he really cares most to do. In such work he is a modern of the moderns, and, in the broadest sense of the word, a thorough impression-

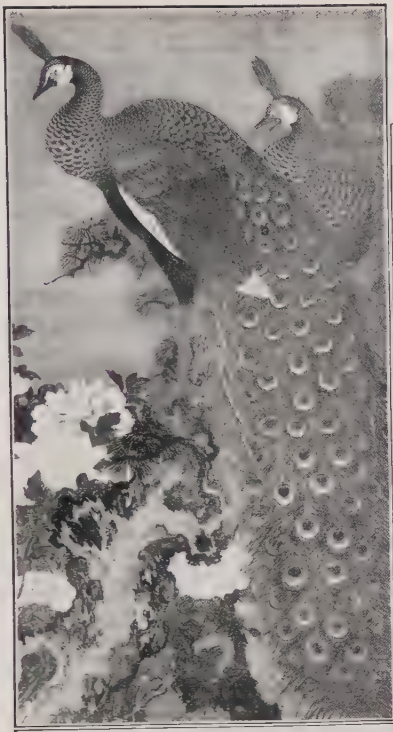
ist. His method is as direct as that of Sorolla and his impressionism is of the same kind,—a bending of all energies to the vivid realization of the effect of the scene rendered as one might perceive it in the first flash of vision if one came upon it unexpectedly. This picture is better than Sorolla,—it is better than almost any one. It is perhaps the most astonishing realization of the modern ideal, the most accomplished transcript of the actual appearance of nature, that has yet been produced."

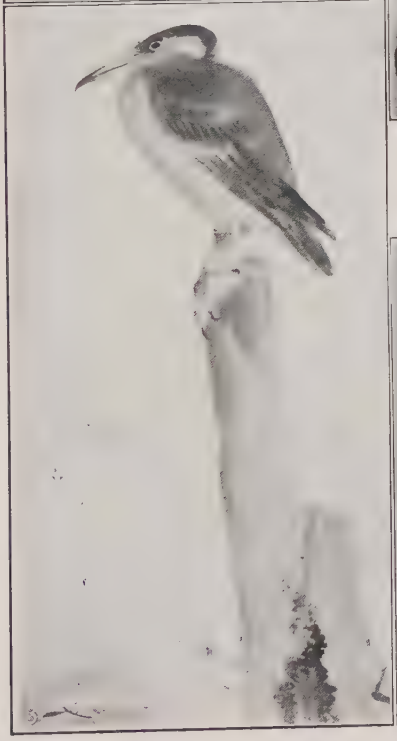
The picture which is analyzed in the succeeding portions of the essay is one in which the human figure is subordinated entirely to the natural background, and in which it is necessary to look again and again to find the human form. This abstract interest in man as a part of the order of nature, but not dominating it, is what Cox describes as the characteristic development of modern art.

In the Boston Public Library is an example of what has been indicated as "monumental formality." The decorations of the walls to represent the "Pageant of Religion" show this. In one part are depicted the prophets of ancient Hebrew tradition in a noble sequence; and in another part of the same corridor is a series showing the Christian tradition in its diverse expression. Whereas the first series was distinguished by its severity and simplicity, and the austere and somber dignity of its representation, the second is full of traditional symbolisms and complicated with elaborate allegory.

So far we have spoken mainly of French and English painters; but there are two Spanish painters whose work is of such an individual kind that they have become the recognized leaders of the Spanish school. These are Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida and Ignacio Zuloaga. Zuloaga follows the national tradition of Spain, that which is familiar in the works of Velasquez and Goya. Both Sorolla and Zuloaga have proved themselves revolutionaries, and instead of repeating the huge historical scenes which were familiar in the works of their predecessors,—scenes in which there was evident a certain love of the emotional and the dreadful,—they devoted themselves to depicting the life of their countrymen and women as they saw it before them in the streets and in the hedgerows. Hence arose a new and vital art. Sorolla's first picture to achieve recognition was a "Fishing Scene," which was full of a gravity and dignity which had hitherto been conspicuously absent from the work of Spanish painters. In the case of Zuloaga, the public was very slow to appreciate him, until after he had been acclaimed by foreign artists. His work takes largely the portrait form, selecting and representing the common folk of the cities and towns, old women, peasant girls, and their like.

When we come to the discussion of American art, several interesting facts become apparent. Whistler and Sargent, of course, are Americans; but their work is of the international kind which does not count as distinctively national. Until the last twenty years, a student was





EXAMPLES OF JAPANESE ART.

FROM THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

1. Study of a Peacock. (Eighteenth Century.)
2. Study of Deer. (Eighteenth Century.)
3. Study of a Cormorant, by Nishiyama Hoyen.
4. White Fox, by Ippo.

In things Japanese this Museum has a collection which is only rivalled in the Japanese Imperial Museum, not only in examples of paintings of nearly every period, but in sculpture and the minor arts.

forced to go abroad for his training, and often he received a tone which separated him from his country.

Nevertheless, a national school has developed in America, and one which is unique among contemporary schools by its vital conservatism. It is a living, active growth, and holds a great promise for the future. I quote Kenyon Cox once more (op. cit. "The American School"). "The American school is, among the schools of today, singularly old-fashioned. This characteristic has, undoubtedly, puzzled and repelled the foreigner. It is a time when the madness for novelty seems to be carrying everything before it, when anything may be accepted so long as it is or seems new, when the effort of all artists is to get rid of conventions and to shake off the 'shackles of tradition.' Here is a new people in the blessed state of having no traditions to shake off and from whom, therefore, some peppery wildness might be expected for the tickling of jaded palates. Behold, they are sturdily setting themselves to recover for art the things the others have thrown away! They are trying to revive the old fashion of thoughtful composition, the old fashion of good drawing, the old fashion of lovely color, and the old fashion of sound and beautiful workmanship. . . . . We have, of course, our ultra-modernists, but their audacities are mild compared to those of the French or German models they imitate. We have, even more of course, the followers of the easiest way,—the practitioners of current and accepted methods who are alike everywhere. But our most original and most distinguished painters, those who give the tone to our exhibitions and the national accent to our school, are all engaged in trying to get back one or another of the qualities that marked the great art of the past. They have gone back of the art of the day, and are retying the knots that should bind together the art of all ages."

Among American painters, the work of mural decorators is especially interesting, and little appreciated, because so scattered throughout the country. If they could be brought together, their mass would be remarkable and significant. Sargent, Abbey, John La Farge, and many others have contributed to produce a body of work which Kenyon Cox characterizes as having "more kinship with the noble achievements of Raphael and Veronese than has any other modern work extant."

The work of Abbey is interesting, especially so because his pictures illustrating the story of the Holy Grail are widely known through copies and reproductions. These are in the Boston Library, and are among the treasures of the building. They cover the walls of a beautiful, high-studded room, panelled half-way to the ceiling with dark oak. Above this are the pictures, glowing with rich color and exquisite forms. The wounded king, longing for deliverance from his pain, is shown with his knights about him; then the lonely rider setting out on his quest, guided by his pure heart. He is shown alone, waiting to be invested with the sanctified armor, shown in his triumphant entrance to the Castle of the Maidens, who owe their deliverance from captivity to

him; and he is shown as he leaves his lovely young bride to follow the vision of the Grail.

In all these pictures the coloring is remarkable, and this is one of the developing characteristics of American painting as it grows more and more authoritative. Abbey, indeed, spent most of his life in England, and is nominally an American only. Yet the love of color seems to be a marked element in American work today.

The fine arts in America, indeed, have had but a short time to develop as such things are reckoned in the history of the arts. During the early period of colonization and settlement, there was no time to spare for such things. John S. Copley, who was born in 1737 and died in 1815, is the earliest painter of note. Among modern names George Inness, John LaFarge, Homer Martin and Winslow Homer may be mentioned as representative American names.

The earliest of these men, Inness, is distinctively American in mind and temperament. He was born in 1825, and spent most of his life in New York, New Jersey, and New England, of which he made many sketches. He early experienced the difficulty of getting adequate instruction in this country, as a result of which he was always handicapped by a lack of the technical skill to achieve the effects which he desired. His paintings never satisfied him, and he was in the habit of working them over and over again, using whatever medium came to hand, in the vain attempt to realize his ideal conception. At his best his work recalls that of Corot, in its idealism and its treatment of open air and color. He died in 1894. His work is exceedingly uneven, full of strange variation of mood, and reflecting the temperament of the man himself.

Another powerful figure in American art is John LaFarge, born of French parents in New York, in 1835. He studied abroad, and began his professional work with illustrations to the poets. Then his work broadened to include landscape, still-life, and figures. For several years following 1866, he was unable to do anything, and when he began again, it was in decorating Trinity Church in Boston. The natural transition was from church decoration to stained glass, and he produced many notable stained-glass windows, in addition to designing the panels for the Library of Congress, ceilings and other mural decorations for private residences, and windows for a large number of churches. At the same time he painted freely in oils and watercolors, and found opportunity to lecture before societies of artists. He exerted a tremendous influence on the younger generation of artists, among whose members were included St. Gaudens, Wilton Lockwood, and others. His work was, at all times, original and individual. He died in 1910.

In 1836 was born Winslow Homer, a painter of distinction in several fields. His work began with lithographing, but was interrupted by the Civil War. He was in the army, and served at the front, and here he saw Southern life, and learned what he later reproduced with

such skill. His pictures, too, show a decided and uncompromising Americanism, and are almost all of them American in subject. There are a few English water-sketches, "Inside the Bar," "The Voice from the Cliffs," "Tynemouth,"—in addition to his popular studies of the South, "Eating Watermelon," "The Cotton-pickers," "Visit from the Old Mistress, Sunday Morning," and the like. His work in water-colors took the form of marine sketches, studies of the Gloucester fishermen, and the Atlantic in its various phases. His death occurred in 1910.

Comparable to, and often classed with, Inness, is Homer Martin, a painter who was born in 1836 and died in 1897. He devoted himself to landscape work, some of it in France and some in America. Among his more famous pictures are his "Adirondack Scenery," "Westchester Hills," "Sand Dunes," and " Newport Landscape."

The common idea in all modern art, and in all the arts, is that of freedom from technical or traditional restraints. We no longer feel it necessary to represent what another has seen, or to see as he did, but to define our own vision boldly, without reference to what any other person has decreed to be the case. We no longer feel it necessary to confine our observation to conventional ranks of society; and accordingly our painting has been enriched by the inclusion of much material that was formerly disregarded as unworthy of a great artist. The work of Millet is an instance of this; and there is another, a virgin field, which has just begun to show the extent of the possibilities which it offers to the artist of talent and discrimination. This is the beauty which is a part of the rugged framework which masks engineering works, and which envelops the great industries of the day. In the frantic attempt to advertise the economic and industrial achievements of the nations at war, artists discovered this new line of approach, and it promises to be one of the most interesting developments in contemporary art.

The multifarious employments of men offer no less real an opportunity for the exercise of an artist's vision than did the primitive, universal activities of the French peasant to Millet. Whereas Millet saw in the peasant the man dominating his task, however, modern art will have to show, as the few pictures we have do, the task dominating the man. We shall have pictures of the industries, not of industry. In the mass of iron girders and steel bars that make up these pictures, the man is lost, as he has been to an appreciable extent in actual industrial fact, in the machine.

A sound art will recognize these changes, and will look narrowly at its conceptions and ideals of beauty, with the hope that they may coincide with its perception of truth; and it will square all these with its perception of social forces as they operate in the world at the present. It will realize that the fine arts are of necessity aristocratic, and it will take great care that its conception of aristocracy shall be governed by right standards of excellence, and not by arbitrary ideas of position.

FAMOUS PAINTERS AND SOME OF THEIR NOTABLE WORKS.

NOTE.—*This, of course, is not a complete list of Famous Painters, nor is it a complete list of their works. It is intended to serve as an Introduction to the vast field and to furnish a series of fingerposts for those who would acquaint themselves with the lives and works of the great masters.*

ABBEY, EDWIN AUSTIN. 1852- . American. *Some Chief Works:* The Quest of the Holy Grail, in the Boston Public Library; The Coronation of King Edward; Richard the Third and Lady Anne; Hamlet. He has also illustrated many books.

ALMA-TADEMA, SIR LAURENCE. 1836- . English. *Some Chief Works:* Roman Dance; Bacchante; In the Tepidarium; Antony and Cleopatra; An Audience at Agrippa; A Reading from Homer. *Biographies* by Ebers, 1886; Standing, 1905; Zimmern, 1902.

ANGELICO, FRA GIOVANNI. 1387-1455. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* The Coronation of the Virgin, in the Louvre, Paris; Glory, in the National Gallery, London; and many famous frescoes. *Biographies* by Douglas, 1902; Supino, 1902, tr. by Leader Scott; Williamson, 1901; in "Masters in Art," 1903, vol. iv, pt. 38.

APELLES, flourished about 340-305 B.C. Greek. *Some Chief Works:* Venus Rising from the Sea; Portrait of Alexander.

BELLINI, GIOVANNI. 1428?-1516. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Infant Jesus; Holy Virgin; Baptism of the Lord; Christ and the Woman of Samaria. *Biographies* by Fry, 1901; in "Masters in Art," 1900.

BLAKE, WILLIAM. 1757-1827. English. His greatest work is Illustrations to the Book of Job. *Biographies* by Story, 1893; Langridge, 1904. Other biographies treat Blake mainly as a poet.

BONHEUR, ROSA. 1822-1899. French. *Some Chief Works:* Horses Threshing Corn; The Horse Fair; Straits of Ballachulish; Cattle of Brittany; Denizens of the Highlands; A Noble Charger; An Old Monarch. *Biographies* by Hird, 1904; Peyrol, 1889; Roger-Miles (French), 1900; in "Masters in Art," 1903.

BOTTICELLI, ALESSANDRO FILIPEPI. 1447?-1510. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Venus Rising from the Sea; Venus Adorned by the Graces; Illustrations of Dante's works. *Biographies* by Ady, 1904, including bibliography; Steinmann, 1901; Streeter, 1903; and in "Masters in Art," 1900.

BRETON, JULES ADOLPHE AIMÉ LOUIS. 1827- . French. *Some Chief Works:* Misery of Despair; The Return of the Harvesters; The Gleaners; Blessing the Wheat; Calling Home the Reapers; Evening. *Autobiography*, 1892.

BROWN, FORD MADOX. 1821-1893. English. *Some Chief Works:* Lear and His Daughters; Farewell to England; Work. *Biography* by Hueffer, 1896.

BUONARROTI, MICHEL ANGELO. 1475-1564. Italian. For his chief work see the article on the Sistine Chapel, Rome (p. 79). The Last Judgment was his last great work. *Biographies* by Clement, 1891; Grimm, 1868; Holroyd, 1903; Strutt, 1904; Symonds, 1893; in "Masters in Art," 1901.

CLAUDE-LORRAIN. 1600-1682. French. Small copies of all his works are contained in his set of books, called The Books of Truth. *Biography* by Grahame, 1895; and in "Masters in Art," 1905.

CONSTABLE, JOHN. 1776-1837. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Cornfield; The Valley Farm; The Hay Wain. *Biographies* by Chamberlain, 1903; Henderson, 1905; Holmes, 1901; Windsor, 1903.

COPLEY, JOHN SINGLETON. 1737-1815. American. *Some Chief Works:* The Death of Lord Chatham (Pitt); Portrait of John Hancock. *Biographies* by Amory, 1882; and in "Masters in Art," 1904.

CORNELIUS, PETER VON. 1787-1867. German. *Chief Work:* The Four Riders of the Apocalypse, in the Royal Mausoleum, Berlin.

COROT, JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE. 1796-1875. French. *Some Chief Works:* The Flight into Egypt; The Baptism of Christ; and many landscapes. *Biographies* by Holme, 1903; Moreau Mélaton; and in "Masters in Art," 1901.

CORREGGIO, ANTONIO ALLEGRI. 1494-1534. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Night; St. Jerome; The Penitent Magdalene; Christ in the Garden of Olives; Fresco paintings in the Cathedral of Parma, Italy. *Biographies* by Baxter, 1902; Brinton, 1900; Hurll, 1901; Scott, 1902; Moore, 1906; and in "Masters in Art," 1901.

DAUBIGNY, CHARLES FRANÇOIS. 1817-1878. French. *Some Chief Works:* Pool of Gylien; Springtime; The Rising Moon; The Vintage. *Biography* in Mollett, "Painters of Barbizon," 1890, vol. ii.

DORÉ, GUSTAV. 1832-1883. French. *Some Chief Works:* Christ Leaving the Pretorium; The Flight into Egypt; Illustrations of the Bible and "Paradise Lost." *Biography* by Jerrold, 1891.

DOU, GERARD. 1613-1675. Dutch. *Some Chief Works:* Portrait of himself; The Hermit; The Evening School. *Biographies* by Martin, 1902; in "Masters in Art," 1903.

DÜRER, ALBRECHT. 1471-1528. German. *Some Chief Works:* Adam and Eve; Fortune; Melancholy; St. Hubert; St. Jerome; The Revelation of St. John. *Biographies* by Cust, 1897; Knackfuss (in German), 1897; Moore, 1905; in "Masters in Art," 1901 and 1904.

DYCK, SIR ANTON VAN. 1599-1641. Flemish. *Some Chief Works:* St. Martin Dividing His Cloak; The Crucifixion; The Ascension; The Adoration of the Magi; The Ecstasy of St. Augustine; Christ Crucified Between Two Thieves. *Biographies* by Cust, 1903; Knackfuss (in German), 1896; in "Masters in Art," 1900.

EYCK, HUBERT VAN (1366-1426) and JAN VAN (1370-1441). Flemish. *Some Chief Works:* The Adoration of the Lamb (H.); Chancellor Rollin Kneeling before the Virgin (J.). *Biographies* by Weale, 1903; and in "Masters in Art," 1904.

FAED, THOMAS. 1826-1900. Scotch. *Some Chief Works:* The Rustic Toilet; The Old English Baron; Jeanie Deans; The Motherless Bairn; Shakespeare and His Contemporaries.

GAINSBOROUGH, THOMAS. 1727-1788. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Blue Boy; Portraits of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Sheridan; The Market Cart; The Watering Place; The Hon. Mrs. Graham. *Biographies* by Armstrong, 1904; Bell, 1902; Boulton, 1905; Gower, 1903; in "Masters in Art," 1901.

GIORGIONE, IL (Giorgio Bardarelli). 1477-1510. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Christ Carrying His Cross; Salome Receiving the Head of John the Baptist; Jesus on His Mother's Knee; The Rural Concert. *Biographies* by Cook, 1900; in "Masters in Art," 1903.

GIOTTO, AMBROGIOTTO DI BUONDONE. 1276-1336. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* The Navicelli at Rome; Fresco paintings in Florence; The History of St. Francis at Assisi. *Biographies* by Perkins, 1902; Ruskin, 1900; in "Masters in Art," 1902.

GREUZE, JEAN BAPTISTE. 1725-1805. French. *Some Chief Works:* The Broken Pitcher; Madame Pompadour; Return of the Prodigal; The Marriage Contract. *Biographies* by Armitage, 1902; in "Masters in Art," 1904.

HALS, FRANZ. 1584-1666? Dutch. *Some Chief Works:* Singing Boys; A Cavalier; A Family Group; Banquet of Officers; The Jolly Topers; The Burgomasters. *Biographies* by Davies, 1902; Knackfuss (in German), 1896; in "Masters in Art," 1900.

HOBBEMA, MEYNDERT. 1638?-1709. Dutch. *Some Chief Works:* Mill; Avenue of Trees; Water Wheel.

HOGARTH, WILLIAM. 1697-1764. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Rake's Progress; Marriage à la Mode; The Roast Beef of Old England; The Gate of Calais; The Election. *Biographies* by Anstruther, 1902; Brown, 1906; and in "Masters in Art," 1902.

HOKUSAI. 1760-1849. Japanese. *Biography* by Holmes, 1901; Perzynski (in German), 1904.

HOLBEIN, HANS. 1497-1543. German. *Some Chief Works:* The Dance of Death; Family of the Burgomaster Meyer. *Biographies* by Chamberlain, 1902; Knackfuss, 1899; Woltmann, 1872; in "Masters in Art," 1902.

HOMER, WINSLOW. 1836- . American. Famous for his figure pieces, marines, and particularly his negro studies. *Some Chief Works:* The Lookout, "All's Well"; Fog Warning; Fishing.

HUNT, WILLIAM HOLMAN. 1827- . English. *Some Chief Works:* The Light of the World; The Scapegoat; Isabella and the Pot of Basil; The Finding of Jesus in the Temple; The Shadow of the Cross; The Afterglow. *Biography* by Williamson, 1902.

INNESS, GEORGE. 1825-1894. American. *Some Chief Works:* The Delaware Water Gap; American Sunset; Peace and Plenty; River of Life; A Passing Storm; Twilight; The Afterglow. *Biography* by Trumble, 1895.

JONES, SIR EDWARD COLEY BURNE. 1833-1898. English. *Some Chief Works:* Merlin and Vivien; The Wine of Circe; The Golden Stairs; King Cophetua; The Brazen Tower; The Bottom of the Sea. *Biographies* by Bell, 1895; Mrs. Burne-Jones, 1904; in "Masters in Art," 1901.

LA FARGE, JOHN. 1835- . American. *Some Chief Works:* The Battle Window in Memorial Hall, Harvard, and many other stained-glass windows. *Biography* by Waern, 1896.

LANDSEER, SIR EDWIN HENRY. 1802-1873. English. *Some Chief Works:* High Life and Low Life; Jack in Office; The Shepherd's Chief Mourner; A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society; Laying Down the Law; There's Life in the Old Dog Yet; Monarch of the Glen. *Biographies* by Hurll, 1901; Manson, 1902; in "Masters in Art," 1904.

LAWRENCE, SIR THOMAS. 1769-1830. English. His work was chiefly portraits of the people of his day. *Biography* by Williams, 1831.

LEBRUN, MME. MARIE LOUISE ELISABETH (VIGEE). 1755-1842. *Some Chief Works:* Portrait of herself and daughter; The Prince of Wales; Lord Byron, etc. Memoirs, 1903. *Biography* in "Masters in Art," 1905.

LEIGHTON, SIR FREDERICK. 1830-1896. English. *Some Chief Works:* Hercules Wrestling with Death; Daphnephoria; Music Lesson; Captive Andromache; Ball Players. *Biographies* by Barrington, 1906; Lenbach, 1898 (in German); Williamson, 1902.

LIPPI, FILIPPINO. 1457-1504. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel in Florence; The Virgin and the Saints; The Adoration of the Magi; The Vision of St. Francis. *Biography* by Konody, n. d.; Strutt, 1901; in "Masters in Art," 1905.

MANTEGNA, ANDREA. 1431?-1506. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Altar-piece in St. Zeno, Verona; The Triumph of Julius Cæsar; Madonna della Vittoria; Wisdom Vanquishing Vice; Parnassus. *Biographies* by Cruttwell, 1901; Kristeller, 1901; in "Masters in Art," 1905; Yriarte, 1901 (in French).

MATSYS, QUENTIN. 1460-1529. Flemish. *Chief Work:* The Descent from the Cross, in Antwerp Cathedral.

MEISSONIER, JEAN LOUIS ERNEST. 1815-1891. French. *Some Chief Works:* The Cuirassier or 1805; Friedland or 1807; French Country, 1814; Illustrations for "Paul and Virginia," and Balzac's novels. *Biographies* by Gérard, 1897; in "Masters in Art," 1904.

MEMLING, HANS. 1440?-1494. Dutch. *Some Chief Works:* The Last Judgment; Seven Sorrows and Seven Joys of the Virgin; Marriage of St. Catherine; Adoration; Portraits of Sir John Donne and Burgomaster Moreel. *Biographies* by Kunstler, 1899; Weale, 1901; in "Masters in Art," 1904.

MILLAIS, SIR JOHN EVERETT. 1829-1896. English. *Some Chief Works;* Ferdinand and Ariel; Mariana in the Moated Grange; The Huguenot Lovers; The Black Brunswicker; Ophelia; Chill October; Effie Deans; The Princes in the Tower; Cinderella; Mercy; St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572. *Biography* by Baldry, 1899.

MILLET, JEAN FRANCOIS. 1814-1875. French. *Some Chief Works;* The Sheep Shearers; The Gleaners; The Sower; The Shepherdess with Her Flock; The Angelus. *Biographies* by Ady, 1896; by Hurll, 1900; Muther, 1905; Staley, 1903.

MUNKÁCSY, MIHÁLY. 1846- . Hungarian. *Some Chief Works:* The Condemned; Wartime; The Village Hero; Father's Birthday; Milton Dictating "Paradise Lost"; Christ before Pilate; Crucifixion; Mozart's Last Moments. *Biography* by Iiges (in German), 1899.

MURILLO, BARTOLOME ESTEBAN. 1618-1682. Spanish. *Some Chief Works:* Death of Santa Clara; St. James Distributing Alms; Marriage of St. Catharine; Conversion of St. Paul; John the Baptist. *Biographies* by Knackfuss (in German), 1897; Williamson, 1902.

ORCHARDSON, WILLIAM QUILLER. 1835- . English. *Some Chief Works:* On Board H. M. S. Bellerophon; Mariage de Convenance; The Duke's Antechamber; The Challenge. *Biographies* by Armstrong, 1905; Little, 1897.

PERUGINO, PIETRO VANUCCI. 1446-1524. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* The Pietà; The Ascension; The Infant Christ; Madonna Enthroned; The Baptism.

PINTURICCHIO (BERNARDINO DI BETTI). 1454-1513. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, Rome; Paintings illustrating the life of Pope Pius II; Many altar-pieces. *Biographies* by Phillips, 1901; Ricci, 1902; Steinmann, 1898.

POTTER, PAULUS. 1625-1654. Dutch. *Chief Work:* "The Bull."

POUSSIN, NICOLAS. 1594-1665. French. *Chief Work:* Seasons Dancing before Time. *Biography* by Denio, 1899.

RAEBURN, SIR HENRY. 1756-1823. Scotch. *Chief Works:* Many portraits of celebrities of his day. *Biography* by Armstrong, 1901; Pinnington, 1904.

RAFFAELLO, SANTI. 1483-1520. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* The Transfiguration; Madonna di San Sisto; St. Cecilia; The Parnassus; Jurisprudence; Attila; The Deliverance of St. Peter; Entombment of Christ. *Biographies* by Bell, 1891; Crowe and Cavalcaselle, 1882-1885; Knackfuss, 1899; Muntz, 1888; Scott, 1902; Strachey, 1900.

REMBRANDT, HERMANZOON VAN RIJN. 1608-1669. Dutch. *Some Chief Works:* The Anatomical Lecture; Descent from the Cross; St. Thomas; Tobias and His Mother; The Night Watch; Christ Healing the Sick; Portrait of his mother. *Biographies* by Bell, 1899; Breal, 1902; Knackfuss, 1899; Michel, 1894, including bibliography; Neumann (in German); Rea, 1903.

REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA. 1723-1792. English. *Some Chief Works:* Count Ugolino and His Children; Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse; Master Bunbury; The Strawberry Girl; Simplicity; Portraits of the Duchess of Manchester, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Crewe, etc. *Biographies* by Armstrong, 1900; Boulton, 1905; Cleeve, 1902; Gower, 1902.

RIBERA, JOSÉ DI. 1586-1656. Spanish. *Some Chief Works:* Peter Repenting; St. Jerome Hearing the Archangel's Trumpet.

ROMNEY, GEORGE. 1734-1802. English. *Some Chief Works:* Portrait of Lady Hamilton; Illustrations in Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery. *Biographies* by Cleeve, 1901; Gower, 1904; Maxwell, 1902.

ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL. 1828-1882. English. *Some Chief Works:* Infant Christ; The Beloved; Dante's Dream; Beata Beatrix; Pandora; Proserpine; The Blessed Damozel. *Biographies* by Hueffner, 1902; Marillier, 1904; Rossetti, 1895 and 1903.

RUBENS, SIR PETER PAUL. 1577-1640. Flemish. *Some Chief Works:* The Descent from the Cross; Chapeau de Paille; Children Bearing Fruit; Perseus

SCENES FROM WILLIAM HOGARTH'S "INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS."

1. The Idle Apprentice at Play in the Churchyard.
2. The Industrious Apprentice out of his Time and Married to His Master's Daughter.
3. The Idle Apprentice Executed at Tyburn.
4. The Industrious Apprentice, Lord Mayor of London.

Hogarth was the greatest original painter of the English life and manners of his time, (1697-1764). It is often said that he has done in pictorial Art what Shakespeare has done in literature, holding the mirror up to nature, and through the eye correcting the heart.

and Andromeda. *Biographies* by Knackfuss, 1904; Michel, 1899; Rea, 1905; Rooses, 1904.

TENIERS, DAVID (the younger). 1610-1694. Flemish. *Some Chief Works:* The Prodigal Son; St. Peter Denying Christ; The Temptation of St. Anthony; Card Players in a Tavern; Spring; Summer.

TINTORETTO, JACOPO ROBUSTI. 1518-1594. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* The Crucifixion; Miracle of the Slave; Marriage of Cana; Paradise; Belshazzar's Feast; The Last Supper; The Last Judgment. *Biographies* by Osler, 1882; Stearns, 1894.

TISSOT, JAMES JOSEPH JACQUES. 1836-1902. French. *Some Chief Works:* Faust and Marguerite; Bible Illustrations. *Biography* by Levy, 1900.

TIZIANO, VECELLI DI CADORE. 1477-1576. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* The Death of St. Peter; Sacred and Profane Love; Assumption of the Virgin; The Sleeping Venus. *Biographies* by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, 1881; Gronau, 1904; Knackfuss, 1897 (in German); Phillips, 1898; and in "Masters in Art," 1900.

TRUMBULL, JOHN. 1756-1843. American. *Some Chief Works:* Battle of Bunker Hill; The Declaration of Independence. Brief sketch by Weer, 1901.

TURNER, JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM. 1775-1851. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Old Téméraire; Venice; Mercury and Argus; Decline of Carthage; Temple of Jupiter; The Golden Bough. *Biographies* by Armstrong, 1902; Chignell, 1902; Hamerton, 1889; Monkhouse, 1899; Thornburg, 1877; and in "Masters in Art," 1902.

VELAZQUEZ, DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DE SILVA Y. 1599-1660. Spanish. *Some Chief Works:* Adoration of the Magi; Forge of Vulcan; Joseph's Coat; St. Anthony; Surrender of Breda; Crucifixion; Coronation of the Virgin. *Biographies* by Breal, 1905; Justi, 1889; Knackfuss, 1896 (in German); Stevenson, 1899; Williamson, 1901; and in "Masters in Art," 1900.

VERESCHAGIN, VASILY VASIL'EVICH. 1842-1904. Russian. *Some Chief Works:* Family of Jesus; The Resurrection; Battle pictures. *Autobiography*, 1887, and *Biography* by Jabel, 1900 (in German).

VERONESE (PAOLO CAGLIARI). 1528-1588. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* The Marriage Feast at Cana; The Calling of St. Andrew; The Feast of Simon; The Presentation of the Family of Darius; St. Helena's Vision. *Biographies* by Bell, 1904; Meissner, 1897 (in German); and in "Masters in Art," 1904.

VINCI, LEONARDO DA. 1452-1519. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* The Last Supper; Mona Lisa; Soldiers Surprised; The Battle of the Standards. *Biographies* by McCurdy, 1904; Muntz, 1898; Rosenberg, 1903; and in "Masters in Art," 1901.

WATTEAU, JEAN ANTOINE. 1684-1721. French. *Some Chief Works:* Judgment of Paris; Clowns. *Biographies* by Mollett, 1883; Rosenberg (in German); Staley, 1902; and in "Masters in Art," 1903.

WATTS, GEORGE FREDERICK. 1817-1904. English. *Some Chief Works:* Life's Illusion; Sir Galahad; Love and Death; Hope; Judgment of Paris; Fata Morgana; The Angel of Death. *Biographies* by Barrington, 1905; Bateman, 1901; Chesterton, n.d.; Macmillan, 1903; Schleinitz, 1904 (in German); and in "Masters in Art," 1905.

WEST, BENJAMIN. 1738-1820. American. *Some Chief Works:* Death of General Wolfe; Death on the Pale Horse; Christ Healing the Sick. *Biography* by Jackson, 1900.

WHISTLER, JAMES ABBOT MCNEILL. 1834-1903. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Artist's Mother; Portrait of T. Carlyle; Sets of Etchings of Paris; The Thames; Venice. *Biographies* by Bell, 1904; Cary, 1907; Duret, 1904 (in French); Eddy, 1903; Menpes, 1904; Way, 1904.

WILKIE, SIR DAVID. 1785-1841. Scottish. *Some Chief Works:* The Blind Peddler; Rent Day; Rabbit on the Wall; Cotter's Saturday Night; Duncan Gray; Blind Man's Buff. *Biographies* by Bayne, 1903; Cunningham, 1843; Gower, 1902; Mollett, 1881; Pinnington, n.d.

ZEUXIS, flourished about 430-400 B.C. Greek. *Some Famous Works:* Helen; Infant Hercules; Zeus in the Assembly of the Gods.

GREEK SCULPTURE.

By Edmund von Mach, Ph. D.

THE spirit of Greek sculpture is synonymous with the spirit of sculpture. It is simple, and therefore defies definitions. We may feel it, but we cannot express it. The reason it has lost its power to-day is that we have listened to what has been said about it instead of coming in contact with it. No amount of book knowledge makes up for the lack of familiarity with original pieces of sculpture. "Open your eyes, study the statues, look, think, and look again," is the precept to all who would learn to know Greek sculpture.

Some introductory helps and guides, to be sure, are not to be despised: they clear one's mind of prevailing misconceptions. Suggestions in this direction, however, often do more than exhaustive discussions, for they stimulate individual thought.

RAPIDITY OF GROWTH.

Greek sculpture was of remarkably rapid growth, developing under conditions which are not generally believed to be favorable. Few countries ever underwent such rapid changes as Greece, for the suddenness with which the Mycenæan civilization was swept away, perhaps by the Dorians, is unequalled in history. The three or four centuries following upon the Dorian invasion (about 1000 B.C.)—the dark middle ages of Greece—were full of violent political upheavals; and the whole of the historic period of Greece was characterized by unsettled conditions. States rose and fell with startling rapidity. Athens was an insignificant community before the time of Peisistratos, and is hardly mentioned in the Homeric poems (about 800 B.C.). Her ascendency dates from the Persian wars (490-480 B.C.), but before the century closed, her glory was over. Alexander the Great came to the throne in 336 B.C.; he carried his standards to India, and when he died Macedonia was destined no longer to be a world power. Pergamon came into prominence in 241 B.C. under Attalos I., and disappeared from among the powers of the earth in 133 B.C. America is spoken of as a new country, but it is almost as old as Greece was when she was absorbed by Rome; and more years have elapsed since the American Declaration of Independence than intervened between the rise and fall of Athens.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE FEW.

Peace and leisure are commonly believed to be the prerequisites for a period of great art. They surely are, but they must not be

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understood to refer to external conditions only. It is not the surroundings of the people that tell, but their state of mind; nor is it necessary that all share the blessing of a noble character. The fervor of the few has often achieved the triumphs of a nation. It is a mistake to credit all the Athenians, or even the majority of them, with an artist's love of the beautiful. The petty, unjust, middle-class man, as he appears in Aristophanes's comedies and in Plato's dialogues, with his narrow horizon and jealous prejudices, does not explain the sudden rise of Athens, though he may, and probably does, account for her rapid fall. It was in spite of him and his fellows that Athens gained her superiority.

In the field of art, therefore, the importance of the individual artists cannot be overestimated. Sir Robert Ball is on record as saying that scientific discoveries follow the law of necessity, though they may be hastened by the presence of big men. If Watt had not discovered the power of steam, some one else would have done it; and several men were ready to announce to the world Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest. "But," Sir Robert added, "what would the world of music be, if Beethoven had not lived?" What is true of music is true also of sculpture, or of any of the thought-expressing fine arts. Some of the noblest Greek statues would never have been created if Pheidias had not lived. "Dost thou not know," exclaims an ancient writer, "that there is a Praxitelean head in every stone?" But, it may be added, it takes a Praxiteles to bring it out. Only after the confusing mass of encasing rock has been hewn away does the head reveal its meaning. Most of us, to understand a thought, need its expression. The reality of the thought, however, cannot be denied even when no expression has been vouchsafed it, for it is independent of our conception of it.

SMALL RANGE OF SIMPLE IDEAS.

The realm of thoughts expressed in Greek sculpture was circumscribed and far removed from the complexity of modern times. A few simple ideas well expressed form the charm of Greek art. Adequacy of expression, indeed, has at times been considered an essential part of Greek art; and many have spoken of Shelley, Keats, Hölderlin, and others, as Greek, not because these men thought as the ancients did but because they knew how to express their feelings adequately. They were Greek, however, only in part, for they lacked the second quality of ancient art,—simplicity. True simplicity with human beings is rarely spontaneous. The beauty of the Parthenon was the result of much clear thinking and right feeling. It was, therefore, understood by all, and had become in the very year of its completion, as Plutarch says, a classic.

THE APPEAL OF A WORK OF ART.

The power to appeal to all classes of men is given to but few artists,

for it requires not only great skill but also a sympathetic knowledge of human nature. This fact is often overlooked. People forget that the appeal of a work of art is directed to the higher faculties of man but that it is made through his eyes. Few things are seen just as they are. The house that we think we see is very different from the pyramidal image of the house that appears on the retina of our eye. The only reason why we are not misled is that we are thoroughly familiar with the house. No such familiarity can be supposed to exist with the work of art. The discrepancy between the imagined object and its realistic representation must be taken into consideration and allowances be made for the peculiarities of human vision. The artist is not permitted to forget that in order to convey his thoughts he borrows shapes from *objective* nature, and that he makes his appeal to human, that is *subjective* nature. He will select of all possible subjects only those that are readily understood, and carve them in a way that is calculated to meet the requirements of the human power of perception. The moral and intellectual development of a race, therefore, requires changes in the selection of suitable subjects and also in the mode of their representation.

PERIODS OF GREEK SCULPTURE.

The Greeks worked along these lines. It is therefore not astonishing that their sculpture can be divided into periods to correspond to the several steps in their civilization. The spirit of their art never changed. Not all sculptors, to be sure, were invariably true to it. However correct their ideas were they could not help giving them an individual interpretation. This makes it necessary to distinguish between what a sculptor meant to do and what he actually did. Just here the archæological treatment of ancient art has erred most. The detail which in the process of creation has detached itself from the whole has been considered by many to be the expression of a new conception. This is a mistake. The Athenian tendencies to over-elaboration, for instance, and the Polykleitean neglect of the nobler side of human nature, are only periodic aberrations. They are entirely outside the even spirit of Greek sculpture, and find their explanation in the passing likes and dislikes of a few men.

Such instances of undue attention paid to one detail or another had, of course, to leave their impress upon subsequent art manifestations. Their influence, however, would have been vastly greater if they had been the intentional introduction of a new conception, and not merely the accidental exaggeration of a minor part. It is well worth noticing that the overgreat delicacy of early Athenian sculpture is followed by Pheidias; and that Polykleitos, with his disregard of man's noblest side, is immediately superseded by Praxiteles and Skopas, who were the greatest masters in the expression of the passions of the human soul.

GREEK SCULPTURE IN ITS RELATION TO NATURE: THE MENTAL IMAGE.

Greek sculpture exhibits a quality which is strongly opposed to what is termed realism. Since realism and idealism are opposites, Greek sculpture often has been called idealistic. The realist in art endeavors to represent nature as she really is with all her accidentals and incidentals, and is often so far carried away by these minor quantities that he is unable to catch the true, though fleeting, essence of the object. The idealist consciously disregards the apparent details, spending his efforts in emphasizing the idea which he finds embodied in the object selected for representation. Both men work from the visible objects of nature, which they try to reproduce. Not so the Greeks.

Every one has what may be styled a mental image or a memory picture of his familiar surroundings. To represent these mental images accurately was the aim of the Greeks. They endeavored to make real their ideas, and are therefore rather realists than idealists. But since both these terms at the present time are applied to the definite classes of people mentioned above, it is confusing to use them in speaking of the ancient Greeks. This is also true of the modern use of the word "elimination," by which most writers mean "an *intentional* omission or suppression of details." The absence of unnecessary details in Greek sculpture was not due to conscious eclecticism, but to the fact that such details have no place in one's mental images.

The mental image or the memory picture is the impression left upon one after seeing a great many objects of the same type. It is in the nature of the Platonic idea, purified and freed from all individual or accidental ingredients. At times it may even be strangely at variance with a particular object of the class to which it belongs. The human memory is a peculiarly uncertain faculty, and in its primitive stage, though quick to respond, very inaccurate. The shape of a square sheet of paper is readily remembered, and so is a pencil or any other uniform and simple object. Our mental image of an animal is less distinct. We remember the head and the legs and the tail, and perhaps the body, if it is a prominent part, as in the case of a dog or a horse; but all these parts are *unconnected,* and if a child, for instance, is asked to draw a man, he will remember the head and arms and legs, but will not know how to join them together. His mental image of the man as a whole is too indistinct to guide him. In nature the several parts are united in easily flowing curves—they *grow* together; in our mental image they are simply *put* together.

This process of putting together is entirely unconscious, causing us little concern unless we are compelled to reproduce it on paper or in stone, and are forced to compare it with the actual objects about us. Professor Löwy cites a remarkable instance of a perverse mental image on the part of the crude Brazilian draughtsmen, who were

much impressed by the moustaches of the Europeans and represented them as growing on the foreheads instead of on the upper lips. In the mental image the upper lip is very unimportant, while the broad stretch of the forehead fills a more prominent place. It is on the forehead, therefore, that the moustache is introduced, in spite of the fact that this is contrary to nature and could daily be proved wrong by even the hastiest glance.

It is not necessary, however, to go so far afield in order to realize the peculiar pranks of mental images. Let the reader call to mind pictures of horses, dogs, flies, lizards, and the like. Horses and dogs he will see in profile; lizards and flies from above. If he is shown one of the recent posters of racing horses from above, such a view does not at once agree with his memory image, and requires a special mental effort to be understood, however accurate it may be. The same is true of the picture of a fly in profile, or, perhaps, a dog seen from the front. Neither of these pictures immediately conveys to him the idea of the animal represented, though it probably is more like this particular view of the animal than his own distorted mental image.

On general principles our mental images of familiar objects ought to be the more distinct. This is, however, not always the case. When we see an animal for the first time we carefully observe it; with every succeeding time we give it less attention, and by and by the most cursory glance satisfies us. The ultimate result of such a procedure is that we carry away with us a mental image, the haziness of which in details corresponds to the lack of attention which we finally bestow upon it. Expressed in drawing it will be much further removed from the actual semblance of the animal than another mental image which is penned before the creature has become too familiar to cease to be the interesting object of curiosity. When a primitive draughtsman sketches a wild beast he is apt to show much more individuality than when he is representing his own kind. The features of the Egyptians on old Egyptian wall paintings and reliefs are distinctly less characteristic than those of the Keftiu, or Oriental captives, which often are introduced, and both fall far short of the excellence with which animals are represented.

No mental image is ever reproduced on paper or stone as it actually is. The very attention which is bestowed on it in the endeavor to realize it, robs it of much of its spontaneity; and since it is the result of *unconsciously* observing a great many objects, it will, when consciously expressed, exhibit many gaps and hazy lines of connection, which the artist must fill as best he can.

Another reason why all mental images cannot be accurately reproduced is that the laws of the physical universe to which the objects belong have no binding force in the psychical world of mental images. Löwy cites as an instance of this the fact that the memory picture

of a man in profile may, and with primitive people does, contain two eyes. You cannot, however, draw them both in your picture because of the limitation of space, and are therefore compelled to deviate from your mental image.

Such instances compel the primitive artist to turn to nature for information. This he can do in two ways—either by observing more thoughtfully, and thus gaining a clearer mental image, or by actually copying the missing parts from a model. The latter way, natural though it may seem, is not so readily resorted to as the first, probably because it would introduce an entirely different quality into the work—the individual instead of the type. It is, moreover, a well-known fact that children gifted with the pencil and clever at drawing are often utterly unable to make an intelligible copy of a definite model.

The artist under primitive conditions is the exponent of the general tendencies of his people. When he for the first time expresses his and their mental images, such copies serve a definite end in the development of the race. If the race is sincere and imbued with a craving after truth, the accuracy or inaccuracy of these embodied mental images will be checked by more or less unconscious comparisons with all the many objects of nature, and the result will be a readjustment of the first naturally incorrect mental images. The new ideas will again be expressed by some subsequent artist, and the process of readjustment and renewed expression be repeated. This was the case with the Greeks. The period of historic Greek art was short, but it was long enough to enable the Greeks to advance to the point where mental images of objects suitable for representation in sculpture are so delicate that expressing them is almost identical with copying nature.

The development in Greece was diametrically opposed to what took place, for instance, in Egypt or Assyria. The earliest art expressions in these countries were far ahead of the crude attempts of the Greeks. But instead of using them for the clarification of memory conceptions the mental lethargy of the people rested satisfied with them, and subsequent generations were content to look upon them as binding prototypes. Egyptian or Assyrian statuary in later times can never again be said to be the genuine expression of the ideals of the people. We may take a Greek statue and learn from it the moral and intellectual attitude of the Greeks at the time when it was made; but we cannot do the same with an Egyptian or Assyrian relief—at least, not to the same extent. This is also largely true of sculpture in modern times. The modern artist has the entire wealth of ancient and Renaissance sculpture at his disposal, and is often willing to copy or adapt their types, making only such alterations as the tastes of his own time imperatively demand. American sculpture, for instance, beautiful as it is in some of its phases, shows a rapid

and most remarkable increase in skill, but can hardly be said to reveal the gradual development of the ideals of the people.

It has so far been tacitly assumed that the skill of the artist at every given time enabled him accurately to present his mental images. This was, however, not always the case with the Greeks. Their unusually spirited mental development was such that the technical skill of the artists could not keep step with it, and until toward the autumn days of their art generally fell short of their ideals. Hardly a problem was solved before the growing accuracy of the mental images presented another; and when all the problems of the limited range of subjects which at first were represented had found their solution, new subjects were urgently clamoring for representation. The end of Greek sculpture may be said to have come when all the technical problems had been solved and the mental degeneration of the race, unwilling to accept the moral and religious views of the new era, had no more worthy ideas to suggest.

Defect and excellence in skill, however, have another influence which cannot be overlooked. Since mental images are the involuntary results of seeing a great many objects and seeing them frequently, they are influenced as well by the numerous statues of men as by *men* themselves. This is especially true of modern times, when the Puritanic disregard for the body has brought about a state of affairs where it is difficult to form intelligent ideas of the human body except from statues and pictures. Nobility of mind and of body often are closely connected, and since the noblest people are hardly to be found among the professional models, the noblest bodies are rarely represented. Some of the coarseness of the nude in modern art is perhaps explained by the fact that the artists are obliged to copy accurately the best models obtainable, instead of being able to form by observation of the noblest bodies their own refined mental images.

The effect of statues upon the mental images of the Greeks was probably less powerful than it is with us, because the Greeks were more familiar with nude bodies, both male and female. They had, however, infinitely more statues, and could not possibly remain entirely uninfluenced by them.

An artist, therefore, in the first place expresses the ideas of his people, and then by so doing influences them either for the better or the worse. The next artist who endeavors to express the mental images of his contemporaries finds them no longer the primitive product of crude observation of nature, but a combination of the original conceptions and some new ideas. These new ideas are due partly to the impressions received from the first artist's work and partly to the general change that has taken place in the character of the people, owing to their moral and intellectual advance.

The rapid growth of Greek sculpture is undeniable; the primary

aim of the artists, however, seems to have been always the same—to represent well the clearest mental images of the time.

THE APPEAL OF GREEK SCULPTURE.

It is admitted even by materialists of the most extreme type that a world of bare facts and dry bones is uninteresting and needless. Thoughts that come with the stillness of the evening are realities, and few are the men who in the majestic solitude of a forest are not impressed by greater forces than their eyes can see. Such observations are as true of one's most familiar surroundings as of the rare opportunities in every one's life. Our friends mean more to us than the pleasure we get from looking at them. In fact, we rarely examine them accurately. One glance suffices to tell us they are coming, and after this first announcement through the faculty of eyesight, our enjoyment is almost entirely psychical. This does not, however, exclude the possibility of taking also a distinctly physical pleasure in them, provided the lines of their bodies are such that our eyes glide easily and rhythmically over them. What is true of our friends is true also of less well-known persons and even of strangers. Seeing *them* means a great deal more than seeing a table or a chair, for these latter objects generally suggest nothing beyond what is actually seen. No thoughtful man, however, can see a *person* without coming—to some extent—in contact with his personality.

A picture also, which may call for admiration on account of its perfect technique, is valuable as a work of art only if it conveys ideas. The outer form of an object appeals to the vision, its spiritual essence to the imagination. The vision is a purely physical faculty; the imagination, a noble acquisition of the human race. The enjoyment through the one is not, however, entirely independent of the other, for the intricacies of human nature are such that it is impossible to say where the one begins and the other ends. The artist, therefore, must consider both, and since his appeal to the imagination is made through the senses, he must studiously avoid all friction with them. This is perfectly in keeping with the experience of great poets, who cannot successfully transmit their thoughts unless they refrain from offending the ear by harsh cadences.

That the Greek sculptors worked along these lines is clear, for many peculiarities of their art find their explanation only if this is understood. The Greeks always had in mind the nobler side of man, but they were well aware of the fact that an impression upon it is impossible unless the physical side of human nature is also gratified. The work of art fails to carry its message if it is not pleasant to look at. To credit the ancients, on the other hand, with a logical interpretation and knowledge of all the principles which they followed, is a mistake; the most refined people do the proper things unconsciously.

Modern artistic standards are not uniform; the individuality of the spectator is generally lost sight of in the overpowering individuality of the artist, and the complexity of modern times has so far forced the claims of simple human nature to the background that they are almost forgotten. In antiquity these claims were of great importance. Before attempting, therefore, to judge of the allowances made to them by the Greeks, it is necessary to see what they are.

After the unveiling of commemorative statues it is not unusual to hear comments to the effect that the sculptor had well caught the characteristic pose of the dead, and that the statue looked just like him whom it was intended to commemorate; one could believe one saw the man himself; in short, the statue was a great work of art. The statue may indeed be a great work of art, but not for the reasons mentioned; for most of them are applicable with equal force to any fine figure in the Eden Musée, where wax policemen guard the entrance and waxen smiths are working at the bellows.

Few people, however, would be willing to call such figures great works of art. The average wax figure, while it accurately reproduces the material body of a person, pays no attention to his personality. It is meant for a moment's deception of the vision, and makes no appeal to a man's higher faculties;—as a suggestive work of art it is unsatisfactory. If a man wants a bodily memento of his friend, he places a statue or a bust of him in his study, and not a wax figure. A good portrait is more satisfactory than a photograph, though the latter is generally a more accurate copy of the material body. Neither the photograph nor the wax figure transmits the spirit of life which primarily represents the man. In art it is the man, with the multiplicity of his thoughts, who is wanted, and not the mechanical reproduction of the lines of his body. The sculptor works in the tangible material of stone or bronze, and the questions arise, Has he any means at his disposal to satisfy the requirements of art? and What are these means?

The first question may unhesitatingly be answered in the affirmative; for the Greek sculptors, and some great men after them, have demonstrated the existence of such means. The second question is less readily answered, because the means are not only different for different subjects, and different according to the several standards of the race, but also so subtle that they can hardly be expressed in words—they must be felt. It is therefore not only impossible, but also perhaps needlessly presumptuous, to enumerate all the means at the disposal of the sculptor—for who would dare to prescribe to the genius of a great artist? It may be, however, profitable to point out some of the things which the Greeks avoided in their endeavor to meet the claims of an art that could appeal to human nature.

The practically complete absence of subjects taken from inanimate nature is one of the most noticeable traits of Greek sculpture. The

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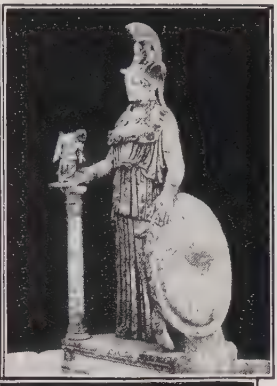

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ANCIENT AND MODERN EXAMPLES OF THE SCULPTOR'S ART.

1. Minerva In the National Museum, Naples. (Greco-Roman.)
2. Jupiter Olympus at Elis, by Phidias. (60 feet high.)
3. Athena In the Acropolis Museum, Athens.
4. The Farnese Bull in the National Museum, Naples.
5. Apollo Belvedere in the Vatican, Rome. (Greco-Roman.)
6. Venus of Capua in the National Museum, Naples. (Greco-Roman.)
7. Napoleon, by A. Cipriani. (Courtesy of Goodman King, Esq., St. Louis.)
8. Juno Ludovisi in the Villa Ludovisi. (Greco-Roman.)

precept, therefore, has been laid down that sculpture ought to represent nothing but living things. Says Mr. Ruskin: "You must carve nothing but what has life. 'Why?' you probably feel instantly inclined to ask me. 'Must we refuse every pleasant accessory and picturesque detail and petrify nothing but living creatures?' Even so: I would not assert it on my own authority. It is the Greeks who say it, but whatever they say of sculpture, be assured, is true!" And there he and most teachers of art let the matter rest. But this is neither wise nor just. Unless a man sees the correctness of a precept he ought not to accept it, not even on the authority of the Greeks. Fortunately for us it is not difficult to see why the Greeks avoided inanimate matter in sculpture, for the principle which guided them in this respect is at the very foundation of their art.

Since a work of art may be considered to be non-existent unless it is beheld by human eyes, the danger is ever present of having the spectator's consciousness centred in his purely physical faculty of sight. In order to avoid this the Greeks made use of certain devices or "conventions," by means of which the claims of the vision were satisfied without curtailing the scope which was given to the higher human faculties of thought or imagination. This was done by reproducing rather the mental image of the object than the object itself. Care was taken, however, that the reproduction should be neither so completely like the original as to challenge, after the first momentary deception, immediate comparison, nor so unlike the original that it should fail to bear strong points of resemblance; for in both these cases the faculty of eyesight would have become disproportionally prominent.

The sculptor, it may be remarked by way of digression, must observe these principles much more carefully than the painter, because painting, which is restricted to two dimensions,—whereas all objects of nature have three,—does not run the danger of deceiving our vision. Sculpture in the round, however, which can exactly represent not only the appearance but also the bodily form of the object, may easily make such a forceful appeal to the vision pure and simple that it fails of attaining its desired end.

In representing inanimate objects in corporeal form the sculptor meets with practically insurmountable obstacles; for, generally speaking, such objects offer no suggestions of thoughts able to appeal to one's nobler self; it is, therefore, their form pure and simple which is of importance. But since they are represented in full bodily form, even the least deviation from their actual appearance is apt to be noticed—here there is no work of art because there is no appeal to the imagination. The very excellence, on the other hand, of a truthful representation challenges the vision to make a comparison—again there is no work of art. Only when living people are represented does the indicated character, not the outer form, attract attention. The appeal is not to the vision, but through the vision to the higher

mental faculties; for we are, consciously or not, in the habit of reading character in human bodies; and this, of course, cannot be done by the mere exercise of vision. In viewing, therefore, the statue of a man the faculty of eyesight is less consciously active than that of imagination. The best work of art in fact ceases to be an interesting object of sight altogether, making its appeal immediately to the imagination. Artists at all times have striven to accomplish this. The realistic reproduction of nature never does it; neatness of workmanship alone is useless in this respect. Only those workers achieve it who, like the Greeks, pay full attention to the peculiar needs of physical human nature. In sculpture this is impossible unless living creatures are represented.

The idea of life may be enhanced by means of contrast. The ancients, therefore, admitted lifeless things into their compositions as accessories. The principles which ought to govern the use of such secondary subjects are well set forth by Mr. Ruskin, who says: "Nothing must be represented in sculpture external to any living form which does not help to enforce or illustrate the conception of life. Both dress and armor may be made to do this and are constantly so used by the greatest, but," Mr. Ruskin adds, using an instance of modern sculpture, though his inferences are equally true of Greek art, "note that even Joan of Arc's armor must be only sculptured, *if she has it on;* it is not the honorableness or beauty of it that are enough, but the direct bearing of it by her body. You might be deeply, even pathetically, interested by looking at a good knight's dented coat of mail, left in his desolate hall. May you sculpture it where it hangs? No; the helmet for his pillow, if you will—no more."

But how may such a helmet be sculptured, or how must the armor be treated if the hero has it on? Shall we represent it as accurately as possible? Suppose we do, and suppose the statue we make is of bronze; then there is absolutely no reason why the result should not be a second armor so much like the one the hero wore that our vision is deceived into seeing the armor itself. But how about the person that wore it? His bronze statue reproduces the sculptor's mental image of his personality—the man it cannot be; the quality of the accessory is different from that of the figure itself. The one is what it appears to be; the other cannot even appear to be what it is meant to represent, because the very contrast between the real armor and the lifeless form of the man awakens the thought that he is not real. "But," an objector exclaims, "if the armor ought not to be made just like its prototype, the sculptor surely ought not to carve it altogether unlike it." Certainly not; for if he did, the very fact that it was all too little like a coat of mail would at once attract the spectator's attention, and his vision, always on the alert, would be so prominently called into play that the true purpose of the work of art would be lost.

How fully the Greeks appreciated these facts is perhaps best seen in the draperies of their statues, which are always true enough to *appear* real without ever being correct. Nobody has yet been able to demonstrate from the statues the accuracy of his theories on ancient costumes gleaned from the study of literary descriptions and vase paintings. The painters often attained to a fairly accurate rendering of the garment, the sculptors never. They not only took great liberties with those pieces of the drapery which they represented, but even omitted entire garments. The Sophokles, which is in the Lateran Museum, for instance, is represented as wearing only the outer costume or overcoat, while it is well known from literature that gentlemen never appeared in public in quite so scanty an attire. The warriors from the pediments of the temple of Aigina, with one or two exceptions, are completely nude; they have gone into battle with the helmets on their heads and the shields on their arms, but without one single piece of drapery. The Greeks never entered battle in this way, either at the time the marbles were carved, or at the time which the statues commemorate, or at any other time. Such a partial or complete omission of the drapery can hardly be explained as the unconscious reproduction of a mental image; while the actual treatment of the drapery, as it appears, for instance, in the Nike of Paionios or on the Parthenon frieze, probably is more or less unconscious. Many modern writers use the word "elimination" in speaking of Greek drapery; but this is a mistake, because elimination implies the *studied* omission of *details,* and cannot, therefore, account either for the omission of *entire* garments or the *unconscious* treatment of actually sculptured costumes.

The eclecticism in Greek drapery may be called one of the devices or "conventions" of Greek sculpture, and may serve to prove that such conventions do not hold good for all times. When Greenough carved his large statue of George Washington in the national Capitol, he omitted the drapery on the upper part of the body, obviously with the intention of drawing the attention of the spectator away from the dress to the person who wore it. He clearly followed in this respect the practices of the Greeks, and more especially the pattern set by Pheidias in his colossal Zeus in Olympia. The Greeks might omit the drapery with impunity, for they were as a race intensely fond of the nude. Greenough, imitating them in the face of very pronounced racial and religious prejudices against the nude, committed the unpardonable mistake of copying not the spirit of a past art but its accidental expression. Instead of accomplishing his end, therefore, by omitting the drapery, he achieved the opposite, for the drapery is "conspicuous by its very absence."

The same considerate spirit which prompted the Greeks to deviate from nature in representing drapery shows itself also in their treatment of rocks, trees, and the like in marble reliefs. Marble is rock,

and nothing is easier than to reproduce the rock accurately, so that the result is not only a picture of the rock, but really a second piece of rock. If this had been done, for instance, on the marble base from Mantineia, the contrast between the actual rock and the representation of Apollo sitting on it would have deprived the god of all semblance of reality. Similar observations may be made with the trees on the frieze of the Athena-Nike temple in Athens, or the stepping-stones on the frieze of the Parthenon.

These instances suffice to show the general attitude of the Greek sculptors toward the public. The public—and of course the artists belong to the public—are not automatic checking machines, but human beings, with all the complexities and inconsistencies that the term implies. They are entitled to consideration, and at the hands of the ancient artists they received it. What is more, the Greeks gave it gladly; for to make allowances for the frailties of human nature was to them not an irksome duty but a welcome privilege, enabling them to introduce into their art a human element of great variety and of unexhausted possibilities.

SOME SCULPTURES IN THE VATICAN, ROME.

By A. J. C. Hare.

THE 1st Cabinet, of "The Laocoön." This wonderful group was discovered by Felice de Fredis in his vineyard near the Sette Sale on the Esquiline, in 1506, while Michelangelo was at Rome, under Julius II., but it narrowly escaped destruction under Adrian VI., who turned away from it shuddering, and exclaiming: "Idol of the Pagans." The right arm of the father was missing at the time of the discovery, and is a terra-cotta restoration, and is said to be the work of A. Cornacchini, as also are the arms of the sons. There is now no doubt that "The Laocoön" is the group slightly misdescribed by Pliny.

"An original work by Agesander and his sons, of Rhodes."—*Helbig.*

"The fame of many sculptors is less diffused, because the number employed upon great works prevented their celebrity; for there is no one artist to receive the honor of the work, and where there are more than one, they cannot all obtain an equal fame. Of this 'The Laocoön' is an example, which stands in the palace of the Emperor Titus—a work which may be considered superior to all others both in painting and statuary. The whole group—the father, the boys, and the awful folds of the serpents—were formed out of a single block, in accordance with a vote of the senate, by Agesander, Poly-

From "Walks in Rome." London.

dorus, and Athenodorus, Rhodian sculptors of the highest merit."—*Pliny,* lib. xxxvi. c. 4.

". . . Turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoön's torture dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending. Vain
The struggle; vain against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long envenom'd chain
Rivets the living links—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp."
—*"Childe Harold."*

"The subject of 'The Laocoön' is a disagreeable one, but whether we consider the grouping or the execution, nothing that remains to us of antiquity can surpass it. It consists of a father and his two sons. Byron thinks that Laocoön's anguish is absorbed in that of his children, that a mortal's agony is blending with an immortal's patience. Not so. Intense physical suffering, against which he pleads with an upraised countenance of despair, and appeals with a sense of its injustice, seems the predominant and overwhelming emotion, and yet there is a nobleness in the expression, and a majesty that dignifies torture.

"We now come to his children. Their features and attitudes indicate the excess of the filial love and devotion that animates them, and swallows up all other feelings. In the elder of the two this is particularly observable. His eyes are fixedly bent on Laocoön—his whole soul is with, is a part of that of his father. His arm extended towards him, not for protection, but a wish as if instinctively to afford it, absolutely speaks. Nothing can be more exquisite than the contour of his form and face, and the moulding of his lips, that are half open, as if in the act of—not uttering any unbecoming complaint, or prayer, or lamentation, which he is conscious are alike useless—but addressing words of consolatory tenderness to his unfortunate parent. The intensity of his bodily torments is only expressed by the uplifting of his right foot, which he is vainly and impotently attempting to extricate from the grasp of the mightly folds in which it is entangled.

"In the younger child, surprise, pain, and grief seem to contend for the mastery. He is not yet arrived at an age when his mind has sufficient self-possession or fixedness of reason to analyze the calamity that is overwhelming himself and all that is dear to him. He is sick with pain and horror. We almost seem to hear his shrieks. His left hand is on the head of the snake, that is burying its fangs in his side, and the vain and fruitless attempt he is making to disengage it increases the effect. Every limb, every muscle, every vein of Laoc-

oön expresses, with the fidelity of life, the working of the poison, and the strained girding round of the inextricable folds, whose tangling sinuosities are too numerous and complicated to be followed. No chisel has ever displayed with such anatomical fidelity and force the projecting muscles of the arm, whose hand clenches the neck of the reptile, almost to strangulation; and the mouth of the enormous asp, and his terrible fangs widely displayed, in a moment to penetrate and meet within its victim's heart, make the spectator of this miracle of sculpture turn away with shuddering and awe, and doubt the reality of what he sees."—*Shelley.*

"The circumstance of the two sons being so much smaller than the father has been criticised by some, but this seems to have been necessary to the harmony of the composition. The same apparent disproportion exists between Niobe and her children in the celebrated group at Florence, supposed to be by Scopas. The raised arms of the three figures are all restorations, as are some portions of the serpent. Originally, the raised hands of the old man rested on his head, and the traces of the junction are clearly discernible. For this we have also the evidence of an antique gem, on which it is thus engraved. This work was found in the Baths (?) of Titus, in the reign of Julius II., by a certain Félix de Frédis, who received half the revenue of the gabella of the Porta San Giovanni as a reward, and whose epitaph, in the Church of Ara Coeli, records the fact."—*Shakspere Wood.*

The 2d Cabinet contains "The Apollo Belvedere," found in the sixteenth century on a farm of Cardinal Giuliano della Rovere, near Grotta Ferrata, and purchased by Julius II. for the Belvedere Palace, which was at that time a garden pavilion separated from the rest of the Vatican, and used as a museum of sculpture. It is now held certain that this statue, beautiful as it is, is not the original work of a Greek sculptor, but a Roman first-century copy.[1] Four famous statues of Apollo are mentioned by Pliny as existing at Rome in his time, but this is not one of them. Mrs. Siddons said of the Apollo Belvedere: "What a great idea it gives one of God to think that He has created a human being capable of fashioning so divine a form!" [2]

> "Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
> The God of life, and poesy, and light—
> The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
> All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
> The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright

[1] "The impression of Canova that this statue is a copy of a work in bronze has been since confirmed by the discovery of a bronze statuette, resembling the statue except where a work in bronze would materially differ from one in marble—*i. e.*, in the statuette the leg is not supported by the trunk of a tree, and the drapery falls from the shoulder instead of being brought forward to support the left arm. The left hand of the statuette holds an ægis, which tends to prove that in the original statue the god was represented as holding an ægis, and not as an archer who had just discharged an arrow."

[2] Campbell's "Life of Mrs. Siddons."

With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity."

—*"Childe Harold."*

"Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire:
Firm fix'd his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks th' impalpable and pathless sky:
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.
Mighty Ephesian! with an eagle's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
View'd the bright conclave of Heaven's blest abode,
And the cold marble leapt to life a god:
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bow'd before the work of man:

For mild he seem'd, as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love."

—*Henry Hart Milman.*

"It incorporates in the most striking manner what the Greeks called a 'Theophany,' *i.e.*, the sudden appearance in the material universe of a hitherto invisible Deity."—*Helbig.*

SOME SCULPTURES IN THE CAPITOL, ROME.

IN the centre of the room is the statue of the wounded Gaul, generally, though erroneously known as "The Dying Gladiator." It belonged to a group from Pergamos, in which was probably celebrated the victory of Attalus over the Celtic invaders of his realm (B.C. 240).

From "Walks in Rome," by A. J. C. Hare.

"I see before me the gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,—
And through his side, the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

"He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother,—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
All this rushed with his blood—shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your iré!"
—*Byron, "Childe Harold."*

It is delightful to read in this room the description in "Transformation":—

"It was that room, in the centre of which reclines the noble and most pathetic figure of the dying gladiator, just sinking into his death-swoon. Around the walls stand 'The Antinous,' 'The Amazon,' 'The Lycian Apollo,' 'The Juno,' all famous productions of antique sculpture, and still shining in the undiminished majesty and beauty of their ideal life, although the marble that embodies them is yellow with time, and perhaps corroded by the damp earth in which they lay buried for centuries. Here, likewise, is seen a symbol, as apt at this moment as it was two thousand years ago, of the 'Human Soul,' with its choice of Innocence or Evil close at hand, in the pretty figure of a child, clasping a dove to her bosom, but assaulted by a snake.

"From one of the windows in this saloon we may see a broad flight of stone steps, descending alongside the unique and massive foundation of the Capitol, towards the battered triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, right below. Farther on the eye skirts along the edge of the desolate Forum (where Roman washerwomen hang out their linen to the sun), passing over a shapeless confusion of modern edifices, piled rudely up with ancient brick and stone, and over the domes of Christian churches, built on the old pavements of heathen temples, and supported by the very pillars that once upheld them. At a distance beyond—yet but a little away, considering how much history is heaped into the intervening space—rises the great sweep of the Coliseum, with the blue sky brightening through its upper tier of

arches. Far off, the view is shut in by the Alban mountains, looking just the same, amid all this decay and change, as when Romulus gazed thitherward over his half-finished wall.

"In this chamber is 'The Faun of Praxiteles.' It is the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm on the trunk or stump of a tree: one hangs carelessly by his side, in the other he holds a fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment, a lion's skin with the claws upon the shoulder, falls half-way down his back, leaving his limbs and the centre front of the figure nude. The form, thus displayed, is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh and less of heroic muscle, than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed, especially about the throat and chin; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humor. The mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so really to smile outright, that it calls forth a responsive smile. The whole statue—unlike anything else that ever was wrought in the severe material of marble—conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it, as if its substance were warm to the touch and imbued with actual life. It comes very near to some of our pleasantest sympathies."—*Hawthorne.*

MODERN SCULPTURE.

By Lina Wright Berle.

THE tendency of modern sculpture, like that of modern painting, has been toward a greater liberty of subject and treatment. The new note begins to be evident about 1870, and has progressed steadily since then. Until that time European sculpture had been largely concerned with a pale imitation of the classical models, without the classical truth and sincerity. The same influences that led the painters of the last quarter of the nineteenth century to see the world anew for themselves led to a distinctive growth in sculpture, which sought to depict the life of its own generation, instead of confining itself to the illustration of ancient myth or fable.

This modern tendency is shown particularly in the work of the most important of modern French sculptors, whose influence upon the world's art has been almost incalculable. Auguste Rodin, who was

born in 1840, has produced in remarkable plastic form, the visible evidence of the twentieth century striving for wider knowledge and for profounder understanding. By deliberately discarding the conventionalities of his art, he has shown his originality, and has justified his point of view.

Of Rodin's statues and groups, there are several which are especially interesting. One of the earliest was the "Portal of Hell,"—a group conceived somewhat after the manner of Dante's "Inferno," and showing a marvellous interpretative power. Other early work included portrait statues, the greatest of which is probably the "Monument to Victor Hugo," in which the character of the poet is brought out with penetrating as well as technical understanding. In similar fashion he treated the impressionist master of painting, Puvis de Chavannes, representing his ideals and personality as well as his form in the marble.

Best known, however, are his figures which represent the profound intellectual aspects of human nature. Such are the statues of "Contemplation," "The Kiss," and the superb carving "Le Penseur,"—the thinker. Here in the seated figure is summarized the intense human search after understanding, the profound labor to know and perceive the hidden secrets of the soul, the everlasting cry for enlightenment which has made our generation so restless in its search for new fields for conquest. This statue alone would serve to define the modern artist.

As French sculpture centers around Rodin, especially during the period between 1900 and 1910, so American sculpture owes its greatest debt to one man, Augustus St. Gaudens. In a sense this is a debt to France, although St. Gaudens was distinctively American in his work and in his methods; but it is probable that he owed something both to his French and Irish inheritance, and to his training in French schools. He quickly outgrew the stage of imitation, and showed himself in his mature genius. The stages of his career and the characteristics of his technique are worthy of attention.

St. Gaudens was born in Dublin in 1848, but came to this country at the age of six months, so that all his training and interests belonged in this country. He was obliged to leave school when he was but thirteen years old, and was apprenticed to a cameo-cutter in New York, in order that he might learn a trade which would support him and yet give some opportunity for his artistic talents. In this way he lived for the next six years, at the end of which time he went abroad, where he studied and earned his living at the same time.

During all the while he had kept up his studies, working at the various night schools which could help him, and he learned the most fundamental of all the arts necessary for his life-work, drawing, in which he soon excelled. This skill stood him in good stead, as a study of his reliefs will show. In fact, the training which this craft gave him is believed to have done much in developing his genius.

The earliest of his statues was the "Hiawatha," done while he was in

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1. The Destiny of Humanity.

FROM THE PAINTING BY JEF LEEMPOEL.

This picture of marvellous mystery, yet full of meaning, was a principal centre of attraction at the World's Fair in St. Louis, where it was awarded the gold medal.

2. St. Cecilia.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY C. NAUJOK.

St. Cecilia is the Patron Saint of the blind, the patroness of the musicians, and is said to be the inventor of the organ.

3. The Nathan Hale Monument in City Hall Park, New York.

4. The Daniel Webster Monument in Washington, D. C.

Rome, and a statue called "Silence." Neither of these showed more than the work of a clever student. In 1875 he opened a studio in New York, in which he undertook his professional work, beginning with portrait reliefs. It was at this time that he met John La Farge, and under his influence he undertook painting for a time, and helped in the decorating of Trinity Church in Boston. But the great piece of work of this time was the Farragut statue. He was also working on some angels for St. Thomas's Church, angels which are no longer in existence, as they were destroyed by fire.

When the Farragut statue was finished, it was exhibited in Paris, in 1880, and won instant recognition for the sculptor. On his return to America, he began the series of portrait statues which have made him the greatest of American sculptors, and one of the greatest of modern sculptors. These were the Lincoln statue, the Chapin statue, the Shaw Memorial, and the great equestrian statue of Sherman.

The remarkable thing about all the work of St. Gaudens is its composition, as the artist is wont to call it, the arrangement of parts, their proportion to the whole, and the designing which gives to each individual detail its due order and significance. This is noticeable in the Farragut statue, where even the bas-reliefs at the base of the statue itself have their place in the plan of the whole.

These reliefs show what all relief work does, the test of a sculptor's skill. It has been pointed out that relief is the most difficult form of modelling, for it requires an exceptionally sure taste and judgment. An artist cannot content himself with reproducing the form of his subject, as when executing a statue, for he shows only a phase of it, and has no assistance from color as the painter does. Everything must be drawn accurately, as well as modelled truly; and the lower the relief, the more difficult is the modelling. It is the understanding of this that leads Kenyon Cox to call St. Gaudens the most complete master of relief since the fifteenth century.

Among these reliefs, several may be mentioned particularly. There are a number of children, an exquisite "Plaquette Commemorating the Cornish Masque," and finally the monumental Shaw Memorial, in which the most complicated problems are faced and conquered,—and all this without show of technical cleverness, or preoccupation with anything except the purely artistic problem presented by the subject,—both of them dangers that often beset the sculptor, especially if he be skillful as a craftsman.

Another interesting factor in the success of St. Gaudens' portrait statues lies in his ability to handle modern clothing in such a way as to make it expressive of the personality of the wearer, rather than one of the necessary features of the situation. This is notable in the portraits of the various Civil war heroes in full uniform. Ancient sculpture dealt almost entirely with nude forms, and these were not, of course, admissible in the work he was asked to do. The Lincoln statue is a

triumph of this sort, for the clothing of the statue seems a part of its character just as much as any other feature.

The Lincoln statue is considered one of the greatest portrait statues in existence, and nobody can see the strong lines, austere figure, and somber mien without realizing to the full the personality that lay behind the homely exterior of the martyred President. To render into visible form the character of a man is the task of portraiture; and it is in this that it has its unchanging superiority over photography, which can never hope to show more than the external man.

Probably the greatest single statue of St. Gaudens is the one about whose meaning there has been the greatest uncertainty. It is the Adams Memorial in one of the Washington cemeteries,—a great, seated figure, draped and hooded, in somber reflection. There have been many attempts to name this statue, but none of them are satisfying. It has variously been called "Death," "Grief," and "The Peace of God." Something of the same dignity can be seen in the less mysterious and exquisitely beautiful statue, "Amor-Caritas," a lovely form, scarcely indicated under her long, loose draperies, with upraised arms and outspread wings supporting a tablet bearing the inscription.

There are two other American sculptors whose work has won definite and unquestioned recognition,—one of whom was for a time with St. Gaudens. These are Frederick Macmonnies and Daniel Chester French.

Macmonnies, who was born in 1863, was for a while with St. Gaudens, and has since done distinguished work of various kinds. He, too, has done a great deal of historical work, since we are still in the stage of erecting monuments to our national heroes, rather than devoting ourselves to the representation of ideal things, as an older civilization tends to do. The most well known of his statues is that of Nathan Hale, in New York, which is in itself a massive and faithful rendering of the devotion of a patriot who gave "the last full measure of devotion."

Not less striking is the virile statue of the "Horse-tamer," a vigorous and powerful study, which reveals qualities of strength and sincerity which are notable. It suggests to the observer a field which would seem a distinctive one for the development of American art, and which has actually been provocative of some remarkable studies. This is offered by the American Indian, roaming on his native prairies, sometimes mounted, sometimes on foot, and everywhere exhibiting his unspoiled vigor and strength. With this particular form of artistic expression the name of Cyrus Dallin is especially linked.

Dallin was born in 1861 in the state of Utah, where he had full opportunity to watch the Indians, and where he learned their language and customs. Among his statues of them, there are three particularly interesting ones,—the "Signal of Peace," in Chicago, "The Medicine-Man," in Philadelphia, and the "Appeal to the Great Spirit," in Boston. The last mentioned is a superb equestrian statue, on which the

seated figure stretches out imploring arms to the unknown power which controls his destinies.

To French belongs the credit for a marvellous piece of idealism, unlike the "Peace of God" of St. Gaudens, but deserving comparison with it for its conception of death. This is the "Death Staying the Hand of the Sculptor," a memorial for a young sculptor's tomb. Another statue also challenges comparison with St. Gaudens, for it is a portrait statue of Phillips Brooks, designed for a number of people who were not pleased with the statue executed by the older master on the same subject, and which was finished during his period of failing health.

There are two statues of Macmonnies which should be mentioned, for they are concerned entirely with ideal conceptions, and show great originality of conception and strength of execution. They are the "Winged Victory," and the "Bacchante," both of them studies in the representation of ideal rather than historical subjects.

American art in its sculptural forms has been largely preoccupied with the commemoration of historical scenes and developments. This is the necessary first step in the adjustment of art to the life of the people. It is a necessary one, but it is also one that should be followed by a less literal one. The appearance of an abstract art, such as finds its expression not in portrait-work, but in the visible presentation of poetic ideals and conceptions, is the sign of a liberated art and a public which has ceased to look only for the cruder values of art. That we have achieved a series of great historical portraits is a great achievement, and one that should not be belittled; but after the development of an art which is based on reality comes the growth of an art that has its roots in the finer things of the spirit which have no other tangible expression. The memorial statue of St. Gaudens, and the "Death Staying the Hand of the Sculptor" are expressions of this newer and more mature development of sculpture.

Such an ideal art is international in its scope and significance, and it seeks to symbolize the regions of experience and understanding in which all nations are one. This international spirit, which is for all time, is the true objective of art, which speaks a language all can understand if they will; and this is increasingly occupied, not with the contemplation of individual heroisms, great as they are, but with the perpetuation of the eternal problems, hopes, and beliefs of mankind.

To produce such an international art is a test, not only of technical skill and resource, but of character as well. What makes the art of the Italian Renaissance the thing it is, is not merely the craftmanship of the whole, but the spirit of eager, awakened inquiry which animated it. The intellectual and physical vitality which under-lay all its productions gives a thrill to us even at this distance. It is noticeable even in the exaggerations of manner which were the necessary development of the age. In the same way we must strive to inform our art, whether

it be sculpture or music or painting, with a distinctive spirit which shall make it truly representative of the intellectual and social currents of the time which produces it. It is an unfortunate fact that in the minds of many people, the ideal elements are associated with weakness and with lack of vital energy. There are many who would far rather see a "strong" piece of work, uninfluenced by the finer feelings, if only it appeals to the exuberant animalism in us all to some extent. This is right and natural enough; but it is not the final test of a great art, such as we all wish to see. It is to be hoped that in time there will arise out of the conflicting tendencies and ideals of the present day some coherent aim, in the execution of which our hopes may be realized, in part at least. In that day we shall perceive, even more than at present the debt which we owe to the sculptors whom we have just noticed, whose work is largely an attempt to serve this very cause.

SOME GREAT SCULPTORS AND SOME OF THEIR NOTABLE WORKS.

NOTE.—*This, of course, is not a complete list of Great Sculptors, nor is it a complete list of their works. It is intended to serve as an Introduction to the vast field and to furnish a series of fingerposts for those who would acquaint themselves with the lives and works of the great masters.*

BARYE, ANTOINE LOUIS. 1796-1875. French. *Chief Works:* The Seated Lion; The Standing Bear; Crushing a Serpent; Theseus Slaying the Minotaur. *Biographies* by De Kay, 1889; and in "Masters in Art," 1904.

BEGAS, REINHOLD. 1831- . German. *Chief Work:* Monument to William I. *Biography* by Meyer (in German), 1897.

BERNINI, GIOVANNI. 1598-1680. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Apollo and Daphne; Many works in St. Peter's, Rome; A bas-relief figure of Christ.

BUONARROTI, MICHEL ANGELO. 1475-1564. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* "David"; The Tombs of the Medici; Monuments to Giuliano, Lorenzo de Medici; The Last Judgment; The frescoes in the Sistine Chapel.

CANOVA, ANTONIO. 1757-1822. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Venus and Adonis; Hebe; Hercules; Perseus with the Head of Medusa; Hector; Paris; Statue of Washington; Tomb of Alfieri. *Biographies* by Meyer, 1898 (in German); Quatremère de Quincy (in French), and a sketch in English.

CELLINI, BENVENUTO. 1500-1570. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Perseus with the Head of Medusa; Statues of Christ, of Mars, and of Jupiter. *Autobiography* (various translations).

CHANTRY, SIR FRANCIS. 1781-1842. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Sleeping Children; Statues of Washington, Pitt, and Canning.

DANNECKER, JOHANN HEINRICH. 1758-1841. German. *Some Chief Works:* Ariadne on the Panther; Ceres; Bacchus.

DONATELLO (DONATO DI NICCOLA DI BETTO BARDI). 1386-1466. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* The Zuccone; Penitent Magdalen; Statues of St. George, St. John, David, and St. Cecilia. *Biographies* by Lord Lindsay, 1903; Meyer, 1903; Rea, 1900; and in "Masters in Art," 1903.

FLAXMAN, JOHN. 1754-1826. English. *Some Chief Works:* Designs for Wedgewood Pottery; Cephalus and Aurora; Psyche; The Archangel Michael and Satan.

FORD, ONSLOW. 1852-1901. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Singer; Folly; Echo.

FRENCH, DANIEL CHESTER. 1850- . American. *Some Chief Works:* The Minute Man of Concord; The Republic; Statues of General Cass, Rufus Choate, John Harvard, Thomas Starr King; The Angel of Death.

GIACOMA DELLA QUERCIA, JACOPO. 1374-1438. Italian.

GIBSON, JOHN. 1791-1866. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Wounded Amazon; The Hunter and His Dog; Helen; Proserpine; Sappho.

GILBERT, ALFRED. 1854-1903. Biographical sketch by Hatton.

GOUJON, JEAN. 1530-72. French. *Chief Work:* The Huntress Diana, in the Louvre, Paris.

HILDEBRAND, ADOLF. 1847- . German. *Biography* by Heilmeyer, 1902 (in German).

HOUDON, JEAN ANTOINE. 1741-1828. French. *Chief Work:* The Statue of Washington, in the State Capitol, Richmond, Va.

JOHNSON, ALBERT SIDNEY. American. *Chief Work:* The Blind Girl.

LEIGHTON, SIR F. 1830-1896. English. *Chief Works:* Athlete Strangling a Python; Sluggard. For *Biographies* see Painters.

LYSIPPUS, flourished about 372-316 B.C. Greek. *Some Chief Works:* The Statue of Alexander the Great.

MACMONNIES, FREDERICK WILLIAM. 1863- . American. *Some Chief Works:* Statue of Nathan Hale (see p. 125); Shakespeare, in Library of Congress; Victory, on the Battle Monument, West Point.

MEUNIER, CONSTANTIN. 1831-1905. *Biography* by Gensel, 1905 (in German).

MINO DI GIOVANNI DA FIESOLE. 1430-1484?. Italian.

MOSES, EZEKIEL. American. The Homeric Group.

MYRON, about 500-440 B.C. Greek. *Chief Work:* Figure of a Cow Lowing.

PHIDIAS. -432 B.C. Greek. *Some Chief Works:* The Olympian Zeus; The Athena. *Biographies and Studies* by Collignon, 1886 (in French); Waldstein, 1885; in "Masters in Art," 1902.

PIGALLE, JEAN BAPTISTE. 1714-1785. French. *Chief Work:* Tomb of Marshal de Saxe.

POLYCLEITUS. 452-412 B.C.? Greek. *Some Chief Works:* The Spear Bearer; The Statue of Hera (Juno). *Biography* by Mahler, 1902 (in German).

POWERS, HIRAM. 1805-1873. American. *Some Chief Works:* Statue of Eve; The Greek Slave Fisher Boy; California; America; Busts of Washington, Webster, and many other famous Americans.

PRAXITELES. 390-332 B.C.? Greek. *Some Chief Works:* The Labors of Hercules; The Apollo Sauroctonos; Hermes. Sketch in "Masters in Art," 1902.

RAUCH, CHRISTIAN DANIEL. 1777-1857. German. *Some Chief Works:* Monuments of King Frederick William the Third, Frederick the Great; The Figures of Victory; Moses with Aaron and Hur. *Biography* by Mrs. Cheney, 1893.

ROBBIA, ANDREA DELLA. 1435-1525. Italian. *Chief Work:* Madonna and Child.

ROBBIA, LUCCA DELLA. 1400?-1482?. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Angels and Dancing Boys; Tomb of the Bishop of Fiesole. *Biographies* by Cruttwell, 1902; Burlamacchi, 1900; Mrs. Van Rensselaer, 1890; Schubring, 1905 (in German); and in "Masters in Art," 1901.

RODIN, AUGUSTE. 1840- . French. *Some Chief Works:* Busts of Hugo and Balzac; Apollo; The Young Girl; The Kiss. *Biography* by Mauclair, 1905.

RUDE, FRANÇOIS. 1785-1858. French. *Chief Work:* Group on the Arc de Triomphe, Paris.

SAINT-GAUDENS, AUGUSTUS. 1848- . American. *Some Chief Works:* Hiawatha; Adoration of the Cross; Statues of Farragut, Randall, and Lincoln; The Shaw Monument; General Sherman.

SANSOVINO, JACOPO. 1487-1570. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Tombs of Cardinals Rovere and Sforza; Baptism of Christ; Madonna and Child.

SCHADOW, JOHANN GOTTFRIED. 1764-1850. German. *Some Chief Works:* Monument on the Dorothea Church, Berlin; Statues of Ziethen, Frederick the Great, Leopold, Luther, Blücher; The Quadriga over the Brandenburger Thor in Berlin.

SCOPAS. Born about 420 B.C. Greek. *Some Chief Works:* Achilles Conveyed to Leuce; Sculptures in the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus.

SIEMERING, RUDOLF. 1835- . *Biography* by Daun, 1906 (in German).

STEVENS, ALFRED GEORGE. 1817-1875. English. *Chief Work:* The Monument of Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral.

STORY, WILLIAM WETMORE. 1819-1895. American. *Some Chief Works:* Statues of Edward Everett and of Prescott; Semiramis; Jerusalem; The Sibyl; Busts of Judge Story, Lowell, and Bryant. *Biographies* by Henry James, 1903; Phillips, 1897.

THORNYCROFT, HAMO, 1850- . English. *Some Chief Works:* The Mower; Statues of General Gordon, John Bright, Queen Victoria, and a bust of Coleridge.

THORWALDSEN, BERTEL. 1770-1844. Danish. *Some Chief Works:* The Colossal Lion near Lucerne; Statues of Galileo and Copernicus; The Four Great Prophets; The Twelve Apostles. *Biographies* by Plon, 1873; Rosenberg, 1896 (in German); Thiele, 1869.

TIECK, CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH. 1776-1851. *Biography* by Hildebrandt, 1898 (in German).

VERROCHIO, ANDREA DEL. 1435-1488. Italian. *Chief Work:* Statue of Colleone. Venice. *Biographies* by Cruttwell, 1904; Mackowsky, 1901 (in German), and in "Masters in Art," 1905.

THE GREAT STYLES OF ARCHITECTURE.

By Russell Sturgis.

MANY centuries before the Christian era there grew up in Egypt, on the banks of the great river Nile, a wonderful architecture. The buildings which remain to us are of sandstone in some cases, of limestone in other cases, with granite used in a few instances only. There are tombs, some excavated in hill-sides or even wholly underground, and others built upon the surface; and these, though without exterior effect, are beautiful within—richly carved on walls and ceilings and elaborately painted. There are also still greater tombs, the famous pyramids, of which traces of fifty or more exist still along the western bank of the Nile; and of these three are of great celebrity—the famous pyramids of Ghizeh. The pyramids, however, have seldom any architectural character more than that given to them by their vast size; they are imposing as a hill is imposing, and not as works of art. There are also very wonderful temples, and these are the most important things for us in all very ancient art, because they are often admirably preserved, with beautiful colonnades, and stately halls with their roofs still in place and their decorations hardly injured. The dates of all these are difficult to fix: but we know very nearly the dates of the most beautiful and the best preserved temples. Near the modern villages of Luxor and Karnak, on the eastern bank of the Nile, are groups of temples, and smaller separate shrines, and these were built from 2200 to 1500 B.C. Again, on the western bank, are the buildings called the Ramesseum, from its builder, Rameses II, and the temple near Medinet-Habou: and all these, on both shores, are included in the vast ruined city which we call *Thebes,* following the Greek travellers of much later times. Much more recent temples are at Edfu and at Denderah, farther up the Nile: and of all the temples that of Edfu is in the most admirable preservation. Some of these buildings are of the time when the Grecian dynasty of the Ptolemies governed Egypt: others again were built under Roman emperors, when Egypt was a province of the Empire: but the marvellous thing is that the ancient Egyptian style remained, almost unaffected by foreign influence, while everywhere else in the Mediterranean lands the Roman style of building had complete control.

The Egyptian buildings are of astonishing beauty, and their extraordinary preservation makes them most worthy to engage our attention. This preservation they owe to their system of building, for upright piers, walls, and columns all carry horizontal lintels, beams, and flat ceilings made of stone slabs, and this method of construction assures the greatest possible stability. In fact, nothing can injure such buildings as these, except earthquakes and the violence of man—

when a temple is used as a quarry by later inhabitants of the soil, even its solid structure will not last long.

The same general system of building was used by the Greeks, those famous inhabitants of the little peninsula called the Peloponnesus or the Morea, and of about as much land north of it, reaching to the mountains of Thessaly. The Greeks were colonizers, which the Egyptians never were; and wherever a city was built by people of Grecian blood, temples arose worthy to compare with those of the mother country itself. In Sicily, both on the northern and on the southern shore, and again on the straits of Messina; in southern Italy on the western coast near Naples, and on the southern coast facing the Gulf of Taranto; in Asia Minor along that mountainous coast, facing westward, which was known formerly as the Ionian coast from the number of Greeks of that race that were settled there, in the islands of the eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea, those beautiful temples remain for us in very great numbers, and with enough of their early character to give us most striking and most interesting ruins, although so much of their original character is gone. They are nearly always less complete than the best preserved of the much older Egyptian temples. Their sculpture has been taken away and put in museums; their painting, which was once very elaborate and rich, has disappeared with time; their roofs, which were of wood, are completely gone, so that authorities differ as to the real nature of these roofs; and no one temple has preserved its interior arrangements intact. Their refinement and beauty of design are still visible; and are of especial importance because the Roman conquerors of the Mediterranean world shaped their own architecture very largely upon the models set by the Greeks; and because modern artists down to our own time have agreed in considering the Greek work as the type of all perfection. Of these buildings the most famous is the Parthenon, which stands on the lofty, isolated, rocky hill in Athens which we call the Acropolis. This temple is of the Doric style or of the Doric order, though that term applies more accurately to the system of the columns and the structure upon them than to the building itself—its shape or character. The majority of the famous temples which remain to us are Doric, also; generally less splendid and varied than the Parthenon must have been, but no less valuable in an architectural sense. The best preserved are in Athens (the Theseion); at the place called Pesto, a few miles south of Naples, where stood the Roman town of Pæstum; and at Selinunte in Sicily.

All along the Ionian coast the great temples were of the Ionic style, and these were still larger than the largest Doric temples (with one remarkable exception) and even more elaborate in their sculptured adornments and in their cost and splendor. They are all in ruins, generally from the effect of earthquakes; but they have been most carefully studied by modern archæologists, and trustworthy plates of them as they are, and as they were in their perfection, drawn out

and published. Still, however, the most beautiful ruins of an Ionic building that we have is that of the small double temple on the Athenian Acropolis, known as the Erechtheion. As to the Corinthian style, with its splendid capitals covered with leafage studied from the acanthus, a kind of thistle which grows freely in Greece, there were very few buildings of pure Grecian type built in that style, although it was surely invented by the Greeks. It was left for the Romans, those diligent pupils of the Greeks, to perfect that rich and splendid style of antiquity.

Grecian houses are but little known to us: and even the public buildings, other than temples, have disappeared for the most part. Therefore we are very ignorant as to some important matters. Did the Greeks use windows? Did they know what a fireplace was? a chimney? They were ingenious as well as intellectual; and if they had lived in a cold and rainy land those things would have been created; but life on the Mediterranean shore was less exacting.

In the course of the second century B.C. the Roman republic became all-powerful in Greece; and from that time on, until the empire declined in power and significance, five hundred years later, Grecian thought was the leading influence in philosophy, poetry, and art throughout the western world. The Roman State seemed to have taken upon itself the task of preserving and spreading the knowledge of Greek achievement in the intellectual field. In the world of politics the Greeks had little skill, while the Romans were at home in it; and in military matters, of course, the feeble states of Greece were of no importance; but in abstract thought and in thought applied to literature and art they were recognized as supreme.

In architecture, as in all the arts, the Greeks were considered supreme. Here, however, the Roman world had need of buildings of many kinds and many ways of building never asked for by the Greeks; and moreover the Etruscans, a people of northern Italy, had taught the Romans to build freely with the arch—a thing neither Egyptians nor Greeks had ever used except for underground drains and the like—never for monumental buildings. The buildings in Italy and in the provinces of the Empire came thus to have a twofold character; they were built freely, with arches for doorways, with masonry vaults for the roofs, even of very large halls, with buildings several stories in height, with great diversity of plan, having windows to light small and large rooms—all of these being foreign to the Grecian ideas of building. But these structures of novel form and purpose were decorated by the columnar architecture of the Greeks. This fact of the mingled character of Roman architectural design removes it from the list of complete and exemplary architecture. All very great architecture is simple, its construction and its design springing from the same source; and we cannot class Roman art with that of Egypt, of Greece, of the Gothic architects as described below. And yet the great skill shown by the Roman engineers and their

ready dexterity as builders and, as employers of painters, sculptors, mosaic workers, caused that one style to spread over the whole Mediterranean world. From that time to the present the people of Europe and of European descent have been copying and recopying Roman models either consciously or unwittingly.

Important Roman buildings which have preserved their general form and character are found as far as the Syrian desert, as at Baalbek, where are two vast temples, with great courts and colonnades; as at Gerasa, as at Damascus, and even in the desert itself, as at Palmyra. They are rather numerous in Asia Minor, and especially on the coast of Western Asia; although the magnificent buildings of the later Greek princes, the successors of Alexander the Great, made it less important that the Roman governors should build. In Egypt alone are there no monuments of Roman style of any consequence. The overwhelming artistic strength of that Egyptian architecture preserved it almost intact, in spite of Roman political and social control. In Greece, however, the Roman engineers built freely, sometimes rebuilding ancient structures of Greek foundation, sometimes carrying out the orders of public-spirited Roman princes. Instances of this are seen in Athens itself, where the great temple of the Olympian Zeus, begun six centuries before and never completed, was now built anew in a completely Romanized form in the second century; and again in the musical theatre (Odeion) which, though due to the liberality of an Asiatic monarch, is that of the Roman period and of Roman design.

The whole of the Mediterranean coast of North Africa, the whole of the Spanish peninsula, the whole of Gaul from the Pyrenees to the Baltic, southern Britain, western Germany, the whole Balkan peninsula where now are the Turkish empire and some minor states, and the southern districts of Hungary and Transylvania, are all dotted thickly with the remains of Roman buildings, many of which were almost perfect in times not very distant, while some of them remain recognizable and imposing at the present day. In Italy itself and particularly in the neighborhood of Rome, these remains are especially numerous, more perhaps because of the less rapid advance of modern Italy in the ways of industrial progress than from the comparative abundance of the buildings in antiquity. It has been the principal hindrance to our study of the architecture of the past that modern wealth and modern energy sweep away the buildings which remain to us, or if they spare them here and there, still alter them out of recognition.

In the fourth century A.D. the strong hold of the Grecian orders over the Roman designers was much shaken. In the time of Augustus (governed 31 B.C. to 14 A.D.), and of Hadrian (governed 117 to 138 A.D.), a stately doorway would be built by means of an arch springing from two pilasters, and an elaborate piece of columnar architecture—two or four great columns carrying an entablature—enclosing and

adorning this doorway. There was always a tendency to break away from this "Roman Order" and to spring arches from the capitals of pilasters or the capitals of columns, completing the design in this way and abandoning altogether the larger columns and their entablature. In the time of Diocletian (governed 284 to 305 A.D.) this tendency is more strongly marked, and the building constantly cited as showing it in the most marked way is the great palace built by that prince on the shores of the Adriatic near the ancient town of Salona. The modern Spalato (or Spalatro) is built within and around the remains of that great structure. We may call this, if we please, the beginning of Romanesque architecture; for the word Romanesque means simply that which would be Roman if it could—imitation Roman—or at best nearly Roman. This is in no way a reflection upon that most attractive and beautiful style, or group of styles, which prevailed throughout Europe from the fifth to the twelfth century; but the name reflects very exactly the feeling of the people who created that style. The builder of a Roman basilica like that of St. Agnes outside the walls, or St. Clement in the city, or of a half-eastern basilica like either of the two churches of St. Apollinare at Ravenna, or the round church of St. Costanza at Rome, or that in the little town of Nocera in southern Italy, may be considered—every one of them—as attempts to build as the Romans of the great Empire had built. The very different conditions, the poverty of the little States into which Europe was divided, the small power and energy of nobles and princes, the loss of engineering and technical skill, all acted together to compel the introduction of a new style, while the builders were most earnest in their desire to retain the old. Even the thick walls which we moderns admire come of the feebleness of the builders, for they did not know how to make a thin wall strong, nor did they know what their successors in the thirteenth century found out for themselves, how to throw the weight of their stone roofs upon piers and pilasters, leaving the walls merely to serve as screens against the weather.

The great Byzantine style is really that form of Romanesque which arose in the East—within the limits of that Byzantine empire which carried on the traditions of the Roman world even until the fifteenth century. This style is so important in itself and has such strong characteristics that we seldom think of it when we say "Romanesque"—the name Byzantine is dignified enough. The great distinction between the styles, at least to one who is considering the plan and appearance of the buildings rather than their structure, is this—that the Romanesque church of western Europe was long and narrow, divided lengthwise by rows of columns, and having its roof of wood except where the bishop was strong and energetic enough to have it vaulted in stone; whereas the Byzantine building was roofed with domes and had therefore what we call a central plan—that is to say, it radiated from a great cupola in the middle and had often

smaller cupolas covering the four arms of a cross. Where the roof was not a cupola it was almost of necessity a wagon vault—tunnel vault or barrel vault, as it is often called; so that the whole church would be roofed with masonry, generally of brick and mortar. Then, the Byzantine churches were rich in color, the inner facing being of richly veined marble and mosaics of small cubes of glass or stone; while the western churches were much plainer, and had for their adornment generally paintings on the surface of plaster or wood. In the East and the West alike the exterior was, before the twelfth century, of little importance as compared with the inside effect. Bell towers, indeed, interested the church builders; and they used them for defense against roving plunderers or pirates landing on the coast. The tower itself protected the single entrance to the church. In the twelfth century the use of sculpture had gained such strength and freedom, especially in what is now France, but also in the British Isles, in Spain and in Rhenish Germany, that the western front of a great church was often a wonderful display of sacred subjects in carving of human and animal forms mingled with vegetation. This carving would seem grotesque if we should take one piece at a time and compare it with Greek, or with Roman, or with fine modern sculpture; but its effect as a part of the architecture is wonderful, and no modern design can approach it for a moment.

The Romanesque of western Europe would be of more consequence also in its own capacity, were it not for the extraordinary style which grew out of it as its natural culmination. This is the style which we call, by a universally accepted fiction, Gothic. The name was applied to it when the architects of the fifteenth century wished to return to what they thought would prove a Roman way of design, and the name was chosen as meaning barbarous (much as we speak of vandalism, from the Vandals, so the fifteenth century men spoke of Gothic, from the Goths—these two being the two most formidable enemies of classical civilization). But there is nothing barbarous about the style except in its diversity and picturesqueness, in which, indeed, it is strongly contrasted with the calm majesty of Grecian work. The origin of Gothic is this—that the vaulted roofs of churches were found easier to build by the simplest process of building, first, strong ribs of stone. Each of these ribs was an independent arch; or at least was half an arch, because in many cases a rib would spring from the capital of a column and rise to a ring or keystone in the middle of the space to be roofed; and four or five or six of these ribs might combine in such a way that no one could say where a single complete arch was found. These ribs, then, divided up the space to be covered into triangles, and any one of these triangles could be vaulted by any village mason. Few of these triangles were too large to allow of a wooden centring for the vault, such a centring as might be built by a village carpenter; while the master stone-cutter himself knew enough from the teaching of his apprenticeship and his earlier practice to

show the carpenters how to build and the masons how to shape their stones. In this way vaults of the most extraordinary shapes were built with perfect ease. This discovery dates from the years 1165-1200, during which time it was elaborated chiefly in the art of northern central France not very far from Paris, though the people of Normandy also took a pleasure in the work. The results of it were certainly unexpected in their variety and in their beauty. The builders were led to build with a lightness never before attempted, for their skill as stone-cutters grew with every day's experience; and as their purpose was to include the greatest interior space possible, they naturally pushed their arches higher and their vaulted roofs higher still, one town vying with another, each bishop seeking to outdo the bishop of the neighboring diocese, until the vaults, 130 feet above the church floor in Amiens Cathedral and even more than that in a few other churches, were reached; and although the nave of such a church is less than one-third of its height, yet to the nave is to be added the width of aisles, one on each side and often more than one. These buildings have proved themselves perfectly durable, always provided that they are cared for; but they have this one weak point—that the vaults must be protected from the weather. A wooden roof covered with lead must needs conceal and cover the vault of every nave, choir, aisle, or chapel, under penalty of the rain destroying the cohesion and the strength of the stone vault. This is the one inferiority of the Gothic work to, for instance, the Roman building in which, in the best examples, the vault is perfectly homogeneous, its outside shedding the rain water or bearing the burden of snow, while the inside forms the rich ceiling within.

Gothic architecture reached its culmination of constructional and artistic merit toward the close of the thirteenth century; but for two hundred years more it followed a glorious development; though, as always happens in such a case, this development led away from severe good taste and in the direction of great richness and variety. The latest buildings which can still be called Gothic, like the famous town halls of Belgium (Ypres, Brussels, Louvain, Tournai, and Courtrai); the Palace of Justice at Rouen, Normandy; the church of Brou near Bourg in French Savoy; the chapel of King's College in Cambridge, England; and scores of other buildings worthy to be named with these, are buildings which may be classed together as Florid Gothic. This style had admirable features peculiar to itself. Thus in England the fan vaulting of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in France the flamboyant tracery in which the window-bars took the shapes suggestive of flames or clouds, the rich statuary which covered the Flemish and other northern buildings, and the magnificent lace-work of the tracery everywhere, as in the porch of Albi Cathedral in the south, and the flank of Beauvais in the far north of France, are open to the charge of excess in richness; but this does not prevent their being of wonderful interest. The most curious thing about all this

is that at the very time that northern Europe was going wild in its joy over this excess of picturesqueness, in Italy the world was turning from its mediæval course of thought and going back as near to the high Roman fashion as their minds and their conditions would allow.

The Italians had never really cared for Gothic architecture. That style is essentially the work of the northern masons, and the Italians, though for two hundred years they built with pointed arches and ribbed vaults, never used the style with hearty freedom. They were ready, as soon as the revival of learning had well begun, and there were scholars to teach them how to read Latin and Greek manuscripts and printers to print them, to turn to the study of that classical art which was everywhere in Italy; and then much more perfect than now. So it was that what the Italians call the Risorgimento, and the French the Renaissance, began about 1420 A.D. The first building recognizable as being of the classical revival is the chapel of the Pazzi attached to the church of Santa Croce (or Holy Cross) in Florence. This Italian Renaissance style flourished in a moment all over Italy, its most attractive early buildings being found even now in towns as far from one another as Venice in the far northeast and Palermo in Sicily. In its full early development it is as charming as any style can be, for the huge mass and weight of the Roman buildings are not —could not be—copied, and were replaced by lightness and grace of design. The lesson learned of the later Romanesque and the Gothic styles combines the charm of the north and of the south—the charm of combined mediæval variety and classical purity of taste. Buildings of this character are the church of San Zaccharia, and the dwelling house of Ca'Dario in Venice; the famous front of the church in the Certosa (Carthusian monastery), near Pavia in Lombardy; and churches and palazzi (large private town houses, as of wealthy nobles) in the cities of Lombardy and Venetia, Tuscany, Umbria, and all the country to the southern points of the peninsula as well as in Sicily

There were exceptions, however, for the Florentine style was more grave and massive, and the Neapolitan style had a peculiar richness of sculptured legend, reminding us strongly of the Gothic sculpture of two centuries earlier. The style went on to a richer and statelier development, producing in the seventeenth century magnificent buildings of less charm perhaps, but of superior dignity; and contemporaneous with these was the building up in the north of a style founded partly upon the Italian Renaissance and partly upon the independent study of the architectural styles by the northern architects themselves. Thus in France such palaces as those of Écouen and Bussy, and the famous manor-house at Warengeville in Normandy, are of the years between 1525 and 1575, and therefore are contemporaneous with such stately Italian buildings as the library of St. Mark's in Venice and the famous palace designed by Paladio in Vicenza. These buildings belong to what is called in Italy the

Classicismo, or the completed neo-classical epoch; and they are grave and sedate, somewhat cold in effect, and as nearly Roman as modern Italians could make them. The French buildings are comparatively picturesque in treatment. By the beginning of the eighteenth century or even as early as 1675, this revived classical style had spread over the whole continent, and western Europe, from Edinburgh to Naples and Vienna, was building in nearly the same general style of architecture.

This was the latest of the great styles. A noble gravity inspired the better buildings of the eighteenth century, and although there was a great deal of what is called rococo and even what is called baroque in much of their decorative design, it is easy enough to find most interesting buildings even as late as the reign of Louis XV (reigned 1715-1774) in France, which were free from this fault. It is the latest great style; because since that time there has been no prevalent way of designing strong enough to control an epoch, or a nation, or a body of artists. The French Revolution (beginning 1789) scattered and disarranged the thoughts of Europe, and since the close of the Napoleonic wars (1815) there has been no prevalent style anywhere. Any architect has been free to design in any one of the styles which we have passed in brief review, studying them from books, and nowadays from photographs, more commonly than from the buildings themselves. Even such outlying schools as those of Asia, great in themselves but foreign to European requirements and European habits of thought, have been dragged into service, and it has been a fancy at different times to build in what was thought to be the Chinese or the Indian manner—experiments which end in nothing but confusion. Our own time, with its immense expenditure upon costly commercial buildings, great State houses and legislative palaces, knows no way of designing these great edifices other than by the copying of the work of more fortunate epochs. We build a Gothic church, a Roman State capitol, and a Romanesque business building side by side, trying in each case to preserve some of the vanished spirit of the ancient work we are copying; while the great business buildings of the cities are carried up through twenty stories and to three hundred feet of height and cost millions in their completion, without having as yet developed any system of design which saves them from the commonplace.

When we build let us think that we build for ever. Let it not be for the present delight nor for the present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when these stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, "See this our fathers did for us."—*J. Ruskin.*

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS
AT NEWBURG
MORRIS MANOR
LIVINGSTON MANOR

EXAMPLES OF EARLY AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

1. Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh.
2. The Morris Manor.
3. The Livingston Manor.

CULTURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

By the Late Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University.

Charles Eliot Norton, late professor of fine arts at Harvard University, literary executor of John Ruskin, and famous as "the most cultivated man in America." A distinguished teacher and leader of the thought of intellectual people.

THE imagination of our time has for the most part taken a different direction from the fine arts in their high sense. It has been dazzled by the magnificent achievements of science, and by the splendid promises of the spirit of this world; it has been allured from the pursuit of the lofty ideals of the mind by the material charms of the practical ends embodied in wealth and luxury. Especially here in America the success of our experiment has been so unexampled in the mastery of nature, in the rapidity of the physical growth of the nation, and in the diffusion of material comfort, as to engender a spirit of self-satisfaction that deadens the imagination and takes little heed of what may be deficient in our national life of true elegance, dignity, and elevation. Of all civilized nations we are the most deficient in the higher culture of the mind, and not in the culture only but also in the conditions on which this culture mainly depends. We are both ignorant and largely indifferent to our ignorance. There is among us little of the spirit of noble discontent that stimulates to emulation of greatness, quickens generous ambitions, and is the source of steadfast effort to attain to better things. These, doubtless, may seem hard words; and it were indeed to be desired that their truth was as questionable as it is unacceptable. Of course the individual exceptions to such broad statements are so numerous, that, if only these exceptions be regarded, the statements may appear to need modification. But if they be considered with a clear view of the whole field, free from the illusions of national conceit, it must, I fear, be admitted that they rest on a solid basis of fact. Platitudes in regard to the general diffusion of intelligence and morality have no place here. Everything that can be justly claimed in regard to the wide diffusion of intelligence in the community, and to the vast mental activity implied by its material progress, may be admitted, without weakening the force of the conclusion that the nobler elements of the life of the imagination do not abound in it.

And so far as this conclusion is correct, it compels us further to admit, however unwillingly, that the conditions are unfavorable for the development of some of the chief of the fine arts.

In one of these arts, and the one of widest diffusion and influence, has indeed been the happiness of America during the last generation to find expression of her highest moral ideals. For fifty years her poets

in verse have rendered her the best service; and when the achievements of the century come to be recorded and its permanent acquisitions reckoned up, the works of these poets will be found to be among the most important and the most lasting of all. There will be little to show of the works of the other fine arts, for though the product has been abundant, it has lacked vitality.

Wealth, judiciously used, can do much to conceal for a time the want of the products of the imagination. It can employ the ready talent and cunning hands of artificers in works of display and outward splendor. Rome, in the time of the Empire, made herself magnificent with the treasures that she stole or purchased from Greece, and with the labors of Greek craftsmen who had inherited the methods but not the genius of their ancestors. But the arts never took root and flourished in Rome. The Roman imagination was not creative, and among all the superb monuments of her greatness there is not a single one that appeals to the deepest poetic sympathies, or that belongs to the highest order of the creations of the imagination. It is very striking that Virgil, the poet who most truly represents the Roman genius in all its greatness and with all its limitations, even thinks to exalt the Roman fame by depreciating the very arts by which the living image of Rome might be perpetuated when she herself was in the dust.

Vulgarity, exhibited in the reference of what is showy, sentimental, sensational, and fantastic, to what is simple, refined, and unpretending, is the stamp of much of the popular art everywhere today. "Beauty is now a scandal," said a well-informed German, speaking of the taste of his compatriots. The harsh saying would hardly be true in America, for as yet as a people we have cared too little for beauty in our work and lives either to prize it or definitely to scorn it. We still for the most part regard the fine arts as pleasant and becoming appendages and adornments of life, not understanding that they are the only real test of the spiritual qualities of a race, and the standard by which ultimately its share in the progress of humanity must be measured. For they are the permanent expression of its soul; of the desires and aspirations by which it has been inspired. If its desires reach no further than the satisfactions which wealth can afford, the fine arts will reveal the fact. They are unconscious, uncorruptible witnesses. Their testimony admits of no contradiction. The best that a people has to express will be expressed in its fine arts, and there is no other source of noble works of the fine arts than noble character. Today in America we have much of such art as wealth can buy; we have called it "decorative art" and "household art" in abundance. They exhibit a vague and generally ineffectual striving after what may rather be called prettiness than beauty; they are not original, not imaginative, not creative arts. But they are worthy of respect, provided they do not stimulate the better thing and pretend to be other than they are. The

highest manifestation of this sort of art is that afforded by the school of American engravers on wood, who have carried their special craft to a degree of perfection in handiwork and skill in reproduction which exhibits an exquisiteness of imitation and a fineness of touch that can hardly be surpassed, or, within their limits, overpraised. But great as the excellence of their work is, it is only in a secondary and inferior sense poetic. For creative originality and lasting charm one rude vignette of Bewick, one block of Holbein, is worth all that our marvellously skilled craftsmen have engraved.

We are not likely to have anything much better in any of the fine arts of design than this work, so long as the present conditions of our national life continue; except as from time to time some genius may rise with power to control unfavoring circumstance, with imaginative vision to see the ideal that lies latent in our common lives, and with passion to embody it in works that shall lift us above our common selves. But until such genius come to justify our better hopes, let us not think too highly of the decorative, household, profitable, professional art in which the national disposition finds expression; let us not mistake pseudo-Blakes for poets, or ambitious builders from Brunelleschis or Palladios. Let us remember what the fine arts have been at their best when they have justified the definition of them as the arts of expression so transfused by the imagination that their works are creations of immortal beauty.

THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

By Charles Dudley Warner.

Charles Dudley Warner was born in 1829; an author and journalist, editor of the Evening Post and Harper's Magazine. His principal works include: In the Levant, Life of Washington Irving, A Little Journey in the World, The Golden House.

WHEN the Church of Santa Sophia, the House of Divine Wisdom, was finished, and Justinian entered it, accompanied only by the patriarch, and ran from the porticos to the pulpit with outstretched arms, crying, "Solomon, I have surpassed thee!" it was doubtless the most magnificently decorated temple that had ever stood upon the earth. The exterior was as far removed in simple grandeur as it was in time from the still matchless Doric temples of Athens and of Paestum, or from the ornate and lordly piles of Baalbek; but the interior surpassed in splendor almost the conception of man. The pagan temples of antiquity had been despoiled, the quarries of the known world had been ransacked for marbles of various hues and textures to enrich it; and the gold, the silver, the precious stones, employed in its decoration, surpassed in measure the barbaric ostentation of the Temple of Jerusalem. Among its forest

of columns, one recognized the starred Syenite from the First Cataract of the Nile; the white marble of Phrygia, striped with rose; the green of Laconia, and the blue of Libya; the black Celtic, white-veined, and the white Bosphorus, black veined; polished shafts which had supported the roof of the temple of the Delian Apollo, others which had beheld the worship of Diana at Ephesus and of Pallas Athene on the Acropolis, and yet more ancient, those that had served in the mysterious edifices of Osiris and Isis; while, more conspicuous and beautiful than all, were the eight columns of porphyry, which, transported by Aurelian from the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis to Rome, the pious Marina had received as her dowry and dedicated to the most magnificent building ever reared to the worship of the True God, and fitly dominating the shores of Europe and Asia.

One reads of doors of cedar, amber, and ivory; of hundreds of sacred vessels of pure gold, of exquisitely wrought golden candelabra, and crosses of an hundred pounds weight each; of a score of books of the Evangelists, the gold covers of which weighed twenty pounds; of golden lilies and golden trumpets; of forty-two thousand chalice-cloths embroidered with pearls and jewels; and of the great altar, for which gold was too cheap a material, a mass of the most precious and costly stones imbedded in gold and silver. We may recall also the arches and the clear spaces of the walls inlaid with marbles and covered with brilliant mosaics. It was Justinian's wish to pave the floor with plates of gold, but, restrained by the fear of the avarice of his successors, he laid it in variegated marbles, which run in waving lines, imitating the flowing of rivers from the four corners to the vestibules. But the wonder of the edifice was the dome, one hundred and seven feet in span, hanging in the air one hundred and eighty feet above the pavement. The aerial lightness of its position is increased by the two half-domes of equal span and the nine cupolas which surround it. More than one volume has been exclusively devoted to a description of the Mosque of St. Sophia, and less than a volume would not suffice. But the traveller will not see the ancient glories. If he expects anything approaching the exterior richness and grandeur of the cathedrals of Europe, or the colossal proportions of St. Peter's at Rome, or the inexhaustible wealth of the interior of St. Mark's at Venice, he will be disappointed. The area of St. Peter's exceeds that of the Grand Piazza of St. Mark, while St. Sophia is only two hundred and thirty-five feet broad by three hundred and fifty feet long; and while the Church of St. Mark has been accumulating spoils of plunder and of piety for centuries, the Church of the Divine Wisdom has been ransacked by repeated pillages, and reduced to the puritan plainness of the Moslem worship.

Exceedingly impressive, however, is the first view of the interior; we stood silent with wonder and delight in the presence of the noble columns the bold soaring arches, the dome in the sky. The temple is flooded

with light, perhaps it is too bright; the old mosaics and paintings must have softened it; and we found very offensive the Arabic inscriptions on the four great arches, written in characters ten yards long. They are the names of companions of the Prophet, but they look like sign-boards. Another disagreeable impression is produced by the position of the Mihrab, or prayer-niche; as this must be in the direction of Mecca, it is placed at one side of the apse, and everything in the mosque is forced to conform to it. Thus everything is askew; the pulpits are set at hateful angles, and the stripes of the rugs on the floor all run diagonally across. When one attempts to walk from the entrance, pulled one way by the architectural plan, and the other by the religious diversion of it, he has a sensation of being intoxicated.

Gone from this temple are the sacred relics which edified the believers of former ages, such as the trumpets which blew down Jericho, and planks from the Ark of Noah, but the Moslems have prodigies to replace them. The most curious of these is the sweating marble column, which emits a dampness that cures diseases. I inserted my hand in a cavity which has been dug in it, and certainly experienced a clammy sensation. It is said to sweat most early in the morning. I had the curiosity to ascend the gallery to see the seat of the courtesan and Empress Theodora, daughter of the keeper of the bears of the circus,—a public and venal pantomimist, who, after satisfying the immoral curiosity of her contemporaries in many cities, illustrated the throne of the Cæsars by her talents, her intrigues, and her devotion. The fondness of Justinian has preserved her initials in the capitals of the columns, the imperial eagle marks the screen that hid her seat, and the curious traveller may see her name carved on the balustrade where she sat.

To the ancient building the Moslems have added the minarets at the four corners and the enormous crescent on the dome, the gilding of which cost fifty thousand ducats, and the shining of which, a golden moon in the day, is visible at the distance of a hundred miles. The crescent, adopted by the Osmanli upon the conquest of Jerusalem, was the emblem of Byzantium before the Christian era. There is no spot in Constantinople more flooded with historical associations, or more interesting to the student of the history of the Eastern Empire, than the site of St. Sophia. Here arose the church of the same name erected by Constantine; it was twice burned, once by the party of St. John Chrysostom, and once in a tumult of the factions of the Hippodrome. I should like to have seen some of the pageants that took place here. After reposing in their graves for three centuries, the bodies of St. Andrew, St. Luke, and St. Timothy were transported hither. Fifty years after it was honored by a still more illustrious presence; the ashes of the prophet Samuel, deposited in a golden vase covered with a silken veil, left their resting place in Palestine for the banks of the Bosphorus. The highways from the hills of Judea to the gates of Constantinople were filled by an uninterrupted procession, who testified their enthusiasm

and joy, and the Emperor Arcadius himself, attended by the most illustrious of the clergy and the Senate, advanced to receive his illustrious guest, and conducted the holy remains to this magnificent but insecure place of repose. It was here that Gregory Nazianzen was by force installed upon the Episcopal throne by Theodosius. The city was fanatically Arian. Theodosius proclaimed the Nicene creed, and ordered the primate to deliver the cathedral and all the churches to the orthodox, who were few in number, but strong in the presence of Gregory. This extraordinary man had set up an orthodox pulpit in a private house; he had been mobbed by a motley crowd which issued from the Cathedral of St. Sophia, "common beggars who had forfeited their claim to pity, monks who had the appearance of goats or satyrs, and women more horrible than so many Jezebels;" he had his triumph when Theodosius led him by the hand through the streets—filled with a multitude crowding pavement, roofs, and windows, and venting their rage, grief, astonishment, and despair—into the church, which was held by soldiers, though the prelate confessed that the city had the appearance of a town stormed by barbarians. It was here that Eutropius, the eunuch, when his career of rapacity exceeded even the toleration of Arcadius, sought sanctuary, and was protected by John Chrysostom, archbishop, who owed his dignity to the late sexless favorite. And it was up this very nave that Mohammed II, the conqueror, spurred his horse through a crowd of fugitives, dismounted at the foot of the altar, cried, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet!" and let loose his soldiery upon the priests, virgins, and promiscuous multitude who had sought shelter there.

THE MARBLES OF THE PARTHENON.

By Maxime Collignon, Professor of Archaeology, Sorbonne, Paris.

The Parthenon, the most famous of Greek temples at Athens, and perhaps the most beautiful of all buildings ever erected by man, stood on the Acropolis and was dedicated to Athene, the patron goddess of the Athenians. It was of the Doric style of architecture, of white marble and shone on its hill, so that its radiance was visible miles around. It was surrounded by pillars massive and severe, and around the entire building was the famous frieze of singular and matchless beauty. The figures that remain of this frieze and the pediments are subject of this article. In the midst of the hall stood the marvellous ivory and gold statue of Athene by Phidias. The building had a varied history. Beside the purpose for which it was built it was a Christian church, then a Mohammedan mosque and still later was used as a powder house by the Turks and was blown up. Many of the sculptures were taken to London and are known as the Elgin Marbles. They are a priceless possession of mankind. The ruin is still a thing of great beauty.

THOUGH we are reduced to conjectures with reference to the masterpieces of Phidias, the Parthenon marbles furnish us with invaluable testimony for the due appreciation of at least a part of the work conceived by him, if not executed by his own hand. Through divers catastrophes these marbles have at last come down to us. Early converted by two obscure Byzantine architects into a church, under the name of the Mother of God, the Parthenon became a mosque after the capture of Athens by Mahomet II (1456); its history is then forgotten until the point when the Greek Zygomala ascribes its statues to Praxiteles. Up to this time the marbles were almost intact, if we are to judge from the sketches of San Gallo (1465). In 1674 at the time when De Nointel was French ambassador at Constantinople, Carrey, a draughtsman, under the directions of De Nointel, drew the statues of the pediments, the metopes, and the frieze. These drawings are of the greatest value in restoring the sculptural decoration of the temple. The Parthenon was in existence almost as a whole when the Venetian army of Morosini and of Königsmark laid siege to the Acropolis (1687); a bomb-shell, aimed by a Lüneburg lieutenant, burst through the roof, and made a large breach in the center of the temple. Entering within the Acropolis, the Venetians destroyed a portion of the statues. Finally, in the earlier years of the nineteenth century, Lord Elgin completed the spoliation of the Acropolis by carrying away more than two hundred feet of the frieze, and almost all that remained of the pediment sculpture. These spoils enrich the British Museum.

The only information left us from antiquity as to the two pediments is furnished in a sentence of Pausanias: "The subject of the front pediment is the birth of Athena; that of the opposite pediment is the struggle between Poseidon and Athena for the possession of Attica." We

are not able to group the fragments into the original design, except by the aid of Carrey's drawings. Of the eastern pediment, representing the birth of Athena, there remain the fragments, now in the British Museum, and one other still in its place in the Parthenon. Arranging them in the following order, passing from left to right, we are able to restore the scene as conceived by the Athenian master. First appears the Titan Hyperion, guiding his horses as they emerge from the waters; then a seated figure, known as Theseus, (or Dionysus), admirable in style, of energetic design, and finished execution; further along come Demeter and Core together; behind them Iris runs to announce to the world the birth of the goddess. The center of the scene is lacking, and can be supplied only upon conjecture. On the right, a male torso, a fragment of a Victory, with expanded wings, the wonderful group called the Fates, where Pandrosus is doubtless to be recognized, and two of the Seasons, Thallo and Carpo. Finally, the chariot of Selene, descending into the waters, closes the composition, the several parts of which were arranged after the laws of studied symmetry. The groups of statues in a half-reclining position correspond to each other with perfect harmony, as do the various parts of strophe and antistrope in the ancient chorus; while the figures of Day (Hyperion) and Night (Selene), closing in the scene, seem to show that it had for its theatre the sky, glowing with sunlight.

The western pediment is more mutilated. In the principal fragments are recognized the seated figure of a river-god, doubtless the Cephissus; a group composed of Aglaurus and Cecrops; a part of the body of Athena; a powerful torso, which can be that of no other than Poseidon, "with a mighty chest." Carrey's drawing shows that the artist chose for his subject the instant when the two divinities are in each other's presence. By a blow of his trident Poseidon has just made a spring of water gush forth—a sign of his power. He starts back in amazement before Athena, who, with lance still poised, has caused an olive tree to spring forth from the rock of the Acropolis. Some archaeologists have found the same scene depicted on a vase from Kertch. These two divinities occupy the center of the pediment, and behind them are grouped the gods and heroes commonly associated with them; near Athena are the divinities of Attica, Pandrosus, Herse, Aglaurus, and their father Cecrops, Victory guiding the horses; near Poseidon are Thetis, Amphitarte, the divinities of the sea, Aphrodite, and, further on, Ilissus, who occupies this angle of the pediment as Cephissus occupies the opposite angle. The aid of color was employed to bring out the figures with due prominence. The background of the tympanum against which they stood was painted blue, and was bordered with a red moulding; the accessories were of gilded bronze.

The metopes have shared the fate of the pedimental statuary; but little of them is left. Of the ninety-two metopes in high relief that adorned the portico of the temple, there remained after the explosion

of 1687 only thirteen on the north and seventeen on the south; those decorating the eastern and western facades were then in place, but were afterwards broken into fragments by the Turks. In attempting to find unity in the subjects portrayed, we are obliged to resort to conjecture at many points. On the east, the scenes in each of the metopes were taken from the War of the Gods and the Giants, where Athena was figured at the side of Zeus. From other sources we are informed that the young maidens of Athens, devoted to the service of the goddess, embroidered upon her peplus her exploits in this conflict; such a subject, therefore, easily attaches itself to the religious tradition of Athena. On the west, the metopes alternately represent a struggle between a foot-soldier and a mounted warrior, and between two persons on foot. Michaelis recognizes here the conflict between the Amazons and the Athenians, also represented on the shield of the goddess. On the north, the extremely mutilated condition of the metopes renders great caution necessary in their interpretation; on a very plausible hypothesis they represent scenes from the Trojan war. The metopes on the south are in a better state of preservation, and in them may be easily recognized the conflict between the Lapithae and the Centaurs, with scenes taken from the Attic myths, such as the myth of Demeter and Triptolemus, of Pandora and Epimetheus, of Aglaurus and Herse, daughters of Cecrops, who threw themselves from the heights of the Acropolis for having violated the secret of Athena.

In the conflict between the Centaurs and Lapithae, we can happily appreciate the success with which the artist overcame the difficulties in a somewhat monotonous subject. In each of the metopes, which invariably represent a Centaur fighting a Greek, the conflict is expressed with different feeling; here a Centaur leaps upon the body of his foe with all the pride of victory; there another pauses, as if struck with pity, before the half prostrate form of a young Greek. The artist has not shrunk from most realistic details, which show a direct imitation of nature. The workmanship of the metopes is unequal; but we may still believe that they were executed by artists grouped about Phidias. The marbles are colored in part; the background of one of the metopes found at the Parthenon was red, and the draperies green. Paccard has likewise noticed other traces of red, but these indications are not sufficient to enable us to restore the whole in color.

Most of the fragments of the frieze which was around the cella are in London; the museum on the Acropolis possesses a few, and the western frieze is still in place. We know that the whole of the frieze represented, in an unbroken series of subjects, the ceremonies of the Panathenaic festival. The eastern frieze, above the temple entrance, shows the sacred rites performed in honor of Athena Polias by the maidens known as Arrhephori, and by the chief priestess. This central subject is set between groups of the gods that have their sanctuaries near the Acropolis,—on the one side Aesculapius and Hygeia, Poseidon,

Aglaurus, and Pandrosus; on the other, Zeus, Hera, Ares, and others, who in majestic attitudes seem to watch the procession passing in the distance. The plan of the composition is simple though grand; the procession advances in two detachments, divided in order to pass along each of the long sides of the temple though united at the starting point in the western facade. After this plan, at once symmetrical and harmonious, advance the old men of the Attic tribes, resting upon long staves; young girls, clad in robes that hang in straight folds, carrying paterae and vases; the daughters of resident aliens, carrying chairs and parasols destined for the young Athenian women of free birth. Then follow the sacrificial victims, oxen and sheep, the gift of Athenian colonies, guided by young men; then the sons of the resident aliens, bearing trays and amphorae; flute players and players upon the cithara; also the old men with branches of olive in their hands; finally war-chariots and their charioteers in long tunics, and a cavalcade of horsemen galloping onward at a varying pace. The frieze on the western front shows the preparations of the young Athenians about to join the procession, some of whom are already mounted, while others are standing near their horses.

Undoubtedly the hand of Phidias is not to be discerned in the execution of the frieze. Portions of it betray the harsh style of the old Attic school. The masters who wrought under Phidias had not been able completely to free themselves from their earlier traditions. But the composition is so grand and so free in its design, so thoroughly in harmony with the remaining decorative sculptures of the edifice, that we must believe that Phidias made the design for the frieze, though he did not execute it in person. In its totality the frieze is wonderfully characteristic of the style of the school of Phidias, as it prevailed long after the master's death. This style, noble and flowing, the flower of beauty, is the most perfect expression of the genius of Greece at its most brilliant epoch. After long toil Greek art had evolved its finest qualities,—simplicity and exquisite and sober taste,—which sought the harmony of the whole before all else. We often speak of the ideal of Greek art, but we must always remember that Greek art, even at its best period, never ceased to draw inspiration from nature. If we examine the frieze in detail, we shall find that the portion of it due to artistic conventionality is very small; even in attitudes and costumes nothing is artificial. The artist, with startling fidelity, has rendered details taken from life itself; the ideal is nothing more than beauty made real to the sight, but that is ennobled by a peculiar charm that baffles analysis, a charm which only long acquaintance with ancient marbles enables one to feel in all its delicacy.

In spite of differences in execution, the marbles of the Parthenon have a certain character in common, due to the influence of Phidias. But what is exactly that part in which we may recognize the actual hand of the master? The question is a difficult one to answer. The

execution of the figures of the eastern pediment is generally attributed to him, while those of the western pediment are regarded as the work of one of his pupils. We may thus form an accurate conception as to the Phidian style, which sums up and unites in itself the progress of all the Greek schools in the fourth century B. C. Phidias was not only an Attic Greek; trained among the Dorians, he represents the genius of Greece in its general type. If the Seasons and the group of Demeter and Core give evidence of the qualities of the purest Attic art, the Theseus and the Cephissus show to what a degree Phidias had made his own the strength and energy of the Dorian style. This is a unique epoch in the history of Greek art, an epoch when an Athenian school, by the achievements of one of its masters, personifies, as it were, the genius of Greek art, with all its varied qualities.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By Washington Irving.

Washington Irving, the author of this charming sketch, was born in New York April 3, 1783, and died at Irvington, N. Y., November 28, 1859. Among his other works are, the Life of Washington, the Life and Voyages of Columbus, the Conquest of Granada, and the Alhambra. This sketch remains a classic description of Westminster Abbey.

ON one of those sober and rather melancholy days in the latter part of autumn when the shadows of the morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile, and as I passed its threshold it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster School, through a long, low, vaulted passage that had an almost subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters, with the figure of an old verger in his black gown moving along their shadowy vaults, and seeming like a spectre from one of the neighboring tombs. The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The gray walls are discolored by the damps and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's head and other funeral emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the roses which adorned the keystones have lost their leafy beauty;

everything bears the marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters, beaming upon the scanty plot of grass in the center and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusky splendor. From between the arcades the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky or a passing cloud, and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into the azure heaven.

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating the mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavoring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eye was attracted to three figures rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots; the epitaphs were entirely effaced, the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times. I remained some time musing over these casual relics of antiquity thus left like wrecks upon the distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished, teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact some homage in its ashes and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monument will cease to be a memorial. Whilst I was yet looking down upon the gravestones I was aroused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave. I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults and the cloisters. The eyes gaze with wonder at the clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height, and man wandering around their bases, shrunk to insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and the gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb, while every footfall whispers along the walls and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds and earth with their renown.

And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition to see how they are crowded together and jostled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a

little portion of earth, to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy, and how many shapes and forms and artifices are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness for a few short years a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in the Poet's Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple, for the lives of literary men can afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories, but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remained longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes the place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about tombs of old friends and companions, for indeed there is something of that companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure; but the intercourse between the author and his fellow man is ever new, active, and immediate. He has lived more for them than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more immediately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown, for it has been purchased not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory, for he has left it an inheritance not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

From the Poet's Corner I continued my stroll towards that part of the abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings. I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death it catches glimpses of quaint effigies—some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle; prelates, with crosiers and mitres; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city where every being had been suddenly transmuted to stone.

I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armor. A large buckler was on one arm; the hands were pressed together in supplication upon the breast; the face was almost

covered by the morion; the legs were crossed, in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a Crusader, of one of those military enthusiasts who so strangely mingled religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting link between fact and fiction, between history and the fairy tale. There is something extremely picturesque in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with rude armorial bearings and Gothic sculpture. They comport with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found; and in considering them the imagination is apt to kindle with the legendary associations, the romantic fiction, the chivalrous pomp and pageantry which poetry has spread over the wars for the sepulchre of Christ. They are the relics of times utterly gone by; of beings passed from recollection; of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land of which we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. There is something extremely solemn and awful about those effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive than the fanciful attitudes, the overwrought conceits, the allegorical groups which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way in former times of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly; and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honorable lineage than the one which affirms of a noble house that "all the brothers were brave and all the sisters virtuous."

In the opposite transept to the Poet's Corner stands a monument which is among the most renowned achievements of modern art, but which to me appears horrible rather than sublime. It is the tomb of Mrs. Nightingale, by Roubillac. The bottom of the monument is represented as throwing open its marble doors, and a sheeted skeleton is starting forth. The shroud is falling from his fleshless frame as he launches his dart at his victim. She is sinking into her affrighted husband's arms, who strives with vain and frantic effort to avert the blow. The whole is executed with terrible truth and spirit; we almost fancy we hear the gibbering yell of triumph bursting from the distended jaws of the spectre. But why should we thus seek to clothe death with unnecessary terrors, and to spread horrors around the tomb of those we love? The grave should be surrounded with everything that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead, or that might win the living to virtue. It is a place not of disgust and dismay but of sorrow and meditation.

While wandering about these gloomy vaults and silent aisles, studying the records of the dead, the sound of busy existence from without occasionally reaches the ear—the rumbling of the passing equipage, the murmur of the multitude, or perhaps a light laugh of pleasure.

The contrast is striking with the deathlike repose around; and it has a strange effect upon the feelings thus to hear the surges of active life hurrying along and beating against the very walls of this sepulchre.

I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb and from chapel to chapel. The day was gradually wearing away; the distant tread of loiterers about the abbey grew less and less frequent; the sweet-tongued bell was summoning to evening prayers; and I saw at a distance the choristers in their white surplices crossing the aisle and entering the choir. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's chapel. A flight of steps leads up to it through a deep and gloomy but magnificent arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common people into this most gorgeous of sepulchres.

On entering the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath, richly carved of oak, though with the grotesque decorations of Gothic architecture. On the pinnacles of the stalls are affixed the helmets and swords and crests of the knights, and above them are suspended their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and contrasting with the splendor of gold and purple and crimson with the cold gray fretwork of the roof. In the midst of this grand mausoleum stands the sepulchre of its founder—his effigy, with that of his queen extended on a sumptuous tomb—and the whole surrounded by a superbly wrought brazen railing.

There is a sad dreariness in this magnificence, this strange mixture of tombs and trophies, these emblems of living and aspiring ambition, close beside the mementos which show the dust and oblivion in which all must sooner or later terminate. Nothing impresses the mind with a deeper feeling of loneliness than to tread the silent and deserted scenes of former throng and pageantry. On looking round on the vacant stalls of the knights and their esquires, and on the rows of dusty but gorgeous banners, that were once borne before them, my imagination conjured up the scene when this hall was bright with the valor and beauty of the land, glittering with the splendor of jeweled rank and military array, alive with the tread of many feet and the hum of an admiring multitude. All had passed away; the silence of death had settled again upon the place interrupted only by the casual chirping of birds, which had found their way into the chapel and had built their nests among its friezes and pendants—sure sign of solitariness and desertion.

When I read the names inscribed upon the banners, they were those of men scattered far and wide about the world—some tossing upon distant seas; some under arms in distant lands; some mingling in the busy intrigues of courts and cabinets; all seeking to deserve one more distinction in this mansion of shadowy honors—the melancholy reward of a monument.

Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through the windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem—the thistle. I was weary with wandering and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the chequered and disastrous story of poor Mary.

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey, I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion, the obscurity that were gradually prevailing around me gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place;

> For in the silent grave no conversation,
> No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
> No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,
> For nothing is, but all oblivion,
> Dust and endless darkness.

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, in huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these vast caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling

thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful; it fills the vast pile and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee, it is rising from the earth to heaven; the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony.

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire. The shadows of the evening were gradually thickening round me; the monuments began to cast a deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

I rose and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which led into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchres of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between the pillars and funeral trophied to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs, where warriors, prelates, courtiers and statesmen lie mouldering in their "beds of darkness." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak in the barbarous taste of a remote and Gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived with theatrical artifice to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre. Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness—to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonor to which it must soon arrive—how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away, and it must lie down in the dust and disgrace of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude. For, strange to tell, even the grave here is no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things, and there are base minds which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and grovelling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open and his remains despoiled of their funeral ornaments; the sceptre has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth; and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered, some are mutilated, some covered with ribaldry and insult—all more or less outraged and dishonored.

The last beams of the day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the

abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poet's Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the things that I had been contemplating, but found they were already falling into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation—a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion? It is, indeed, the empire of death; his great shadowy palace where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be quickly forgotten. The idol of today pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection, and will in turn be supplanted by his successor of tomorrow. "Our fathers," says Sir Thomas Browne, "find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors." History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of dust and sand, and their epitaphs but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. "The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time has spared, avarice hath now consumed; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

What then is to ensure this pile which now towers above me from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults, which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when instead of the sound of melody and praise the wind shall whistle through the broken arches and the owl hoot from its shattered tower; and the foxglove hang out its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name passes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.

THE COLUMN AND THE ARCH OF TRAJAN IN ROME.

By A. J. C. Hare.

THE beautiful "Column of Trajan," the justest of Roman princes, called Columna Cochlis, from its winding stairs resembling the spiral of a shell, was erected in his honor by the senate and people of Rome, A.D. 114, to show the height of the mound levelled by the emperor—*ad declarandum quantae altitudinis mons et locus sit egestus.* It is composed of thirty-four blocks of Luna marble, and is adorned with a spiral band of bas-reliefs illustrative of the Dacian wars, increasing in size as it nears the top, so that it preserves throughout the same proportion when seen from below. The reliefs include over two thousand figures. It was formerly crowned by a statue of Trajan, holding a gilt globe, which latter is still preserved in the Hall of Bronzes in the Capitol. The statue had been carried off by Constans, or had fallen from its pedestal long before Sixtus V. replaced it by the existing figure of St. Peter. At the foot of the column was a sepulchral chamber, in which, preserved in a golden urn, in a "cella," were placed the imperial ashes.

"Apostolic statues climb
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime."
—*Childe Harold,* cx.

The triumphal "Arch of Trajan," which formed the entrance to the forum, was destroyed in 1526. Its site was near the present Pastorria Traiana.

"The forum of Trajan comprised seven different sections: namely, the propylaia, or triumphal arch of the emperor; the square itself, with the equestrian statue in the middle; the Basilica Ulpia; the Bibliotheca Ulpia; the two hemicycles; the monumental column; and the temple of Trajan. The *ensemble* of these various sections was considered not only the masterpiece of Roman architecture of the golden age, but one of the marvels of the world. Let me quote the words with which Ammianus Marcellinus (xvi. 10) describes the impression felt by the Emperor Constantius at the first sight of the group. 'Having now entered the forum of Trajan, the most marvellous invention of human genius,—*singularem sub omni coelo structuram,*—he was struck with admiration, and looked round in amazement, without being able to utter a word, wondering at the gigantic structures,—*giganteos contextus,*—which no pen can describe, and which mankind can create and see only once in the course of centuries. Having consequently given up any hope of building himself anything which would approach, even at a respectful distance, the

From "Walks in Rome." London.

work of Trajan, he turned his attention to the equestrian statue placed in the centre of the forum, and said to his attendants that he would have one like it in Constantinople.' These words having been heard by Hormisdas, a young Persian prince attached to his court, he turned quickly towards the emperor, and said: 'If your Majesty wants to secure and keep such a horse, you must first provide him with a stable like this.' "—*Lanciani, "Ancient Rome."*

It was while observing the monuments in this forum that Gregory the Great, noticing one of the marble groups which told of a good and great action of Trajan, lamented bitterly that the soul of so noble a man should be lost, and prayed earnestly for the salvation of the heathen emperor. He was told that the soul of Trajan should be saved, but that to ensure this he must either himself undergo the pains of purgatory for three days, or suffer seven different diseases and then die. He chose the latter, and immediately went lame. This incident is narrated by Paul Diaconus and John of Salisbury, and is picturesquely recounted by Dante in the 10th canto of the "Purgatorio" (v. 73-83).

The forum of Trajan was partly uncovered by Pope Paul III. in the sixteenth century, but excavated in its present form by the French in 1812. Behind the houses on the Quirinal side of the forum, remains of curvilinear buildings may be seen belonging to one of the two hemicycles which opened on to each side of the forum, and were designed to hide out the scrapings made in the Hill behind, on the north side, and the poorer houses on the opposite, or southern side. There is much irrevocably buried under the streets and gigantic neighboring houses.

"All over the surface of what once was Rome it seems to be the effort of Time to bury up the ancient city, as if it were a corpse, and he the sexton; so that, in eighteen centuries, the soil over its grave has grown very deep, by this slow scattering of dust, and the accumulation of more modern decay upon her older ruin.

"This was the fate, also, of Trajan's forum, until some papal antiquary, a few hundred years ago, began to hollow it out again, and disclosed the whole height of the gigantic column, wreathed round with bas-reliefs of the old emperor's warlike deeds (rich sculpture, which, twining from the base to the capital, must be an ugly spectacle for his ghostly eyes, if he considers that this huge, storied shaft must be laid before the judgment-seat, as a piece of the evidence of what he did in the flesh). In the area before the column stands a grove of stone, consisting of the broken and unequal shafts of a vanished temple, still keeping a majestic order, and apparently incapable of further demolition. The modern edifices of the piazza (wholly built, no doubt, out of the spoil of its old magnificence) look down into the hollow space where these pillars rise.

"One of the immense gray granite shafts lies in the piazza, on the

verge of the area. It is a great, solid fact of the Past, making old Rome actually visible to the touch and eye; and no study of history, nor force of thought, nor magic of song, can so vitally assure us that Rome once existed, as this sturdy specimen of what its rulers and people wrought. There is still a polish remaining on the hard substance of the pillar, the polish of eighteen centuries ago, as yet but half rubbed off."—*Hawthorne.*

THE BASILICA OF ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL IN ROME.

By A. J. C. Hare.

WE now push aside the heavy double curtain and enter the Basilica.

"Hilda had not always been adequately impressed by the grandeur of this mighty cathedral. When she first lifted the heavy leathern curtains at one of the doors, a shadowy edifice in her imagination had been dazzled out of sight by the reality."—*Hawthorne.*

"The interior burst upon our astonished gaze, resplendent in light, magnificence, and beauty, beyond all that imagination can conceive. Its apparent smallness of size, however, mingled some degree of surprise, and even disappointment, with my admiration; but as I walked slowly up its long nave, empanelled with the rarest and richest marbles, and adorned with every art of sculpture and taste, and caught through the lofty arches opening views of chapels, and tombs, and altars of surpassing splendor, I felt that it was, indeed, unparalleled in beauty, in magnitude, and magnificence, and one of the noblest and most wonderful of the works of man."—*Eaton's "Rome."*

"St. Peter's, that glorious temple—the largest and most beautiful, it is said, in the world—produced upon me the impression rather of a Christian pantheon than of a Christian church. The æsthetic intellect is edified more than the God-loving or God-seeking soul. The exterior and interior of the building appear to me more like an apotheosis of the Popedom than a glorification of Christianity and its doctrine. Monuments to the popes occupy too much space. One sees all round the walls angels flying upwards with papal portraits, sometimes merely with papal tiaras."—*Frederika Bremer.*

"The building of St. Peter's surpasses all powers of description. It appears to me like some great work of nature, a forest, a mass of rocks, or something similar; for I never can realize the idea that it is the work of man. You strive to distinguish the ceiling as little as the canopy of heaven. You lose your way in St. Peter's; you take a walk in it, and ramble till you are quite tired; when divine

From "Walks in Rome." London.

service is performed and chanted there, you are not aware of it till you come quite close. The angels in the Baptistery are enormous giants—the doves, colossal birds of prey; you lose all sense of measurement with the eye, or proportion; and yet who does not feel his heart expand when standing under the dome and gazing up at it?"—*Mendelssohn's Letters.*

"But thou, of temples old or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook His former city, what could be
Of earthly structures, in His Honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty—all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

"Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by His brow."

—*Byron, "Childe Harold."*

"In this church one learns how art as well as nature can set aside every standard of measurement."—*Goethe.*

"The temperature of St. Peter's seems, like the happy islands, to experience no change. In the coldest weather, it is like summer to your feelings, and in the most oppressive heats it strikes you with a delightful sensation of cold—a luxury not to be estimated except in a climate such as this."—*Eaton's "Rome."*

On each side of the nave are four pillars with Corinthian capitals, and a rich entablature supporting the arches. The roof is vaulted, coffered, and richly gilded. The pavement is of colored marble, inlaid from designs of Giacomo della Porta and Bernini. In the centre of the floor, immediately within the chief entrance, is a round slab of porphyry, upon which the mediæval Emperors were crowned.

The proportionate size of the statues and ornaments in St. Peter's does away with the impression of its vastness, and it is only by observing the living, moving figures that one can form any idea of its colossal proportions. A line in the pavement is marked with the comparative lengths of the other great Christian churches. According to this, the length of St. Peter's is 613 1-2 feet; of St. Paul's,

London, 520 1-2 feet; Milan Cathedral, 443 feet; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 360 1-2 feet. The height of the dome in the interior is 405 feet; on the exterior, 448 feet. The height of the baldacchino is 94 1-2 feet.

The first impulse will be to go up to the shrine, at which a circle of eighty-six golden lamps is always burning around the tomb of the poor fisherman of Galilee, and to look down into the "Confession," where there is a beautiful kneeling statue of Pope Pius VI. (Braschi, 1785-1800) by Canova.[1] Hence one can gaze up into the dome and read its huge letters in purple-blue mosaic on a gold ground, each six feet long.[2] "Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo claves regni cœlorum." Above this occur four colossal mosaics of the Evangelists from designs of the Cav. d'Arpino; the pen in the hand of St. Luke is seven feet in length.

"The cupola is glorious, viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decorations; viewed either as a whole or as a part, it enchants the eye, it satisfies the taste, it expands the soul. The very air seems to eat up all that is harsh or colossal, and leaves us nothing but the sublime to feast on—a sublime peculiar as the genius of the immortal architect, and comprehensible only on the spot."—*Forsyth.*

"But when, having traversed the length of the nave without uttering a word, he passed from under the gilded roofs, and the spacious dome, lofty as a firmament, expanded itself above him in the sky, covered with tracery of the celestial glories, and brilliant with mosaic and stars of gold; when, opening on all sides to the wide transepts, the limitless pavement stretched away beyond the reach of sense; when, beneath this vast work and finished effort of man's devotion, he saw the high altar, brilliant with lights, surmounted and enthroned by its panoply of clustering columns and towering cross: when all around him, he was conscious of the hush and calmness of worship, and felt in his inmost being the sense of vastness, of splendor, and of awe;—he may be pardoned if, kneeling upon the polished floor, he conceived for a moment that this was the house of God, and that the gate of heaven was here."—*"John Inglesant."*

SOME GREAT ARCHITECTS AND SOME OF THEIR FAMOUS WORKS.

NOTE.—*This is not, of course, a complete list of famous Architects, nor is it a complete list of their works. It is intended to serve as an introduction to the vast field and to furnish a series of fingerposts to those who would acquaint themselves with the lives and works of the great masters.*

ADAM, ROBERT. 1728-1792. English. *Biography* by Fitzgerald, 1904.
ALBERTI, LEONE BATTESTA DEGLI. 1404-1472. Italian. *Chief Work:* Front of Santa Maria Novella, Florence.
ALESSI, GALEAZZO. 1502-1572. Italian.

[1] The Pope, on the third Sunday in Advent, used to go down and perform a service in the *confessio* seated *in subsellio.* See *Ordo Romanus Benedicti* in Mabillon, *Mus. Ital.* ii. 152

[2] These letters are in real mosaic. Those in the nave and transepts are in paper—to complete them in mosaic would have been too expensive.

BARRY, SIR CHARLES. 1795-1860. English. *Chief Work:* The Houses of Parliament, London. *Memoir* by Alfred Barry.
BERNINI, GIOVANNI LORENZO. 1598-1680. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* The Palace Barberini; The Campanile of St. Peter's.
BONO, BARTOLOMEO DI GIOVANNI. 15th century. Italian.
BRAMANTE (DONATA D'AGNOLA). 1444-1514. Italian. *Chief Work:* Cancellaria; Plan of St. Peter's.
BRUNELLESCHI, FILIPPO. 1377-1446. Italian. *Chief Works:* Cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore. *Biography* by Mrs. Baxter (Leader Scott).
BULFINCH, CHARLES. 1763-1844. American. *Chief Work:* The Massachusetts State Capitol, Boston. *Life and Letters,* 1896.
BULLANT, JEAN. 1515-1578. French.
BUONARROTI, MICHEL ANGELO. 1475-1564. Italian. *Chief Work:* Dome of St. Peter's, Rome.
BURGES, WILLIAM. 1827-1881. English. *Chief Work:* Cork Cathedral.
CHAMBERS, SIR WILLIAM. 1726-1796. English. *Chief Work:* Somerset House, London. *Biography* by Hardwick in his "Treatise on the Decorative Part of Civil Architecture," pages, 37-51.
DE L'ORME, PHILBERT. 1515-1570. French. *Chief Work:* The Tuileries, Paris.
ELIOT, CHARLES. 1859-1897. American. *Biography* by C. W. Eliot, 1903.
EMERY, MATTHEW GAULT. 1818-1901. American. *Biography* by Cox, 1904.
GAMBARELLI, BERNARDO DI MATTEO. 1409-1463. Italian.
GIBBS, JAMES. 1674-1754. English.
ICTINUS. Flourished about 450-430 B.C. Greek. *Chief Work:* The Parthenon.
JONES, INIGO. 1573-1652. English. *Chief Work:* Banquet Hall, Whitehall, London. *Biography* by Cunningham, 1848; and Loftie, W. J.
KEMP, GEORGE MECKLE. 1795-1844. Scotch. *Biography* by Bonnar.
KEYSER, HENDRICK CORNELISZOON DE. 1565-1621. Dutch.
MANSARD, I. H. 1646-1708. French. *Chief Work:* Dome of the Invalides, Paris.
MCKIM, C. F. American. *Chief Work:* Public Library, Boston.
PALLADIO, ANDREA. 1518-1580. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Basilica of Vicenza; Church of Il Redemtore, Venice. *Biography* by Fletcher.
PUGIN, AUGUSTUS W. N. 1812-1852. English. *Recollections* by Ferrey.
RICHARDSON, HENRY HOBSON. 1838-1886. American. *Some Chief Works:* Trinity Church, Boston; All Saints' Church, Pittsburg. *Biography* by Mrs. Van Rensselaer.
ROOT, JOHN W. 1850-1891. American. *Biography* by Monroe.
SANGALLO, GIULIANO DE. 1445-1516. Italian. *Chief Work:* The Farnese Palace, Rome.
SANSOVINO, GIOCOPO TATTI. 1479-1570. Italian. *Chief Work:* The Library, Venice.
SCHINKEL, KARL FRIEDRICH. 1781-1841. German. *Biography* by Ziller.
SCOTT, SIR GEORGE GILBERT. 1811-1878. English. *Some Chief Works:* Town Hall, Hamburg; National Liberal Club and National History Museum, London. *Recollections* by Sir Gilbert Scott.
SEMPER, GOTTFRIED. 1803-1879. German. *Some Chief Works:* The Royal Theatre, Dresden; New Museum, Vienna.
SMIRKE, SIR ROBERT. 1781-1867. English. *Memoirs* by Edward Smirke.
SOANE, SIR JOHN. 1753-1837. English. Founder of the Soane Museum. Short sketch by Donaldson.
STREET, GEORGE E. 1824-1881. English. *Chief Work:* The Law Courts, London. *Memoir* by A. E. Street.
VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN. 1666-1726. English. *Some Chief Works:* Castle Howard; Blenheim Palace, England. *Biography* by Lovegrove, 1902. Other biographies treat him mainly as a dramatist.
VIGNOLA, GIOCOMO BAROZZI DA. 1507-1573. Italian. *Chief Work:* Villa Caprocola, Rome.
VITRUVIUS, POLLIO. 83?-27? B.C. Roman. *Chief Work:* Basilica Justian. Observations by Ussing Brown.
WATERHOUSE, ALFRED. 1830-1905. English. *Chief Work:* Town Hall, Manchester, Eng.
WILLIAM OF SENS. (*Circa* 1158.) French. *Chief Work:* Canterbury Cathedral.
WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM. 1324-1404. English. *Chief Work:* Gloucester Cathedral. *Biographies* by Chandler, 1842; Lowth, 1777; and Moberly.
WREN, SIR CHRISTOPHER. 1632-1723. English. *Chief Work:* St. Paul's Cathedral. *Biographies* by Elmes, 1852; Loftie, 1893; Phillimore, 1881; and Stratton, 1897.

A MUSICAL STUDY.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY F. G. STEWART.

The mandolin may fairly be called the national musical instrument of Italy. It is so called because it is shaped like an almond. There are many varieties, but the Neapolitan is considered the most perfect, with its four strings tuned like the violin; G. (Catgut covered with copper wire): D. (Copper): A. (Steel): E. (Catgut).

MUSIC AND POETRY.

By Sir John Stainer, Late Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

THE true poet must ever be attracted by the charms of Music: he must sing of her; he must perforce chant her praise. For he cannot but realize how much the two arts, Poetry and Music, possess in common. Both reach their highest excellence when they are characterized by lofty thought, graceful rhythm, and melodious diction: the thought which teaches and edifies; the rhythm which appeals to our love of regularity; and the melody which gives emotional pleasure. Yet these sister arts do not always live quite happily, as it were, under the same roof. For it rarely happens that the finest specimens of poetry receive an adequate expression when set to Music, and it is not improbable that the most thoughtful among poets would admit, if pressed, that he should prefer to dispense with the help of a musical setting, which certainly would share with the hearer the interest of his poem, if it did not actually absorb it; and on the other hand, the musician loves to wind his way, and hold his meditations, among the intricate paths of pure instrumental composition where words, aye, even the words of the poet, can no longer interpret his feelings nor stand as signs of thought.

Here, among sweet sounds of various pitches, qualities, and strength, molded by the mind of genius into harmonic combinations, sometimes majestic and bold, sometimes tender and plaintive, through which a melody or many deftly interwoven melodies are heard flowing ever onward in rhythmic waves, here, indeed, he feels his soul stirred to its very base by crowds of hurrying emotions, which press upon each other so rapidly that time for interpretation were wanting, even if the means were within reach. Thus snatched away from the ordinary course of thought and feeling, the musician may well believe that he is listening to the whisperings of unknown beings whose language is understood by the more spiritual side of his nature, while his common every-day mind stands looking on in wonder.

But cannot Poetry produce equally strange results? In some respects it can, but the answer to this question cannot be an unqualified affirmative. From one point of view Poetry stands inferior to Music, from another it is superior. Music after a long and slow process of development has constituted itself into a recognized method of expression, in short, into a language—speaking of or speaking to the emotions, yet one which cannot be spoken or heard without the subtle aid of intellect, which is as necessary an ingredient of the

genius who creates the language of Music as of the hearer who hopes to understand it.

But the intangibility and indefiniteness of the language of Music, whilst allowing the most cultivated and refined among its hearers to soar into far-off regions of imaginative pleasure, addresses the untutored and ignorant: that is, (alas!), the majority, in an absolutely unknown tongue. To these it is merely a not unpleasant collection of sounds. They may perhaps have enough knowledge to trace the different kinds and qualities of tone, but they learn nothing from, and find no meaning in, such a variety; it is of no more mental import to them than a succession of sweet smells would be. In other words, Music can only call up slumbering or latent emotions, feelings already in potential existence: it cannot create new emotions for us and drive them into the soul through the ears; it can only awake vibrations among heart-strings already attuned and ready to throb in sympathetic pulses.

Poetry, on the other hand, has for its plastic material, words of known meaning and common use, and when addressed to the ordinary mass of people, it is therefore less likely to be misunderstood or to convey no meaning at all. It would, however, be fallacious to jump to the conclusion that the uneducated and vulgar are capable of gathering the full meaning of the best Poetry. Of course not: the more hidden beauties both of thought and diction will be missed by them, and lost. It must be feared even by the most pronounced optimist that there will ever be swine before whom the very pearls of Poetry and Music may be thrown; only, the ancient proverb is in these days illustrated in a rather remarkable way, it is found now that the two-legged tramplers-under-foot consider themselves highly qualified critics. But happily for the progress of humanity the pearls last on, to be admired and cherished for long ages; the criticism often dies with the critic.

The two higher beauties of Poetry which are missed by the uncultivated are—the ideality of the thought, and the Music of the diction. The upward flight of the noble mind, struggling ever onwards to attain something still more beautiful and more nearly perfect, cannot be watched or traced by the half-trained eyes of one of the common folk; such eyes as his must be shaded from the blaze of sunlight; so is the ideality of the great poet unseen and unknown but to the few.

The Music of Poetry consists in the presentation to the ear of successive sounds which satisfy our natural craving for rhythmical proportion, whilst tempering the regularity of rhythm by frequent contrasts; the taste must be carefully cultivated before it is keen enough to gauge such delicacies of construction or form. But every word which has just been said about the due appreciation of Poetry may be equally applied to the art of Music; indeed, the elements and characteristics of the two arts are so interwoven that they can with

difficulty be unravelled. Has a man no Music in him? he will never become a poet; has he no Poetry in him? he will never become a musician. The old writer uttered a deep truth when he quaintly defined Poetry as "Reason joined with Musick"; and we may justly add that Music is "Poetry and Painting in sound"; Poetry, because its merit lies in the ideality of its aims and the beauty of proportion in its construction and form; Painting, because it enables us to call up vividly scenes which painters have ever essayed to put on canvas, though they have, perhaps, never realized them to the fullest. Great poets and musicians are of "the few who ennoble the many," and they probably do more than any other artists to save humanity from a saddening and pessimist view of life, of the dread struggle for existence going on around us. They have, of course, easier means of exerting widespread influence than other artists. A beautiful piece of music or a beautiful poem may conceivably be listened to or read in every home throughout civilized life at the same moment of time, but the master-picture of the all-but-living piece of sculpture remains stationary on one spot. If such are to be enjoyed, their whereabouts must first be discovered, and thither all (who can!) must take a pilgrimage.

These lovely twin-sisters, Poetry and Music, have, therefore, much cause for mutual congratulation, and I call upon all of you who, when listening to a sonata or symphony, have had poetical thoughts of inexpressible beauty suggested to you by sister Music, to turn to the pages of the poets and hear how tunefully Poetry can repay her sister's love. To you who know and love the beauty of Poetry, but to whom the highest meanings of Music are hidden, I would say, read Poetry's praise of her sister Music; if you do so, I doubt not you will earnestly desire to enter into that new realm of thought and emotion, from which it is in her power alone to draw aside the veil, and into the joys of which she alone can grant you admittance.

GREAT THOUGHTS OF GREAT MINDS ON MUSIC.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

O MUSIC! miraculous art, that makes the poet's skill a jest, revealing to the soul inexpressible feelings by the aid of inexplicable sounds! A blast of thy trumpet, and millions rush forward to die; a peal of thy organ, and uncounted nations sink down to pray. Mighty is thy threefold power! First, thou canst call up all elemental sounds, and scenes, and subjects with the definiteness of reality. Strike the lyre! Lo! the voice of the winds, the flash of the lightning, the swell of the wave, the solitude of the valley! Then thou canst speak to the secrets of a man's heart as if by inspiration. Strike the lyre! Lo! our early love, our treasured

hate, our withered joy, our flattering hope! And, lastly, by thy mysterious melodies thou canst recall man from all thought of this world and of himself, bringing back to his soul's memory dark but delightful recollections of the glorious heritage which he has lost, but which he may win again. Strike the lyre! Lo! Paradise, with its palaces of inconceivable splendor and its gates of unimaginable glory!

GEORGE ELIOT.

Even as in Music, where all obey and concur to one end, so that each has the joy of contributing to a whole whereby he is ravished and lifted up into the courts of heaven, so will it be in that crowning time of the millennial reign, when our daily prayer will be fulfilled, and one law shall be written on all hearts, and be the very structure of all thought, and be the principle of all action. . . .

We do not hear that Memnon's statue gave forth its melody at all under the rushing of the mightiest wind, or in response to any other influence, divine or human, than certain short-lived sunbeams of morning; and we must learn to accommodate ourselves to the discovery that some of those cunningly-fashioned instruments called human souls have only a very limited range of Music, and will not vibrate in the least under a touch that fills others with tremulous rapture or quivering agony. . . .

Surely the only courtship unshaken by doubts and fears must be that in which the lovers can sing together. The sense of mutual fitness that springs from the two deep notes fulfilling expectation just at the right moment between the notes of the silvery soprano, from the perfect accord of descending thirds and fifths, is likely enough to supersede any immediate demand for less impassioned forms of agreement.

SIR GEORGE GROVE.

For when one does hear an artist who combines good singing with intelligible pronunciation and dramatic power, who feels both words and Music—what immense increase to one's pleasure, and one's profit! A thing, once heard, never to forget! Then one recognizes that one is listening to fine poetry, clothed and decorated with a robe which the poet himself with all his imagination and his skill was powerless to weave—which the musician alone could construct for him. Then one sees how words which as you read them seem to fly to Heaven are by the Music indued with still more celestial colors and a still swifter flight made to grasp still more firmly and deeply the chords of the human heart. Then one realizes that fine singing is only fine speaking; and that the great function of Music is to intensify and ennoble the emotions and aspirations which the poet had put into the words.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

The statue of Memnon poured out its song of joy, when the rays of the morning sun fell upon it: and thus when the rays of divine Truth first fall on a human soul, it is scarcely possible that something like heavenly Music should not issue from its depths. The statue, however, was of stone: no living voice was awakened in it: the sounds melted and floated away. Alas, that the heavenly Muse drawn from the heart of man should often be no less fleeting than the song of Memnon's statue. . . .

Song is the tone of feeling. Like poetry, the language of feeling, art should regulate, and perhaps temper and modify it. But whenever such a modification is introduced as destroys the predominance of the feeling,—which yet happens in ninety-nine settings out of a hundred, and with nine hundred and ninety-nine taught singers out of a thousand,—the essence is sacrificed to what should be the accident; and we get notes, but no song. If song, however, be the tone of feeling, what is beautiful singing? The balance of feeling, not the absence of it. . . .

After listening to very fine Music, it appears one of the hardest problems, how the delights of heaven can be so attempered to our perceptions as to become endurable for their pain.

THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

Has not Music taken your own turbulent emotions, and expressed them for you in the storm, leaving you sublimely elevated and yet sublimely calm at the close? . . . Music is an emotional Medium, fitted to express the mystic and complex emotions of that hidden life made up of self-analysis, sensibility, love, prayer, trance, visions, ecstasy, which gives to the human soul that inner and intense quality of spiritual independence which stamps and qualifies all human progress. . . . Let the heaven-born art of Music spread: let it bless the homes and hearths of the people; let the children sing, and sing together: let the concertina, the violin, or the flute be found in every cottage. . . . And while Music refines pleasure, let it stimulate work. Let part songs and sweet melody rise in all our crowded factories, above the whirl of wheels and clanking of machinery; thus let the factory girl forget her toil and the artizan his grievance, and Music, the civilizer, the recreator, the soother and purifier of the emotions, shall become the Music of the future.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Let us take another instance of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What Science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor ele-

ments does some great master in it create his new world? Shall we say that all this is exuberant inventiveness, is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game of fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so; and, then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men, the very names which the science employs, are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet, is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our Home; they are the voice of Angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them.

WALTER PATER.

All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music. For while in all other works of art it is possible to distinguish the matter from the form, and the understanding can always make this distinction, yet it is the constant effort of art to obliterate it. That the mere matter of a poem, for instance, its subject, its given incidents or situation; that the mere matter of a picture—the actual circumstances of an event, the actual topography of a landscape—should be nothing without the form, the spirit of the handling; that this form, this mode of handling, should become an end in itself, should penetrate every part of the matter:—this is what all art constantly strives after, and achieves in different degrees. . . .

It is the art of music which most completely realizes this artistic ideal, this perfect identification of form and matter. In its ideal, consummate moments, the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression; they inhere in and completely saturate each other; and to it, therefore, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire. Music, then, and not poetry, as is so

often supposed, is the true type, or measure of perfected art. Therefore, although each art has its incommunicable element, its untranslatable order of impressions, its unique mode of reaching the "imaginative reason," yet the arts may be represented as continually struggling after the law or principle of music, to a condition which music alone completely realizes; and one of the chief functions of æsthetic criticism, dealing with the products of art, new or old, is to estimate the degree in which each of those products approaches, in this sense, to musical law. . . .

It is to the law or condition of music, as I said, that all art like this is really aspiring; and, in the school of Giorgione, the perfect moments of music itself, the making or hearing of music, song or its accompaniment, are themselves prominent as subjects. On that background of the silence of Venice, which the visitor there finds so impressive, the world of Italian music was then forming. In choice of subject, as in all besides, the Concert of the Pitti Palace is typical of all that Giorgione, himself an admirable musician, touched with his influence; and in sketch or finished picture, in various collections, we may follow it through many intricate variations—men fainting at music, music heard at the pool-side while people fish, or mingled with the sound of the pitcher in the well, or heard across running water, or among the flocks; the tuning of instruments—people with intent faces, as if listening, like those described by Plato in an ingenious passage, to detect the smallest interval or musical sound, the smallest undulation in the air, or feeling for music in thought on a stringless instrument, ear and finger refining themselves infinitely in the appetite for sweet sound—a momentary touch of an instrument in the twilight, as one passes through some unfamiliar room, in a chance company.

In such favorite incidents, then, of Giorgione's school, music or music-like intervals in our existence, life itself is conceived as a sort of listening—listening to music, to the reading of Bandello's novels, to the sound of water, to time as it flies. Often such moments are really our moments of play, and we are surprised at the unexpected blessedness of what may seem our least important part of time; not merely because play is in many instances that to which people really apply their own best powers, but also because at such times, the stress of our servile, every-day attentiveness being relaxed, the happier powers in things without us are permitted free passage, and have their way with us. And so, from music, the school of Giorgione passes often to the play which is like music; to those masques in which men avowedly do but play at real life, like children "dressing-up," disguised in the strange old Italian dresses, particolored, or fantastic with embroidery and furs, of which the master was so curious a designer, and which, above all the spotless white linen at wrist and throat, he painted so dexterously.

And when people are happy in this thirsty land, water will not be

far off; and in the school of Giorgione, the presence of water—the well, or marble-rimmed pool, the drawing or pouring of water, as the woman pours it from a pitcher with her jewelled hand in the Fête Champêtre, listening, perhaps, to the cool sound as it falls, blent with the music of the pipes—is as characteristic, and almost as suggestive, as that of music itself.

PLATO.

Musical training is of a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul graceful of him who is rightly educated, or ungraceful of him who is ill educated; and, also, because he who has received this true education of the inner being will most shrewdly perceive omissions or faults in art and nature, and with a true taste, while he praises and rejoices over and receives into his soul the good, and becomes noble and good, he will justly blame and hate the bad, now in the days of his youth, even before he is able to know the reason why; and when reason comes he will recognize and salute her as a friend with whom his education has made him long familiar.

FREDERIC LOUIS RITTER.

None of the arts is encumbered with so many prejudices as music. Though accessible to every human being, its right position in the family of arts is, in many cases, underrated; its philosophical and æsthetic meaning entirely overlooked, or not understood at all. About none of the other arts has so much nonsense been written as about music. . . .

In our day, as in earlier times, we find mankind making music the vehicle of all that is good and bad. Now it is prescribed for medical purposes; then it has to serve as a means for educating our ill-tempered youth; now it has to inspire the timid soldier with patriotic fire; then it is invoked as a help-meet by the frivolous, etc. But worse than all, here appears an esteemed author, who does not find anything of the sort in music, and who declares that it expresses nothing at all: it is merely a combination of agreeable sounds to please our sense of hearing, and to tickle our nerves more or less. "It does not refine," he says; "it does not elevate; it does not strengthen. It leaves the moral nature quite untouched. It has no moral—nay, no intellectual influence."

While we possess many technical and æsthetical works on architecture, sculpture, painting, and poetry, within the comprehension of the general public, music has, as yet, to struggle, in order to find its due and true place. That which, in a great measure, accounts for this state of things is the one-sided education of our musicians themselves—in general, at least. Their whole attention is directed, in most instances, towards the technical side of musical art. Their

appreciation of the history, the philosophy of their art is a dark indistinct understanding and presentiment, and many of the false theories about music are due, in a great extent, to their want of a more general knowledge and logical power. Thus, the æsthetical side of music is entirely in the hands of the philosophers and speculative authors, who have, unfortunately, not the necessary technical musical education, and whose theories, therefore, are built on sand. Or else it rests in the hands of amateur authors, who write about the art as their fancies lead them. . . .

Music is not an isolated art. It forms a most necessary link in the great family of arts. Its origin is to be looked for at the same source as that of the other arts. Its ideal functions are also the same.

How important is it, for the understanding of our modern art-culture (if a sound and reliable judgment is to be gained), to possess a fair knowledge of the growth and development of musical forms. Besides the instruction this study affords, what a source of intellectual and artistic enjoyment it presents. We, at the same time, follow and observe the different changes of forms which the human mind creates in order to express its feelings and emotions as influenced by the current thoughts of particular times. Music is a great and, in many respects, a reliable guide in the study of human progress and development. No art is more closely connected with the inner life of man than music, whose magic power steps in at precisely the point where the positive expression of language fails. The very essence of man's existence, it participates in his struggles, triumphs, reverses, and necessarily in its forms and expressions resembles those different phases.

THE REV. CANON SHUTTLEWORTH.

There is one branch of art which has always been recognized as foremost among means and helps to devotion. We broke the sculptured figures and painted glories of the saints, that formerly looked down upon the kneeling congregations; but we still sang psalms. We covered over the old frescoes upon the church walls with whitewash and plaster; but we developed a noble English school of anthem and service-music. Even poetry was banished from our Prayer-book, so far as that was possible, when the old hymns were dropped out of it. But music has always remained. The practice of the cathedrals and the larger parish churches, carrying out as it did the express direction of the rubrics in the Prayer-book, witnessed to the original intention of the Reformers, and to the ineradicable instincts of the people. Our English church service was meant to be a musical service: and, however imperfectly, the tradition has always been preserved among us. We rejected painting; we destroyed sculpture; we would have none of the divers colors of needlework; we preferred the prosaic and halting measures of Tate and Brady, to the wealth

of poetry enshrined in the ancient Latin hymns. But we kept our music. English psalm-tunes are the noblest Church melodies in the world; English cathedral music is a development purely national, of the highest artistic value and the deepest religious interest, if scarcely through any other, the beauty of the Lord our God has been upon us.

1. Music is, in the first place, the voice of God to the soul. There are other ways, my friends, of preaching the Gospel than by speaking from a pulpit. A singer filled with the power and the pathos of some great spiritual song, can touch the hearts of men who would listen unmoved to the most eloquent of sermons. The voice of the organ or of the orchestra, interpreting the consecrated thought of a great composer, has carried home, often and again, the message of the Gospel of Christ. The strange, uplifting power of a mighty chorus is familiar to us all; not one of us but has felt it; most of us have known it in this place. And in the passion of the singer, in the manifold voices of strings or keys, in the great brotherhood of choral song, we reverently recognize that voice which pleads in every heart, but which uses human means to win the human race; the voice of the Most High God. The beauty of the music, which so strangely stirs us is a "broken light" of that eternal beauty, a gleam of which surely shone upon the dying eyes of Charles Kingsley, as he murmured at the last, "How beautiful God is." My brethren of these gathered choirs, is it not a great thought for you, that through the music of your voices God speaks to the souls of men? that in your measure and in your sphere, you, too, are preachers of the glorious Gospel of Christ? If the priest's lips should keep wisdom, so, surely, should the chorister's. If it is ours to set an example, it is also yours. The white robe of our office is shared with you; we sit side by side in the sacred precincts of the sanctuary; and, in the old time, the singer was in orders as well as we; the difference one of degree, scarcely of kind. And thus you will banish all light unworthy thoughts of your office and your work as church singers. You will consecrate your lives by prayer and communion; you will ever be mindful of the meaning of your white dress. You, too, are of those through whom the beauty of the Lord our God comes upon your fellow men.

2. And music is, in the second place, the voice of the heart's aspiration towards God. It is the speech of the spirit, the language of the soul. What we cannot utter, but only dimly feel, that music seems to say for us. It is the voice of our unshaped and unspoken prayers; its heavenward strains are the wings of our dull and flagging devotion. The melody of a hymn is often for us the expression of a spiritual emotion; a phrase from oratorio or anthem, wedded to some text of Scripture, some verse of a psalm, calls up and tells forth a mood of penitence, an aspiration after a Christ-like life, an utterance of abiding hope, or the expression of fervent faith.

Who can hear, for instance, the opening chords of the "Dead March," without a sudden solemnizing of the spirit as if in the presence of the dead? Who can listen to the characteristic phrase of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and not dart up an unspoken but deeply felt Alleluia to the throne of God? Music is not merely a mode of preaching; it is a form of prayer. So he who saw the vision of the City of God in the Apocalypse has told us that music is the highest symbol of the eternal life of the blessed; that unbroken and unspoiled harmony is the truest likeness of the rest and the activities of heaven. If it is much, my brethren of the choirs, to speak to men's souls, it is perhaps an even higher privilege to speak for them; to voice the most sacred emotions of their inmost being; to find utterance for the feeling which in them is too deep for words. Oh, what a high and holy service is this of the chorister! Let him remember how, in regard to a sister art, it has been said that no painter ever lived a base or a careless life without showing deterioration in the delicacy and purity of his color. Can a chorister be indifferent or conceited, sensual or selfish, coarse-minded or unspiritual, without tainting and defiling the freshness and sweetness of his song? I trow not. What a man is, that must of necessity color and characterize his work. Let earnestness, reality, following after the Lord Jesus Christ, be the dominant motives which rule your lives. So shall they enter unconsciously into your music, and the beauty of the Lord your God be upon you, and upon us.

LEO TOLSTOI.

What is music? What effect does it produce? And in virtue of what does it produce the effect that we see it produce?

Music forces me to forget myself and my true state, it transports me to some other state which is not mine. Under its influence I fancy I experience what I really do not feel, that I understand what I do not comprehend, that I am able to do what is completely beyond my power. I explain this by the supposition that music acts like yawning or laughing; thus, although not sleepy, I yawn if I see others yawning; although I see nothing to laugh at, I burst out laughing simply if I hear others laughing. Music instantaneously throws me into that state of feeling in which the composer of it found himself when he wrote it. My soul blends with his, and together with him, I am transported from one frame of mind to another. But why I am so ravished out of myself I know not. He who composed the piece—Beethoven, for instance, in the case of the Kreutzer Sonata—knew perfectly well why he was in that mood; it was that mood that determined him to do certain things, and therefore for him that state of mind has a meaning; for me it has absolutely none. This is why it is that music only causes irritation, never ends anything. It is a different thing if a military march is played: then the soldiers move forward, keeping time to the music, and the end is attained.

If dance-music is played, people dance to it, and the object is also accomplished. If a Mass is sung, I receive Holy Communion; and here, too, the music is not in vain. But in other cases there is nothing but irritation, and no light to act during this irritation. Hence the terrible effects that music occasionally produces. In China music is a state concern, and this is as it should be. Could it be tolerated in any country that any one who takes the fancy may hypnotize any one else and then do with him whatever he has a mind to, especially if this magnetizer is—Heaven knows who—an immoral character, for instance?

It is indeed a terrible weapon in the hands of those who know how to employ it. Take the Kreutzer Sonata, for example: is it right to play that first presto in a drawing-room to ladies in low dresses? to play that presto; then to applaud it, and immediately afterwards to eat ice creams and discuss the latest scandal? Such pieces as this are only to be executed in rare and solemn circumstances of life, and even then only if certain important deeds that harmonize with this music are to be performed. It is meant to be played and then to be followed by the feats for which it nerves you; but to call into life the energy of a sentiment which is not destined to manifest itself by any deed, how can that be otherwise than baneful?

MISS SUSAN WOOD.

We must not forget that music, like poetry, has more power to sway the emotions of the middle-aged than of the young. This is true at any rate of the more complex and subtle compositions. You often hear a complaint made that a child does not play "with expression." Expression of what? I ask. How can she express feelings if the music has excited no feeling in her? Let her first live; when she has lived and felt, she will play with "feeling." Let her first seek to play truly, to play as the composer directs his work to be played; and to do this let her study, not merely the exact force of all the symbols of musical notation, but let her be well aware of all that the composition involves. In a word let her study the laws of rhythm and of harmony, and that from the very first lesson, both with the voice and on the musical instrument. But harmony, it will be objected, is a dry study; surely we shall find it difficult to excite the interest of young children in it. It is because it is made usually a matter of paper work only, that older people find it dry. But if it were taught, as it is not, in connection with the practical part of instruction, each would throw light on the other, and it would be felt that neither is complete without the other.

AMERICAN MUSIC.

By Arthur Farwell, Composer; Lecturer on Music; Authority on Indian Folk-Lore and Music.

THE increasing frequency with which the subject of American music is brought to our attention by writers in many parts of the country indicates a general national awakening to native musical possibilities which is of more than passing interest. That the subject is continually nibbled at and not dealt with fundamentally is due to the fact that most commentators are sectional and not broadly American in their sympathies. In their search for premature artistic requirements they overlook the rough but vital native musical elements that must be hewn into shape before even the foundations of our musical art will be thoroughly established. The foundations of our technic are already laid by the composers whose names are too well known to need mentioning. But with an East affording a technical appreciation coupled with a thwarting indifference to national artistic influences outside of itself, and a North, a South, and a West rich with an inexhaustible supply of raw material but without the means of adequately refining it, we are well-nigh at a deadlock. Not that the East, within itself, is not developing a notable musical art, but such an art, however highly it be developed, is foredoomed to a Europeanization that must always tend to alienate it from the American people as a whole, and to prevent it from representing in music what America, as a whole, represents in human development.

That we stand in a significant and critical moment in our musical development there can be no doubt. But there is nothing difficult, complicated, nor mysterious in our solution of this crisis if we will but take a sufficiently broad view of the situation. In fact, it is being solved for us, day by day, and needs but a large sympathetic understanding on our part, and a slight initiative to remove all obstacles to the broadest musical development of which America is capable.

Of fundamental importance is it to recognize that now is the moment of breaking away from that in the past which is thwarting to present growth, from the special styles and forms of music that have expressed the individuality of other lands, to forms that shall express the individuality of our own. Undoubtedly the magnitude, the largeness of spirit, the seriousness of the great works of the past are to be retained, but not their outgrown meaning for the race, nor their outgrown technical system. It will no longer be a virtue that an American musical work shall tally the outlines and colors of the works of the German or of the Russian or French masters. We have passed the Imitative stage and have entered upon the

Creative, when our musical works must stand by the possession of qualities not shared by works of any other time or place. For, failing this, individuality fails, and failing individuality, we can have no significant nor dynamic musical art. For it is the establishment of an appropriate and vitalized individuality that insures universal significance in any art. Excellence in imitation, however great, cannot lead us out of the Egypt of lifeless provincialism into the promised land of creative art.

Every country that has had the will to do anything in music has had first to face our problem, which, rightly looked at, is no problem at all, but a normal step in growth. We know that Thespis succeeded in the overripe lyrical atmosphere of Athens with his development of the Hellenic Wild West show, the Dionysus chorus—but we no longer take into account, in our reckonings, the discussions, the oppositions, the organizations, the public and private argumentations which must have occurred in the process of the Athenian broadening, which made possible the greatest art work of Greece. It is the very virtue of the past that its ugliness dies in favor of its beauty. We are no longer conscious of the wrenchings and twistings with which early German music must have broken away from the enthralment of the Italians. The developments inaugurated by Beethoven and carried on by the later German romanticists, inevitable as they were, did not prevail easily or without multitudinous organization and action in their behalf. The creator himself may keep out of the fray, as did Beethoven, or enter it, as did Schumann and Wagner. But human action there must be always, on the part of some one or some group, in the carrying of progressive ideas.

Russia is a noteworthy example of the result of concerted action, both toward the development of individuality in its musical art, and toward gaining recognition for that individuality. The Germanic tradition threatened Russia's musical existence, and Russia's musical will to live carried its national musical art through the crisis, not to that unthinkable "universality" that is being asked for on some hands in American music, but to a normal national individuality, which has made it an intimate present factor in modern musical civilization. From Gade to Grieg in Norway, and from Smetana to Dvorak in Bohemia, are examples, dangerously trite to be sure, of the manner in which nations step out of a feeble or a respectable provincialism into a national art of universal interest and significance. Modern French music, looked up to by so many as the highest point attained in modern music, possesses above all other things a distinctive individuality, an individuality which is certainly not German, nor Russian, nor Chinese, and which we must probably be compelled to recognize as French.

The solution of the situation in America lies in work, not alone on the part of the composer,—he has already been at work long enough to keep the rest of us busy for some time,—but, as well, on the part

of every individual man or woman who cares. First of all, theory as to what American music will be or should be, will have to be put wholly aside, for it interferes fatally with an understanding of what American music is. American music is, and will be, just what the composers of America make it; it cannot by any possibility or chance be anything else. Therefore we must watch, react upon and encourage the composer as he is, if we wish him to become constantly better. But as to the subjects and themes which stimulate him, there we must allow him the completest liberty, knowing that the artist will work out his self-development most swiftly and surely, in proportion as he works on themes of his own choice, which will make his brain work better and his heart beat faster than any themes of our choosing to which we may try to hold him.

Every corner of America to-day has its appropriate musical expression, and it matters little whether that expression be in a primitive or in a more highly developed condition. It is enough that these forces are alive, growing, and characteristic. If we will live the whole musical life of our country, sympathizing with and enjoying its every aspect, rougher and more refined, wherever beauty and truth of expression are found, we must realize that a musical democratization of our natures alone will enable us to do so. There must be a willingness on our part to be, in our imaginations or our sympathies, at a moment's notice, a cowboy ranging the plains, a Southern planter taking his leisure or his slave at work, an Omaha chief watching the approach of the Thunder god; or with equal readiness we are to share the idealizations of these motives through the tonal medium of our more immediate fellow man, the composer,—or still other motives, nameless, innumerable, expressible only in tone, revealing the peculiar sense of beauty or of spiritual aspiration of our time.

In short, our national musical individuality is, paradoxically, various, as it should be, and comes to us through two channels, through direct new inventions of the American composer, and through American folk-song of all kinds. The only difference between our development of a characteristic musical art and that of the European nations, is that we are organized as a nation at a time when musical evolution is in full swing, and secondly, that we gain our characteristic folk-song through the sympathetic contact of a democratic civilization instead of through direct racial inheritance. This situation leads to two dangers, imitation and scorn of native resources; but it presents also two signal advantages, a working-system of technic already developed, and an inexhaustible mine of new material. The true nature of this situation cannot be taken too deeply to heart if we are to share in the upbuilding of American musical art as a whole.

Of direct new invention by American composers there is a greater quantity than we imagine. The significant American composer is beginning to lift his head in Illinois, in Missouri, in California.

Evanston (Illinois), not to mention Chicago, is producing its own string quartettes, quintettes, its choruses and cantatas, with full knowledge of the highest modern standards. San Francisco has its annual native music-drama of Wagnerian proportions, produced every summer at Guerneville in the open of the redwood grove of the Bohemian Club. The shelves of our composers everywhere are filled with manuscripts which should be aired and relegated to oblivion, or placed where they belong in the activities of our musical life. Much of true inventive value has been incorporated in works in small forms by our composers, largely because such forms offer less discouragement to the composer in bringing them to a hearing. A type of such work, a "Verlaine Mood," by Henry F. Gilbert, was heard in a piano recital by Félix Fox, in Boston, and it was of interest to note the readiness of the critics to give it serious consideration beyond other works on the programme. This should happen more frequently, and especially with works in larger forms. It is stultifying and distorting to all art growth that the artist should pile up unknown and unheard works on his shelves while proceeding to the creation of new ones. A free channel between artist and public should be maintained along the margin of progress as well as in the field of past and present achievement.

Of American folk-song there is a quantity so vast, and of so poetic and appealing a quality, that it is safe to say that its possibilities of development will endure as long as there remain possibilities of development in American civilization. By reason of the composite nature of America's humanity, all the world's folk-song might be regarded as legitimate material for development by native composers. But among the many branches of folk-song that thrive in different parts of the land, owing to the various nationalities of our pioneers, certain varieties predominate in quantity and in the extent of their absorption into and influence upon American life. But first we must consider our indisputable native folk-song, the popular street music, "ragtime." Antonin Dvorak said that no nation in the world has such interesting street music as ourselves. "Ragtime" prevails in every city and town of the United States to-day. It is not only the musical utterance of the uncultured, it is the determining factor in the musical life of almost the entire nation of educated American youth to-day. Look on the pianos of a thousand American homes, chosen at random, of the rich and the poor, the cultured and the ignorant, wherever there are young people—you will find always the sonatas of Beethoven, placed there by the music teacher, and a goodly assortment of ragtime, placed there by the pupil, who plays the Beethoven laboriously or indifferently, and the rhythmic intricacies of the ragtime with incredible ease and unbounded spirit. Whatever this phenomenon may signify, it is at least to be reckoned with. Ragtime has vital and sparkling rhythms, wholesome and invigorating melodies, and lacks only seriousness of treatment as

folk-song capable of being artistically developed, to let its freshness stand forth shorn of its present insignificant and trivial setting. Nor are our composers wholly unaware of this. Several "Ragtime Studies," by Harvey W. Loomis, while too surprising to be grasped at once in their true significance, offer a fascinating and not too easy task to the trained musical perception.

Of the other departments of American folk-song, the Indian, the Negro, and the Spanish-American occupy perhaps the largest spheres. Beyond these are the folk-songs of the cowboys, the Tennessee mountaineers, the Maine woodsmen, the sailors, the Creoles, and still others. As the Indian has stamped his romance upon every State in the Union, his folk-lore has the broadest claim to general national interest. Of his folk-songs, probably ten thousand are now accessible in written or phonographic records, and many times that number could probably be obtained by research among the existing tribes. The dignity and poetic breadth of the Indian melodies qualify them most naturally for orchestral treatment, and it is likely to be in this form that they will find their most significant use.

It would be difficult at this day to express the life and spirit of the South in music without, unconsciously at least, having recourse to the Negro melody or its type. It is already an ineradicable factor in American musical life, and its serious study and development have already begun.

The Spanish-American folk-song, with its distinct sub-species, the Spanish-Indian song, is inseparable from the romance of the Southwest, and in quantity and quality affords a surprise to the one who is rash enough to begin a study of it. There is an embarrassment of thematic riches awaiting the future California symphonist. The first practical application of this inexhaustible material, so far as is known, was made by the writer in preparing the incidental music for a dramatic performance of "Ramona," which took place in Los Angeles.

The cowboy folk-song is less known, but presents the hitherto unsuspected existence of a purely American folk-song of the plains, of which we will know more in time.

Viewing these many possibilities it seems as if there never was a time so providentially favorable to the creation of a diverse yet characteristic musical art of unlimited potency. But not until now has the moment been ripe for the birth of a definite movement which shall take advantage of this situation, and make a constructive use of its latent forces. The organization of a society for this purpose, the study and development of American music as a whole, recently effected in Boston, is timely in the extreme, and will give American composers, music lovers, and students an impulse and an opportunity not afforded by any other city.

In all work for national progress we must be true to the immediate needs and forces of our own time. Ends are not gained by seizing

the ideal at once, but by approaching it normally. And may it not be that the greatest, the most vital need of the moment is that we should take the most all-embracing, the most liberal and democratic view of the situation? Perhaps on no other ground can we foster a growth broad enough for the requirements of the American spirit.

OUR NATIONAL AIRS.

By Louis C. Elson.

WAR is almost impossible without songs, and the music of "Yankee Doodle" being played by the British troops marching to Lexington, it was adopted by the patriots under the name of the "Lexington March." It had been introduced into Boston nearly ten years before by the British army and used to insult the pious Puritans on Sunday, with various doggerel verses containing local thrusts. "'Yankee Doodle' began and ended the Revolution," for the victorious Americans, remembering Lexington, played it while Cornwallis' troops marched out of Yorktown. It was, perhaps, first officially recognized as a national American air at Ghent, at a banquet given in honor of the American treaty commissioners in 1814, when Henry Clay's colored body-servant whistled it for the bandmaster, who harmonized and reproduced it.

"America" or "God Save the Queen" really belongs to England, but it certainly has the qualities of a national anthem, for it has been adopted by no less than six nations, and Handel's Austrian hymn is reminiscent of it, although written with the avowed purpose of giving that country something which should be distinctive and fill the same place for the Austrian that "God Save the King" did then in England. It had several American settings before its present one by Mr. Smith.

"Hail Columbia" is regarded as the American national song by Europeans, and this is not unfitting, as both words and music are native. It was written as a march and called the "President's March" before Hopkinson fitted words to it for an actor friend during the political excitement of 1798. "The Star-Spangled Banner" is sung to the tune of a jolly English drinking song, "To Anacreon in Heaven," and the author himself fitted it to the music. Other American settings had been given to the music before, one by Robert Treat Paine, Jr., on "Adams and Liberty," a political song.

The war of 1812 produced a crop of crude but dashing sea songs, one of which recites the tale of the fight of the Constitution and the Guerrière. The Civil War produced many songs, but few of any par-

From an address by Louis C. Elson, author of "History of American Music." "Our National Music and Its Sources," etc., etc. By permission.

ticular merit. It is a curious fact that "Dixie," the greatest of the war songs, was of northern origin, and "John Brown" was a southern Sunday-school air transplanted to Fort Warren, where its original words were supplanted by a satire on a Scotchman of the Twelfth Massachusetts. Then "John Brown's Body," as it had become, was carried southward by the moving regiment, and was caught up in New York and elsewhere. It has become one of the great marching songs of the world and is sung everywhere; it cheered Kitchener's soldiers in the Soudan, and was heard on the battlefields of South Africa.

While Dr. and Mrs. Howe were in the South they heard the soldiers, just after a skirmish, singing "John Brown's Body." Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who accompanied them, said to Mrs. Howe: "You ought to write some better words for that." She answered: "I will try," and the result was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

PLANTATION MELODIES.

By Carl Holliday, M. A., Instructor in English Literature in the University of Virginia.

DOUBTLESS the most spontaneous outburst of song known to modern days is found in the plantation melodies of the American negro. Unfortunately for our poetry at least, the United States sprang into existence, a civilized, intelligent, prosaic nation, almost entirely devoid of the national body of folk-lore which every great European people considers a priceless treasure of antiquity. And in the years which have followed that sudden appearance of a new commonwealth there have been among the whites—with the possible exception of a few ballads found among the mountaineers of Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina—no melodies unique and springing from the people. The conditions that led to an *Iliad,* a *Beowulf,* a *Nibelungen Lied,* a *Song of Roland,* an *Arthurian Legend,* or a *Robin Hood Ballad* have never been present to bring forth a song of America's birth and childhood. Of all the builders of the nation the negro alone has created a species of lyric verse that all the world may recognize as a distinctly American production.

The black men are undoubtedly the best *natural* musicians and orators among modern peoples. Under the stress of religious emotion the most illiterate of their preachers may startle the listener by a wonderful power in word-painting, while their ear for music is so true as to enable them to form without a moment's hesitation correct

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harmonies for almost any melody. Song is to them the very soul of life; it is an ever-present companion; it is a helper in toil, a pastime in idleness, a comforter in times of sorrow. Sometimes amidst the city's hurrying throng a long line of negroes may be seen silently and doggedly working on the track or in the trench. Suddenly above the multitudinous sounds of the quivering street there will burst forth a strange great chord like the peal of a mighty organ; scores take it up, a hundred, five hundred, all along the far-stretched line of bended backs; and, as the picks clink and the shovels grate, a chorus is lifted that carries the soul far away from the hot walls and echoing pavements. How strange, how weird is that harmony, so unmodern, so redolent of an age long past! And down on the gray, sweltering dock and far away at the cabin door by the cotton-field, the same melodies are arising—the folk-songs of a people united by their love of music. Suddenly, while the soul is in the midst of such meditations, the chorus ceases, and once more the listening ear hears among the babel of sounds, the clink of the picks and the grating of the shovels.

Perhaps the song was some mournful refrain bearing the memories of a pagan religion of fear:

"I am sinking,
I am sinking,
I am sinking
Down in death!
Lord have mercy,
Lord have mercy,
Lord have mercy
On my soul!"

Perhaps it was the more triumphant theme of *Roll Jordan, Roll:*

"My bruddah sitting on de tree of life
An' he hyeah when Jordan roll.
Roll, Jordan,
Roll, Jordan,
Roll, Jordan, roll:
Oh, march de angel march,
O my soul, rise in Heaven, Lord,
For to hyeah when Jordan roll!"

Again, it may have been that crooning lyric, *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,* with its drawn-out refrain:

"Oh, de good ole chariot swing so low,
I don't want to leave me behine,
Oh, swing low, sweet chariot,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
I don't want to leave me behine."

But whatever the song, there is ever a quaintness, a sense of something not belonging to this age and place,—a something that fills the unfamiliar listener with an emotion of pity. In the words, indeed, the melody may be a reckless, rollicking one, such as the old *Savannah Freeman's Song:*

"Heave away, heave away:
I'd rathah court a yellow gal than work fah Henry Clay:
Heave away, heave away!
Yellow gal, I want to go,
I'd rathah court a yellow gal than work fah Henry Clay!"

But the minor key so suggestive of mourning, and the weird ending, ceasing, as it always does, on just the note least expected and thus causing us to wait involuntarily for the next,—these turn every song into a thing of strange pathos.

However, the theme is seldom of such a rollicking nature as that in the example just given. Religion has been the most fascinating subject that ever held the attention of the black man; and to the ante-bellum negro, especially, it constituted the ruling passion of life. The revival, the "protracted meeting," the soul-terrifying conviction of sin, the shouting conversion, and the religious trance were to him, never shams and hypocrisies, but rapturous realities. But even here sadness prevails:

"Bending knees aching, body racked with pain,
I wish I was a chile of God, I'd git home bimeby!
Keep praying, I do believe,
We're a long time wagging o'er de crossing;
Keep praying, I do believe,
We'll git home to heaven bimeby!"

Again, notice the cheerful conception of death in such lines as these:

"No mo' peck of corn fah me,
No mo'; no mo';
No mo' peck of corn fah me,
Many thousand go!

"No mo' auction-block fah me,
No mo'; no mo';
No mo' auction-block fah me,
Many thousand go!"

And what longing for Heaven—the old-time bejewelled, glittering, material Heaven—found expression in these rude chants! As with all primitive races, the Scriptural figures of speech are taken literally, and the home over yonder is a place of surprising wealth.

"I ain't been thah,
But I've been tole
(Histe the window, let the dove come in!)
The gates am pearl,
The streets am gole,
(Histe the window, let the dove come in!)"

Heaven is also a land of meetings, of eternal union with loved ones:

"I have a fathah ovah yondah,
I have a fathah ovah yondah,
I have a fathah ovah yondah,
Way ovah in de promis' lan'!
Bimeby I'll go to see him,
Bimeby I'll go to see him,
Bimeby I'll go to see him,
Way ovah thah!"

And thus the family death-record continues until the mother, sisters, brothers, wives, sons, daughters, and sometimes even the nephews and cousins have been remembered aloud.

Judgment Day was the inexhaustible subject of the ante-bellum negro exhorter, and, once under its influence, his imagination ran riot. The thunder of Gabriel's trumpet resounded; the lightning flashed; the moon and the stars turned to blood; the sun went out; the earth shrivelled as a parchment; and the dead of all ages arose and walked in their funeral shrouds. In all seriousness, some of the sermons on this subject as preached by negroes even of the twentieth century are so startlingly vivid as to compel sympathy with the groaning and hysterical audience. In speaking thus of the sermons, we likewise describe the songs of resurrection.

"Gabriel, blow youah trumpet,
Lord, how loud will I blow it?
Loud as seven peals of thundah,
Wake de sleeping nations,
Den you see po' sinnahs rising,
See de dry bones a-creeping,
In dat great gitting-up morning.
Fare you well! Fare you well!"

It is a time of tumult. Phrases must express the meaning of whole sentences:

"In de morning,
In de morning,
Chil'en? Yes, my Lord!
Don't you hyeah de trumpet sound?
If I had a-died when I was young,
I nevah would had de race fah to run.
Don't you hyeah de trumpet sound?"

MOZART AND HIS SISTER PLAYING BEFORE MARIA THERESA

AFTER THE PAINTING BY A. BORCKMAN

At the age of four Mozart played the clavichord and composed a number of minuets and other pieces. His sister was similarly talented and when he was six years old the pair played before The Elector of Bavaria in Munich and the Emperor Francis I. in Vienna.

Such were the melodies born of slavery. In them are the heart-cries of a nation living under a cloud, the vague, half-conscious gropings for something unattained. The note of sadness is sincere. Here is indeed little of the character found in the counterfeit "coon-song" so popular in these first years of the twentieth century; the two are not of the same spirit. Nor are the beautiful lyrics, *Suwanee Ribber, Old Kentucky Home,* and others composed through the art of the white man, in the same class as the real plantation songs. In their half-expressed thoughts, their minor keys, their swaying rhythm, and their unexpected endings, they are absolutely unique; they defy imitation; and musical instruments founded upon the prevailing tonic scale cannot repeat their harmonies. They seem destined, therefore, to perish with their quaint and melodious singers. In them America has had a rich but now, alas! surely vanishing treasure.

SONG IN THE HOME.

By A. A. Berle.

NEXT to the ability to pray, the best gift that God has given to men is the ability to sing! This was a saying of Martin Luther, the truth of which has been verified by many generations of mankind since his time. The power of song in human life, is one of the most remarkable facts about human life, and the utilization which has been made, and is being made, of song is one of the wonderful stories of the increasing knowledge of men.

Long before the mechanism of the human voice was understood, or the influence of harmonious sounds upon the mind had been scientifically analyzed, it was known that the voice had wonderful curative powers. Powerful monarchs, great soldiers, influential statesmen, and leaders of men generally, sought to gain peace of mind, and effective release from the cares of life, by bringing sweet singers before them, the music of whose voices drove from their minds the recollection of their anxieties.

An even more wonderful manifestation is that recorded in the Bible about King Saul, who unquestionably, as we now know, had periodical fits of insanity. At such times they brought to him the youthful David, the sweet singer of Israel, and we are told that the singing of the youth drove away the "evil spirit." It was from this observation that medical men first began to suspect that music had a medicinal character, and might be used helpfully for diseased minds, and this is now done in every institution where the sick in mind are treated. But what is thus good for the sick in mind is equally good for those who are not sick!

Almost all animals make crooning noises when they are happy, and the mother who sways back and forth, making pleasant noises even

if she does not call it "singing," as she presses her child to her breast, is really illustrating an almost universal law. In man, this harmonious noise has developed into song, and thus song has become one of the great arts, and the greatest single gift of the human race.

Almost every great moment in human experience has been expressed in song. The birth of children is hailed with song. The adventures of youth in love and war are expressed in tender or heroic songs. Marriage is one of the great occasions for outbursts of singing, and birthdays, and anniversaries of all kinds, are universally heralded by singing. Even down to old age and death, song follows us, the last rites being usually accompanied with musical expression by the voice, and some of the noblest eulogies of the poet and the musician, have been brought forth in the funeral song.

The reason for this is that song is the medium through which we tell our feelings. What cannot be uttered in speech can often be sung in a song. Sometimes great messages, which minstrels have not dared to tell their rulers in plain language, have been conveyed through the medium of singing. In almost every great ceremony of any kind, it is the voice of song that has given it the proper setting. That is why we so often gather the great chorus after a war, to sing the glories of peace, or equally to gird the loins of the soldier going forth, by strains of song. The one releases the pent-up feelings that have been held down by the anxieties of the war, and the other hides the same anxieties that the soldier may not see the breaking hearts revealed in the faces of his loved ones as he marches away.

The public expression in song is therefore well known and universal. But it is in the home that the use and beauty of song reaches its highest altitude. Here we have the sweetest emotions, the tenderest feelings, the deepest feelings and the most piercing sorrows. Here love which cannot be uttered must find an expression. Here the anxieties, which are akin to life itself, must find a way to come to the surface, and when the lips will not speak, and the power of other action is paralyzed, the song from the soul and spirit comes like a heaven-sent messenger and gives the touch of liberty and peace. The home is the place where song should begin, as it is the place where the last song on earth is sung. Home singing, both by the individuals in the home, and by the entire household together, should be the fixed rule of every home.

Strangely enough, there is a superstition still surviving that there are some persons who can never learn to sing. This is not true, except of people who are in some way defective, either in the ears or in the throat. Nobody should take it for granted that he cannot sing, and of children it should be proved beyond all possibility of doubt, before they are permitted to stop making the effort. To give up, or to fail to develop the habit of singing, is to deny to children especially one of the most useful of arts and perhaps the most helpful personal re-

source for happiness of mind. By all means, teach every child that it must sing, and use every effort and employ every device known to make him sing.

Many parents have told me that they could not sing themselves, and that it was natural that their children should not sing, but this is almost never true. The littlest children take naturally to song, and sometimes great musicians develop from a soil where it was once believed that no singer could emerge. If you think you cannot sing, at least make a "friendly noise," as a child once called some attempts of my own! But in later years I found that I could sing Latin and Greek and multiplication tables, and almost everything else to my children to their great delight and pleasure.

In these days when musical instruments have multiplied so that almost every household has one of some kind, there is some danger that people will substitute the instrument for the voice. Take great care to avoid this. Do not let the noblest instrument of all go uncultivated, because it is not only the best, but often the most profitable. There is no resource so valuable, viewed even from the commercial standpoint, as a pleasant and musical voice, and singing in the home tends to modify the harshness and the roughness of voices, which are not naturally sweet and musical. Do not let the Victrola, for example, educate your feet in dancing, while it unfits your voice for singing! Sing with it, and with every instrument, because the only reason for the instrument, and the only reason you have it, is because the greatest instrument of all, the human voice, preceded it. It was to reproduce what the voice brings into the heart and soul of man that instruments were invented.

In the early days of our country when the land was but sparsely populated, and people lived often a great distance from each other, they came together not only for the social companionship, but often for singing, and thus the earliest singing schools began. Many old people are still living, who can tell what these community "sings" did for them, and we, as a nation, are happily beginning community singing again. In this way, there is begotten a tide of common feelings which makes much for the joy and the peace of a village or a small town.

But if this is true of a village or country settlement, it is even more true in the home. The singing of hymns does much to cultivate the spirit of family religion, and helps to smooth out the rough places in home life. A wise mother, hearing an angry speech from one of her children to another, stepped into the breach and asked the angry child to sing what she had just been saying! The effect was electrical. The child looked confused and felt how stupid it would be to try to sing what had just come so harshly out of her throat. Now said the mother, "When you are tempted to angry or rough speech, just try to sing it and you will feel how foolish and unreasonable such speeches are."

Out of this instruction came a very funny episode. Another of the children of the same household was in the midst of an angry discussion, when the other children unanimously cried out, "Sing it!" It is needless to say that the anger was dispelled, and the whole group burst out into laughter. Thus a "soft voice turneth away wrath" as well as a "soft answer." It has been said, and probably truly, that men never begin evil deeds with singing. Melody does not lend itself naturally to what is disagreeable or ill-tempered or criminal. Careless singing to evil sentiments has been tried often enough,—but it is rather dismal, unless a thorough state of criminality has been reached.

In most American homes, it is probable, that to begin the day with singing is well nigh impossible, though families with school children might easily arrange it, as is done now in many households; but it is surely possible for most homes to end the day with song, especially the "good night song" when the children go to bed. This custom should begin with the early life of the children, and be continued as long as possible. In some homes, as in my own, we sing together when we meet and when we part, and often in between because the songs we all, parents and children alike, grew up together with, form the strongest bond of our family life. We have sung our way through life together, and these songs, even the simplest of them, are landmarks of our progress together.

The science of tone production in small children has now reached a very important stage, and I have heard small children in New York City do very wonderful things, singing, which we would have been told a very few years since was absolutely impossible to the child voice. But as I listened to them I thought not merely of the tone-production, but the happier life, the more peaceful homes, and the greater usefulness as fathers and mothers, which these children would achieve, because of this cultivation of the voice.

One point in the family singing which I must take this occasion to impress upon the reader is that there should be great pains taken to get accurate vocalization and articulation. Do not let the children say the words of a song in a slovenly, slipshod fashion; make them say them as clearly as they can and have some one with a clear voice and a good articulation, go over the song first, while the children hum the tune and listen to the words. Then they will begin right. They will hear the words as they actually are and they will speak them with precision and distinctness. All this makes not only for pleasure, but for other things as well.

The ancient Greeks thought so much of this that they placed musical training, singing especially, upon a plane of importance with the highest of their educational subjects, and the great Olympic games, which we now think of chiefly as athletic sports, gave their highest prizes and their greatest honors, not to the athlete, but to the sweetest singer. Some day we shall revive that also in our Olympic games.

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A GROUP OF THE GREATEST SINGERS.

1. Emma Eames.
2. Jean De Rezke.
3. Geraldine Farrar.
4. Pol Plancon
5. Madame Nordica.
6. Signor Caruso.

There is a direct relation between the moral life and song. The whole question of behavior is affected by habits of singing which is only just beginning to be understood. All the passions are so allied to the nervous system and so many moral acts have their origin in the nerves that whatever can possibly affect this part of the human organism should receive the closest attention from everybody.

For example, it has been noticed by scientists that people with the singing habit, if not otherwise sick or disordered, lead more cheerful lives and live longer than others. The disposition which produces violence is less among such persons and where it is properly guided and controlled by the singing habit is one of the most powerful incentives to work and industry.

Many years ago the English parliament sent a commission to Germany to find out why it was that the German workmen were so much more productive than the English workmen. It had been found that German goods were underselling the English products in most of the markets of the world where the two came into competition. They found a number of reasons of which it is not necessary to speak here.

But one of the most interesting of them all was that they found that the German workmen wherever it did not interfere with the work were in the habit of singing over their work and that this made them happier, more ready to work patiently, and more productive. They found that most factories had bands and singing societies and that in their homes the families joined in the singing. In many cases they found that the wives and children were also members of these workmen's choruses and that the entire industry showed a happier life because of this fact.

They also found that in such factories the moral life of the people was cleaner, more wholesome, and more sound in many ways. This is undoubtedly the result wherever singing, especially home singing, is the rule and where it enters into the social life of the people. A similar result was observed a few years ago in New England, where the moral tone of villages was instantly raised by the introduction of much singing and where the youth were encouraged to sing at home. Near the place where this is written stands a little white house on a hill which is still known as the place where the J. family lived where the people used to assemble for singing many years ago because the entire J. family were singers and sang at home. This family for years filled the church choir from its own members, and one of the wise men of the village says that as a moral influence that family was almost as valuable as the church itself.

Song relieves moral tension. This is true not only because the sounds are musical and rhythmic, but because it releases muscular stiffness and energy. Most of the hard questions of the moral life arise when we are used up as we say, and are tired out, and the ordinary muscular energies are tied up and we cannot move easily or think freely. Sing-

ing instantly changes all this and even when the causes of the tension are real and very troublesome, song starts things and makes the hard path easier.

A very singular case of this was one that occurred at Buffalo some years ago during a strike when thousands of angry workmen were gathered together and undoubtedly were bent on violence. They were ready to burn and tear things up generally when in haste and fear some of the people sent for the priest of the parish where most of these workmen attended, they being Poles and many of them unable to speak English.

When the priest arrived, being a wise man and a man who understood human nature, knowing that you cannot reason with an angry man or one whose passions are so wrought up that he cannot listen to what you are saying, when he saw the condition of things, he mounted a barrel and began to sing one of the most common Polish national songs. Instantly it awoke feelings of tenderness and remembrance of the home land far away and the anger was assuaged and presently a few and then more and finally all joined in singing the Polish form of "Home, Sweet Home." Then when they became calmer he began to reason with them and told them that the way to get their rights was not by destroying things but by patiently reasoning out the right and wrong of the matter.

Soon they were calm enough to agree to wait and appoint a committee, and the violence passed off and there was no further trouble feared by anyone. That was a great triumph for song. But the victory for uprightness and calm dealing with human rights was not won at Buffalo but in the far-away Polish homes where these men had been taught by their mothers and had in their childhood imbibed the love of truth and kindness and they saw themselves once more in their childhood innocence and happiness and were made ready to try again.

Discouragement and fear are thus put to flight by the singing voice. When you are cast down, sing. When you are afraid, sing. And if you have been taught to sing and love to sing, you will sing long before the discouragement or the fear reaches a dangerous stage. Nobody who has the habit of singing at home will be so lonely that in the most lonely moments he cannot find relief enough to tide him over till the loneliness passes away and he is himself again.

The same thing is true when it comes to the grosser temptations which are common to men. These are closely allied to the physical condition, and song is their natural enemy. A famous prison superintendent when he came to the prison of which he became the head found the spirit of discontent rife among the convicts and everybody in despair over the conditions. That was why his predecessor had resigned and they had sent for him.

Among the first things that he did was to cause the prisoners when they marched from their cells to their shops and to their meals and

back again to sing to their marching. Sometimes he gave them funny song sometimes he gave them songs of sentiment, and at other times he gave them songs of the heart. One of the inspectors from whom I had the story told me that the effect was almost miraculous. The temper of the convicts improved almost over night. Their work was better, their health was better, and everything about them seemed to improve at once.

If prison life can be made endurable by the agency of song, how much it should add to those who in freedom and happiness around the fireside see only those they love and who love them and for whom it is a joy to labor and to love. Here too there are endless stories to be told which appeal to children and grown-ups alike.

A banker in one of our large cities was found to be a dishonest man. When his dishonesty was discovered the other officers of the bank said, "If we had known that he was not happy at home we should not have had such confidence in him." The unfortunate man himself made a most interesting statement of his own downfall. Stating many things which we do not need to record here he made this striking comment: "Our home used to be happy till we stopped gathering around the piano and singing together. When L. (his oldest child) left the home something seemed to drop out; it was she who played the instrument and sang to us and with us and that kept us together. I rarely left my home in the evening except with some members of my family till L. left us to be married. We seemed to have no substitute for that hour together. I never visited a gambling house in my life till we stopped singing at home—and had nothing else that we did together."

That statement will be found in the records of one of the courts of New York City. It is a most interesting statement and probably many another home will find that song is a unifying bond which does much more for the members of the family than they care to reveal to each other. There are many things members of the same family cannot say to each other that they can sing to each other and express through the feelings and the words of a common song. That should always be kept in mind and may be found the real bond of fellowship by the members of the household. The demonstrations of affection which we all like and all need sometimes are impossible because of the intensity of the feelings and the depth of the affection. Then song becomes the medium by which both get their outlet.

This culture of the emotions through song in the home has a vast significance in the relation of all the members of the household. Song is a great dispeller of suspicion, and a great medium of mutual understanding. A great prophet once made a statement to the effect that the deepest things of the nature must be spoken to the heart. It is the heart interest of the home that is most precious. Jenny Lind, the great singer, whose name for years after they had heard her made men weep, as a young singer was the pupil of the man who later became

her husband. "She can't sing," he said, though she had a magnificent technical control of her voice, "but I will marry her and break her heart, and then she will sing." And he did marry her. And he did break her heart. And forever afterward when Jenny Lind sang, men felt the agony of that aching heart, which had been broken on the altar of art.

Parents and children, and the home-folks generally, have their inward heart sorrow and distresses, and often hearts would break but for the consolations of the sympathy and tenderness of the home. Those sympathies and that tenderness find their utterance better, and more surely, in song than in any other way. Caresses are often clumsy and the time for them seems ill-chosen. Words often seem barren, even when they are sincerely spoken. But a song which has meant companionship, sympathy, fellowship in suffering, and common pain, carries its own message with it, and bids the pain to cease, and sorrow to depart.

During our Civil War two armies were camped in Tennessee within hearing distance of each other. During the evening they sang the songs of the North and the South, and sent back the challenges of their respective war songs. But as it drew to midnight, somebody started to sing "Home, Sweet Home" and after a pause both armies took up the strain and soon the whole line was singing the same song, on both sides, and before they sank to sleep to resume on the morrow the dreadful business of killing, they were lulled to rest by a song, which most of them had learned at their mother's knee, and were given thereby a few brief hours of happy dreams of home and kindred and love.

The traditions which song makes are of the most lasting character and are among the choicest cultural possessions of life. When the struggle for existence sharpens and the young person ceases to be a boy or a girl, and leaves the parental roof, all ties become more soluble and it is easy to lose the precious things which home and parents have given. Whatever strengthens these ties is of such value that it should be cherished as among the most worthy of personal resources.

A STUDY OF BEETHOVEN.

By Arthur Symons.

THE foundation of Beethoven's art is, as Wagner pointed out, a great innocence. It is the unconscious innocence of the child and the instructed innocence of the saint. Beethoven is the most childlike of musicians, and of all artists it is most natural to the musician to be childlike. There is, in every artist, a return toward childhood; he must be led by the hand through the

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streets of the world, in which he wanders open-eyed and with heedless feet. Pious hands must rock him to sleep, comfort his tears, and labor with him in his playtime. He will speak the wisdom of the child, unconsciously, without translating it into the formal language of experience.

Beethoven's naïveté can be distinguished at every moment in his music; in his simplicities, trivialities, in his ready acceptance of things as they are, and, again, in his gravities and what may seem like over emphasis. It does not occur to him that you will not take things as simply as he does. His music is "nature, heard through a temperament," and he hears the voices of nature with almost the credulity with which he hears the often deceiving voices of men.

Modern musicians are on their guard, even against nature. Wagner is never without the consciousness of so many things which his critical intelligence whispers to him that he must refrain from. What modern painter was it who said that "nature puts him out"? Wagner takes elaborate precautions against being put out by nature, and, after that, against allowing any one to suppose that nature has put him out. But Beethoven surrenders. It is unthinkable to him that a sound could deceive him.

It is usual to compare Beethoven with Shakespeare; but is he, in any sense, a dramatist? Is he not rather, if we are to speak in terms of literature, an epic poet, nearer to Homer and to Milton than to Shakespeare? When Beethoven becomes tremendous, it is the sublime, not in action, but in being; his playfulness is a nobler "Comus," a pastoral more deeply related to the innocence and ecstasy of nature. He has the heroic note of Homer, or of Milton's Satan, or of Dante, whom in some ways he most resembles; but I distinguish no Lear, no Hamlet, no Othello. Nor is his comedy Shakespearean, a playing with the pleasant humor of life on its surface; it is the gayety which cries in the bird, rustles in leaves, shines in spray; it is a voice as immediate as sunlight. Some new epithet must be invented for this music which narrates nothing, yet is epic; sings no articulate message, yet is lyric; moves to no distinguishable action, yet is already awake in the void waters, out of which a world is to awaken.

Music, as Schopenhauer has made clear to us, is not a representation of the world, but an immediate voice of the world. The musician, he tells us, "reveals the innermost essential being of the world, and expresses the highest wisdom in a language his reason does not understand." "We may take the perceptible world, or nature, and music, as two different expressions of the same thing." "Accordingly, we might call the world 'embodied music,'" music differing from all other arts in this, "that it is not an image of phenomena," but represents "the thing itself which lies behind all appearances." In the language of the Schoolmen, "concepts are *universalia post rem,* actuality *universalia in re,* whereas music gives *universalia ante rem.*"

It is thus that the musician joins hands with the child and the saint, if, as we may believe, the child still remembers something of

that imperial palace whence he came,

and the saint lives always in such a house not made with hands. The musician, through what is active in his art, creates over again, translates for us, that whole essential part of things which is ended when we speak, and deformed when we begin laboring to make it visible in marble, or on canvas, or through any of the actual particles of the earth. All Beethoven's waking life was a kind of somnambulism, more literally so than that of any other man of genius; and not only when deafness dropped a soft enveloping veil between him and discords. "Must not his intercourse with the world," says Wagner, in his book on Beethoven, "resemble the condition of one who, awakening from deepest sleep, in vain endeavors to recall his blissful dream?" To Shakespeare, to Michelangelo, who are concerned with the phenomena of the world as well as with "the thing itself which lies behind all appearances," something is gained, some direct aid for art, by a continual awakening out of that trance in which they speak with nature. Beethoven alone, the musician, gains nothing: he is concerned only with one world, the inner world; and it is well for him if he never awakens.

Why is it that music is not limited in regard to length, as a poem is, a lyrical poem, to which music is most akin? Is it not because the ecstasy of music can be maintained indefinitely and at its highest pitch, while the ecstasy of verse is shortened by what is definite in words? There are poems of Swinburne which attempt to compete with music on its own ground, "Tristram of Lyonesse," for example; and they tire the ear which the music of Wagner's "Tristan" keeps passionately alert for a whole evening. This is because we ask of words some more definite appeal to the mind than we ask of music, and an unsubstantial ecstasy wearies us like the hollow voice of a ghost, which we doubt while we hear it. Music comes speaking the highest wisdom in a language which our reason does not understand; because it is older and deeper and closer to us than our reason. Music can prolong, reiterate, and delicately vary the ecstasy itself: and its voice is all the while speaking to us out of our own hearts. To listen to music is a remembrance, and it is only of memory that men never grow weary.

Music, says Wagner profoundly, "blots out our entire civilization as sunshine does lamplight." It is the only art which renders us completely unconscious of everything else but the ecstasy at the root of life; it is the only art which we can absorb with closed eyes, like an articulate perfume; it is the only divine drunkenness, the only Dionysiac art. Beethoven's Tenth Symphony was to have been a direct hymn to Dionysus. "In the Adagio," he noted in his sketch-

book, "the text of a Greek myth, *cantique ecclésiastique,* in the Allegro feast of Bacchus." It was to do what Goethe had tried to do in the Second Part of "Faust": reconcile the Pagan with the Christian world. But it was to do more than that, and would it not have taken us deeper even than the Hymn to Joy of the Ninth Symphony: to that immeasurable depth out of which the cry of suffering is a hymn of victory?

Music, then, being this voice of things in themselves, and the only magic against the present, it will be useless to search into Beethoven's life, and to ask of his music some correspondence between its color and humor and the color and humor of events. Let us take an instance. In the year 1802, Beethoven wrote that tragic confession known as the Testament of Heiligenstadt. The whole agony of his deafness has come upon him. "I must live," he says, "like an exile. . . . Such things brought me to the verge of desperation, and well-nigh caused me to put an end to my life. . . . I joyfully hasten to meet death. If he comes before I have had the opportunity of developing all my artistic powers, then, notwithstanding my cruel fate, he will come too early for me, and I should wish for him at a more distant period; but even then I shall be content, for his advent will release me from a state of endless suffering." And, on the outside of the sealed packet, to be opened only at his death, he writes: "Oh, Providence, vouchsafe me one day of pure felicity!" Now it was at this period that Beethoven wrote the Second Symphony. I turn to Berlioz's analysis of it in his "Étude critique des Symphonies de Beethoven," and I read: "Le *scherzo* est aussi franchement gai dans sa capricieuse fantaisie, que l'andante a été complètement heureux et calme; car tout est riant dans cette symphonie, les élans guerriers du premier *allegro* sont eux-mêmes tout à fait exempts de violence; on n'y saurait voir que l'ardeur juvénile d'un noble cœur dans lequel se sont conservées intactes les plus belles illusions de la vie."

"Les plus belles illusions de la vie!" "The fond hope I brought with me here," writes Beethoven at Heiligenstadt, "of being to a certain degree cured, now utterly forsakes me. As the autumn leaves fall and wither, so are my hopes blighted."

Twice in Beethoven's life there is an interruption in his unceasing labor at his work. The first time is during the three years from 1808 to 1811, when he was in love with Thérèse Malfatti; the second time is from 1815 to 1818, after his brother's death. During these two periods he wrote little of importance; personal emotion gripped him, and he could not loosen the grasp. During all the rest of his agitated and tormented life, nothing, neither the constant series of passionate and brief loves, nor constant bodily sickness, trouble about money, trouble about friends, relations, and the unspeakable nephew, meant anything vital to his deeper self. The nephew helped to kill him, but could not color a note of his music. Not "his view of the

world," but the world itself spoke through those sounds which could never shrink to the point at which these earthly discords were audible. Music is a refuge, and can speak with the same voice to the man who is suffering as to the man who is happy, and through him, with the same voice, when he is suffering or when he is happy. It is here that music is so different from literature, for instance, where the words mean things, and bring back emotions too clearly and in too personal a way. The musician is, after all, the one impersonal artist, who, having lived through joy and sorrow, has both in his hands; can use them like the right hand and the left.

And just as the musician can do without life, can be uncontaminated by life, so, in his relations with other arts, with the mechanism of words and the conditions of writing for the stage and such like, he will have his own touchstone, his own standard of values. During a great part of his life Beethoven was looking out for a libretto on which he could write an opera. His one opera, "Fidelio," is written on a miserable libretto; but the subject, with its heroisms, was what he wanted, and he was probably little conscious of the form in which it was expressed; for with him the words meant nothing, but the nature of the emotion which these words expressed was everything. When he said, speaking as some have thought slightingly of Mozart, that he would never have written a "Don Giovanni" or a "Figaro," he merely meant that the very nature of such subjects was antipathetic to him, and that he could never have induced himself to take them seriously. Mozart, with his divine nonchalance, snatched at any earthly happiness, any gayety of the flesh or spirit, and changed it instantly into the immortal substance of his music. But Beethoven, with his peasant's seriousness, could not jest with virtue or the rhythmical order of the world. His art was his religion, and must be served with a devotion in which there was none of the easy pleasantness of the world.

And it was for this reason that he could find his own pasture in bad poets, like Klopstock, whom he carried about with him for years, like a Bible. Goethe, he admits later, had spoiled Klopstock for him. But still Klopstock was always "maestoso, D flat major"; he "exalted the mind." He brooded over Sturm's devotional work, "Considerations on the Works of God in Nature," because he found in it his own deep, strenuously unlimited, love of God. It was the fundamental idea that he cared for, always; and, for the most part, this drew him to the greatest writers: to Homer and Shakespeare for heroic poetry, to Plutarch for the lives of heroes. And he was incapable of unbending, of finding pleasure in work which seemed to come from a less noble impulse. During his last illness one of Scott's novels was brought to him, that he might read something which would not fatigue him too much. But after a few pages he tossed the book aside: "The man seems to be writing for money," he said.

There stood on Beethoven's writing-table, during most of his life, a sheet of paper, framed and under glass, on which he had written carefully three maxims, found by Champollion-Figeac among the inscriptions of an Egyptian temple: "Je suis ce qui est.—Je suis tout ce qui est, ce qui a été, ce qui sera; nulle main mortelle n'a soulevé mon voile.—Il est par lui-même, et c'est à lui que tout doit son existence."

When I said that Beethoven had the innocence of the saint as well as that of the child, I was thinking partly of that passionate love of nature which, in him, was like an instinct which becomes a religion. He wrote to Thérèse: "No man on earth can love the country as I do. It is trees, woods, and rocks that return to us the echo of our thought." He rushed into the open air, as into a home, out of one miserable lodging after another, in which the roofs and walls seemed to hedge him round. Klöber the painter tells us how, when he was in the country, he "would stand still, as if listening, with a piece of music-paper in his hand, look up and down, and then write something." He liked to lie on his back, staring into the sky; in the fields he could give way to the intoxication of his delight; there, nothing came between him and the sun; which, said Turner, is God.

The animal cry of desire is not in Beethoven's music. Its Bacchic leapings, when mirth abandons itself to the last ecstasy, have in them a sense of religious abandonment which belongs wholly to the Greeks, to whom this abandonment brought no suggestion of sin. With Christianity, the primitive orgy, the unloosing of the instincts, becomes sinful; and in the music of Wagner's Venusberg we hear the cry of nature turned evil. Pain, division of soul, reluctance, come into this once wholly innocent delight in the drunkenness of the senses; and a new music, all lascivious fever and tormented and unwilling joy, arises to be its voice. But to Beethoven nature was still healthy, and joy had not begun to be a subtle form of pain. His joy sometimes seems to us to lack poignancy, but that is because the gods, for him, have never gone into exile, and the wine-god is not "a Bacchus who has been in hell." Yet there is passion in his music, a passion so profound that it becomes universal. He loves love, rather than any of the images of love. He loves nature with the same, or with a more constant, passion. He loves God, whom he cannot name, whom he worships in no church built with hands, with an equal rapture. Virtue appears to him with the same loveliness as beauty. And out of all these adorations he has created for himself a great and abiding joy. The breadth of the rhythm of his joy extends beyond mortal joy and mortal sorrow. There are times when he despairs for himself, never for the world. Law, order, a faultless celestial music, alone existed for him; and these he believed to have been settled, before time was, in the heavens. Thus his music was neither revolt nor melancholy, each an atheism;

the one being an arraignment of God and the other a denial of God.

Beethoven invented no new form; he expanded form to the measure of his intentions, making it contain what he wanted. Sometimes it broke in the expansion, yet without setting him on the search for some new form which would be indefinitely elastic. The "Missa Solennis," for instance, grew beyond the proportions of a mass, and was finished with no thought of a service of the church; the music went its own way, and turned into a vast shapeless oratorio, an anomaly of the concert-room. "Fidelio" is an opera which has not even the formal merits of the best operas produced on the Italian method; it lives a separate life in divine fragments, and is wholly expressive only in the two great overtures, of which only the second is, properly speaking, dramatic, while the third transcends and escapes drama. In the second overture, music speaks, in these profound and sombre voices, as in a drama in which powers and destinies contend in the air. The trumpet-call behind the scenes attaches it, by a deliberate externality, to the stage. But in the third overture, where music surges up out of some hell which is heaven, that it may make a new earth, there is hardly anything that we can limit or identify as drama; not even the trumpet-call behind the scenes, which has become wholly a part of the musical texture, and no longer calls off the mind from that deeper sense of things.

Yet, if we follow Beethoven through any series of his works, through the sonatas, for instance, or the symphonies, we shall see a steady development, almost wholly unexperimental, and for that all the more significant. Each of the symphonies develops out of the last, each is a step forward; not that each is literally greater than the last, but has something new in it, an acquirement in art, or a growth in personality. That this should be so is the only excuse for an artist's production; only secondary men repeat themselves; the great artist is incapable of turning back. As he goes forward, the public, naturally, which has come to accept him at a given moment of his progress, remains stationary; and when the public is not wholly dominated by a great name, so that it dares not rebel enough to choose after its own liking, there comes a time when the public ceases to comprehend, and begins to prefer, that is, to condemn.

The public of Beethoven's day, like the public for which and against which every great artist has worked, forgot that its only duty is to receive blindly whatever a great artist, once recognized as such, has to give it; that its one virtue is gratitude, and its cardinal sin, an attempt at discrimination. Beethoven had not to wait for fame; his earliest compositions were admired, his first publication was well paid. "Publishers dispute one with another," he wrote early in life: "I fix my own price." Yet, at the same time, he was never, up to the very end of his career, taken entirely at his own valuation, and

allowed to do what he liked in whatever way he liked. In 1816 the Philharmonic Society sent one of its members to ask for a new symphony, and to offer £100 for it. Beethoven, who had already written his Eighth Symphony, was about to accept the offer, when it was intimated to him that the new work must be in the style of his earlier symphonies. He refused with indignation, and London lost the honor of having "ordered" the Ninth Symphony. Ten years earlier he had begged for the post of composer to the Vienna opera, engaging to compose an opera and an opéra-comique or ballet every year, in return for a very moderate salary. The letter of request was not even answered. Before that, "Fidelio" had failed, and the critics had assured one another that "the music was greatly inferior to the expectations of amateurs and connoisseurs." In other words, Beethoven, recognized from the first as a great artist, was never accepted in the only way in which public appreciation can be other than an insult: he was never wholly "hors concours." Just before his death, one of his intimate friends took it upon him to say that he preferred a certain one of the last quartettes to the others. "Each," said Beethoven, once and for all, "has its merit in its own way."

Wagner has pointed out that it was bodily motion which first gave its beat to music; that is to say, that the articulate life of music comes from what is most instinctive in life itself. All instrumental music has its origin in the dance, and in the symphonies of Haydn we have little more than a succession of dances with variations. And Beethoven, in one movement, the Minuet or Scherzo, gives us, as Wagner says, "a piece of real dance-music, which could very well be danced to. An instinctive need seems to have led the composer into quite immediate contact with the material basis of his work for once in its course, as though his foot were feeling for the ground that was to carry him."

Is it not here, in this solid and unshakable acceptance of what is simplest, most fundamental, in life itself and in the life of music, that Beethoven comes into deepest contact with humanity, and lays his musical foundations for eternity? And he is himself, first of all, and before he begins to write music, a part of nature, instinctive. In Beethoven the peasant and the man of genius are in continual, fruitful conflict. A bodily vigor, as if rooted in the earth, is hourly shattered and built up again by the nerves in action and recoil. And, in the music itself, quite literally, and almost at its greatest, one hears this elemental peasant; as in the *Allegro con brio* of the Seventh Symphony, with its shattering humor. It is a big, frank, gross, great thing, wallowing in its mirth like a young Hercules. Often, as in the last movement of the *Trio* (Op. 97), he disconcerts you by his simplicity, his buoyant and almost empty gayety. It is difficult to realize that a great man can be so homely and such a child. No one else accepts nature any longer on such confiding terms. And he has but just awakened out of an *Andante* in which

music has been honey to the tongue and an ecstatic peace to the soul.

This simplicity, this naïve return to origins, to the dance-tune, to a rhythm which can swing from the village band in the *Scherzo* of the Pastoral Symphony to the vast elemental surge of the *Allegro* of the Choral Symphony (as of the morning stars singing together), leads, now and then, to what has been taken for something quite different from what it is: an apparent aim at realism, which is no more than apparent. In the whole of the Pastoral Symphony one certainly gets an atmosphere which is the musical equivalent of skies and air and country idleness and the delight of sunlight, not because a bird cries here and there, and a storm mutters obviously among the double basses, but because a feeling, constantly at the roots of his being, and present in some form in almost all his music, came for once to be concentrated a little deliberately, as if in a dedication, by way of gratitude. All through there is humor, and the realism is a form of it, the bird's notes on the instruments, the thunder and wind and the flowing of water, as certainly as the village band. Here, as everywhere, it was, as he said, "expression of feeling rather than painting" that he aimed at; and it would be curious if these humorous asides, done with childish good-humor, should have helped to lead the way to much serious modern music, in which natural sounds, and all the accidents of actual noise, have been solemnly and conscientiously imitated for their own sakes.

Is Beethoven's act in calling in the help of words and voices at the end of the Ninth Symphony necessarily to be taken as leading the way to Wagner, as Wagner held, and as at first sight seems unquestionable? Is it Beethoven's confession that there comes a moment when music can say no more, and words must step in to carry on the meaning of the sounds? If so, does not the whole theory of music being the voice of nature itself, an art which has arisen "from the immediate consciousness of the identity of our inner being with that of the outer world," as Wagner calls it, fall to the ground? It seems to me that in adding voices to the instruments, Beethoven did no more than add another exquisitely expressive instrument to the orchestra; in adding that instrument he added words also, because words support the voice, as the shoulder supports the violin. But I contend that the words of Schiller's "Hymn to Joy" might be replaced by meaningless vowels and consonants, and that the effect of the Choral Symphony would be identically the same. Beethoven's inspiration consisted in seeing that the effect of exultation at which he was aiming could best be rendered by a chorus of voices, voices considered as instruments; he was increasing his orchestra, that was all.

Wagner, it is true, realized this; but, having realized it, he goes on to conceive of a Shakespeare entering the world of light simultaneously with a Beethoven entering the world of sound, and a new, finer art arising out of that mingling. Here, of course, he becomes

the apologist of his own music-drama; and it is in its claim to have done just this that it demands consideration. Has Wagner, in subordinating his music, if not to the words, at all events to the action, expressed partly by the words, really carried music further, or has he added another firmer link to the chain which holds music to the earth? Music-drama, since Wagner has existed, there will always be; but may there not be also a music more and more "absolute," of which voices may indeed form part, but voices without words, adding an incomparable instrument to the orchestra? Why need music, if it is the voice of something deeper than action, care to concern itself with drama, which is the ripple on the surface of a great depth? As it dispenses with the stage, or the conscious exercise of the eyes, so it will dispense with words, or the conscious exercise of the mind through the hearing, and, in an equal degree, with the intrusive reasonings of a programme, at the best but misleading footnotes to a misinterpreted text.

In the later works of Beethoven we see his attempt to express himself within a fixed form, and yet without losing anything of what he wanted to say, through the pressure of those limits. "From the time," says Wagner, "when, in accord with the moving sorrows of his life, there awoke in the artist a longing for distinct expression of specific, characteristically individual emotions,—as though to unbosom himself to the intelligent sympathy of fellow-men,—and this longing grew into an ever more compulsive force; from that time when he began to care less and less about merely making music, about expressing himself agreeably, enthrallingly, or inspiritingly in general, within that music; and, instead thereof, was driven by the general necessity of his inner being to employ his art in bringing to sure and seizable expression a definite content that absorbed his thoughts and feelings," then, says Wagner, begins his agony.

And this agony is the effort, not so much to say in music things really or merely individual, but to force music to tell some of its own secrets, still secrets to Beethoven. The deepest poetry and the deepest philosophy in words have been for the most part questions to which no answer has been offered; like the soliloquies of Hamlet and the thirty-eighth chapter of Job. When Beethoven is greatest his music speaks in a voice which suggests no words, and is the outpouring of a heart or soul too full for speech, and says speechless things. And at last Beethoven cares only for the saying of these speechless things, and because he cares supremely for this he refines his form, through which alone they can be spoken, with a more and more jealous care, fastening upon the roots of sound.

In Beethoven's later work, and especially in the last quartettes, he seems actually to rarefy sound itself. What is this new subtlety and poignancy which comes into the notes themselves, as they obey a master who has proceeded by one exclusion after another, until he has refined sound to its last shade, or sharpened it to its ultimate

point? Already, in the Quartette in C major (Op. 59), in which a form is filled without excess and without default, a new color comes into the harmonies, as they reach after an unlimited strength, seeking to avoid all merely formal or limiting sweetness. They have passed through fire, and come out changed, a new body which has found a new soul. Here there is drama, an ominous and mysterious drama, in which the instruments are the persons: tragic cries surge up and are quieted; one hears the deathdrum beating, perhaps only in their veins. The discord has found its place, liberating harmony, and, in the final fugue, one sees the strictest of forms set dancing and hurrying, with a meaning not only in the notes, but in some not easily followed process of thinking in music, with an actual intellectual ecstasy.

In the last quartettes form is so completely mastered that form, as limit, disappears, and something new, strange, incalculable, arises and exists. The purity of its harmony is so acute that it is at once joy and pain, harmony and discord. Beauty, brought to this intensity, at moments goes mad with delight. There is a gay, mysterious, entangling gravity, a kind of crabbed sweetness, in which sweetness becomes savour. At times, as in the Allegro of the Quartette in B flat major (Op. 130), sound passes into a fluttering of wings, as Psyche, the butterfly, soars at last into sunlight. The music began with elfin laughter, turned serious, and meditated with fine subtlety, and then, in the frank and childish return "alla danza tedesca," seemed to go back to the first things of the earth, as to one's roots for new sap. And then, in that *Cavatina* which Beethoven wrote weeping, one overhears a noble and not despairing sorrow, which can weep but not whimper; an imploring, sadly questioning, unresentful lament; the most reticent sorrow ever rendered in music. To have written this movement is as great a thing as to have built a cathedral, in which, not more truly, the soul shelters from its grief.

When I hear the Quartette in F major (Op. 135), it seems to me that music has done nothing since, that it contains the germ, and more than the germ, of all modern music. It was such things, no doubt, as the Walkyries' Ride of the second movement, the *Vivace,* which seemed unintelligible, insane, to the people who first heard them, even after hearing all the symphonies. With the first notes of the first movement we are in the heart of music, as if one awoke on board a ship, and was on the open sea, beyond sight of land. Here, and to the end, every note has its separate meaning, its individual life, and is more than the mere part of a whole. There is so much music which, because it is leading to something, does not stay by the way, conscious of itself, perfect as an end, though it is also perfect as the means to an end. In the *Lento,* Beethoven prays; there is in it a peace so profound and yet acute that it is almost sad; yet it is neither joy nor sorrow, but a hymn to God out of sorrow, itself faith, resignation, and a sure and certain hope of the "rest that remaineth."

Even Beethoven never made a more beautiful melody, nor was there ever in music a landscape of the soul so illuminated with all the soft splendor of sunlight. The *Grave* leading to the *Allegro,* with the words, "Muss es sein? Es muss sein" (the "painfully made resolve"), seems willing, for once, in a kind of despair or distrust even of music, to fix a more precise meaning upon sounds. It is no more, really, than the irrelevant, touching, unneeded outcry of the artist, afraid that you may be overlooking something which he sees or hears, no doubt, so much more clearly than you, and which he cannot bear to think that you may be overlooking.

In spite of Holbein, Dürer, and Cranach, in spite of the builders in stone and the workers in iron, the German genius has never found its complete expression in any of the plastic arts. Germany has had both poets and philosophers, who have done great things; but it has done nothing supreme except in music, and in music nothing supreme has been done outside Germany since the music of Purcell in England.

Dürer created a very German kind of beauty; philosophers, from Kant to Nietzsche, have created system after system of philosophy, each building on a foundation made out of the ruins of the last. Goethe gave wisdom to the world by way of Germany. But Goethe, excellent in all things, was supreme in none; and German beauty is not universal beauty. In Beethoven, music becomes a universal language, and it does so without ceasing to speak German. Beethoven's music is national, as Dante's or Shakespeare's poetry is national; and it is only since Beethoven appeared in Germany that Germany can be compared with the Italy which produced Dante and the England which produced Shakespeare. On the whole, Germans have not been ungrateful. But they have had their own ways of expressing gratitude.

A German sculptor has represented Beethoven as a large, naked gentleman, sitting in an emblematical arm-chair with a shawl decently thrown across his knees. In this admired production all the evil tendencies, gross ambitions, and ineffectual energies of modern German art seem to have concentrated themselves. It is to be regretted that Beethoven, rather than any more showy person, Goethe, for instance, with his "Olympian" air, or Schiller, with his consumptive romanticism, should have been made the conspicuous victim of this worst form of the impotence of the moment. There is a sentence spoken by Emilia in that novel of George Meredith which no longer bears her more attractive name, through which we may see Beethoven as he was: "I have seen his picture in shop-windows: the wind seemed in his hair, and he seemed to hear with his eyes: his forehead frowning so." To look from this visible image in words to the construction in stone of Max Klinger, is to blot out vision with the dust of the quarry. During his lifetime Beethoven suffered many things from his countrymen, and now that he is dead they cannot let him alone

in the grave; but must first come fumbling with heavy fingers at his skull (we are told its weight), and then setting up these dishonoring monuments in his honor.

THE IDEAS OF WAGNER.

By Arthur Symons.

IN "The Art-work of the Future," Wagner defines art as "an immediate vital act," the expression of man, as man is the expression of nature. "The first and truest fount of Art reveals itself in the impulse that urges from Life into the work of art; for it is the impulse to bring the unconscious, instinctive principle of Life to understanding and acknowledgment as Necessity." "Art is an inbred craving of the natural, genuine, and uncorrupted man," not an artificial product, and not a product of mind only, which produces science, but of that deeper impulse which is unconscious. From this unconscious impulse, this need, come all great creations, all great inventions; conscious intellect does but exploit and splinter those direct impulses which come straight from the people. The people alone can feel "a common and collective want"; without this want there can be no need; without need no necessary action; where there is no necessary action, caprice enters, and caprice is the mother of all unnaturalness. Out of caprice, or an imagined need, come luxury, fashion, and the whole art-traffic of our shameless age. "Only from Life, from which alone can even the need for her grow up, can Art obtain her matter and her form; but where Life is modelled upon fashion, Art can never fashion anything from Life."

In his consideration of art Wagner sets down two broad divisions: art as derived directly from man, and art as shaped by man from the stuff of nature. In the first division he sets dance (or motion), tone, and poetry, in which man is himself the subject and agent of his own artistic treatment; in the second, architecture, sculpture, and painting, in which man "extends the longing for artistic portrayal to the objects of surrounding, allied, ministering Nature."

The ground of all human art is bodily motion. Into bodily motion comes rhythm, which is "the mind of dance and the skeleton of tone." Tone is "the heart of man, through which dance and poetry are brought to mutual understanding." This organic being is "clothed upon with the flesh of the world." Thus, in the purely human arts, we rise from bodily motion to poetry, to which man adds himself as singer and actor; and we have at once the lyric art-work out of which comes the perfected form of lyric drama. This, as he conceives it, is to arise when "the pride of all three arts in their own self-sufficiency shall break to pieces and pass over into love for one

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another." Attempts, it is true, have been made to combine them, conspicuously in opera; but the failure of opera comes from "a compact of three egoisms," without mutual giving as well as taking.

The limits of dance are evident; mere motion can go no further than pantomime and ballet. What, then, are the limits of tone? Harmony is the unbounded sea; rhythm and melody, in which dance and poetry regain their own true essence, are the limiting shores to this unbounded sea. Yet, within the confines of these shores, the sea is for ever tossing, for ever falling back upon itself. Christianity first set bounds to it with words, "the toneless, fluid, scattering word of the Christian creed." When the limits of this narrow word were broken, and the sea again let loose, an arbitrary measure was set upon it from without, counterpoint, "the mathematics of feeling," the claim of tone to be an end in itself, unrelated to nature, a matter of the intellect instead of a voice of the heart. Life, however, was never extinct, for there arose the folk-tune, with its twin-born folk-song; which, however, was seized upon by the makers of music and turned into the "aria": "not the beating heart of the nightingale, but only its warbling throat." Then, out of that unending source, bodily motion, expressed in the rhythm of the dance, came the final achievement of instrumental music, the symphony, which is made on the basis of the harmonized dance. Beethoven carries instrumental music to the verge of speech, and there pauses; then, in the Ninth Symphony, in which he calls in the word, "redeems music out of her own peculiar element into the realm of universal art." Beyond what Beethoven has there done with music, "no further step is possible, for upon it the perfect art-work of the future alone can follow, the universal drama to which he has forged for us the key."

But poetry, has that also its limits? Literary poetry still exists, even the literary drama, written, as Goethe wrote it, from outside, as by one playing on a lifeless instrument; even "the unheard-of drama written for dumb reading!" But poetry was once a living thing, a thing spoken and sung; it arose from the midst of the people, and was kept alive by them, alike as epic, lyric, and drama. "Tragedy flourished for just so long as it was inspired by the spirit of the people," and, at its greatest moment, among the Greeks, "the poetic purpose rose singly to life upon the shoulders of the arts of dance and tone, as the head of the full-fledged human being." Where we see tragedy supreme in Shakespeare and music supreme in Beethoven, we see two great halves of one universal whole. It remains for the art of the future to combine these two halves in one; and, in the process of joining, all the other arts, those arts not derived directly from man but shaped by man from the stuff of nature, will find their place, as they help towards the one result.

The sections which follow, dealing with architecture, sculpture, and painting, form a special pleading to which it is hardly necessary to give much attention. Each art may indeed legitimately enough

be utilized in the production and performance of such an art-work as Wagner indicates, and as he actually produced and performed; architecture building the theatre, sculpture teaching man his own bodily beauty and the beauty and significance of his grouping and movement on the stage, and painting creating a landscape which shall seem to set this human figure in the midst of nature itself. In going further than this, in asserting that sculpture is to give place to the human body, and painting to limit itself to the imitation of nature as a background of stage-scenery for the actor, we see the German.[1] We see also the propagandist, who has a doctrine to prove; perhaps the enthusiast, who has convinced himself of what he desires to believe. In his conclusion of the whole matter he goes one step further, and identifies the poet and the performer; then finds in the performer "the fellowship of all the artists," and, in that fellowship, the community of the people, who, having felt the want, have found out the way. "The perfectly artistic performer is therefore the unit man extended to the essence of the human species by the utmost evolution of his own particular nature. The place in which this wondrous process comes to pass is the theatric stage; the collective art-work which it brings to the light of day, the Drama."

In a letter to Berlioz, written in 1860, Wagner reminds his critic, who has chosen to fasten upon him the title, "Music of the Future" (the hostile invention of a Professor Bischoff, of Cologne), that the essay was written at a time when "a violent crisis in his life" (the Revolution of 1848, and his exile from Germany) had for a time withdrawn him from the practice of his art. "I asked myself," he says, "what position Art should occupy towards the public, so as to inspire it with a reverence that should never be profaned; and, not to be merely building castles in the air, I took my stand on the position which art once occupied towards the public life of the Greeks." In the thirty thousand Greeks assembled to listen to a tragedy of Æschylus he found the one ideal public; and, in the whole situation, a suggestion towards an art which should be no pedantic revival of that, but a similar union of the arts, in the proportions demanded by their present condition and by the present condition of the world. For, as no one has realized more clearly, there is no absolute art-work; but each age must have its own art-work, as that of the preceding age ceases to be living and becomes monumental. "The Shakespeare who can alone be of value to us is the ever new creative poet who, now and in all ages, is to that age what Shakespeare was to his own age."

"Opera and Drama," which closely followed "The Art-work of the Future," was written at Zürich in four months; it fills 376 large pages in Mr. Ellis's translation. In a letter to Uhlig, written

[1] A more temperate, indeed a wholly just view of the relations of the plastic arts, is to be found in the "Letter to Liszt on the proposed Goethe Institute," written in 1851 ("Prose Works," iii. 19 20), in which Wagner points out the necessity of the due and helpful subordination of painting and sculpture to architecture in any complete and living organism of plastic art.

January 20, 1851, Wagner says: "The first part is the shortest and easiest, perhaps also the most entertaining; the second goes deeper, and the third goes right to the bottom." In the dedication to the second edition, written in 1868, he says: "My desire to get to the bottom of the matter and to shirk no detail that, in my opinion, might make the difficult subject of æsthetic analysis intelligible to simple feeling, betrayed me into a stubbornness of style which, to the reader who looks merely for entertainment, and is not directly interested in the subject itself, is extremely likely to seem a bewildering diffuseness." And the translator confesses that no other of Wagner's prose works has given him half so much difficulty as the third and portions of the second part of "Opera and Drama"; for in them, as he says, "we are presented with a theory absolutely in the making."

"Opera and Drama" is an attempt to state, in minute particulars, what "The Art-work of the Future" stated in general terms. It is based upon a demonstration of the fundamental error in the construction of opera: "that a means of expression (music) has been made the end, while the end of expression (drama) has been made a means." How fatal have been the results of this fundamental error can be realized only when it is seen how many of the greater musicians have thus spent their best energies in exploring a labyrinth which does but lead back, through many vain wanderings, to the starting-point.

The musical basis of opera was the *aria, i.e.,* "the folk-song as rendered by the art-singer before the world of rank and quality, but with its word-poem left out and replaced by the product of the art-poet composed to that end." The performer was rightly the basis of the performance, but a basis set awry; for the performer was chosen only for his dexterity in song, not for his skill as an actor. Dance and dance-tune, "borrowed just as waywardly from the folk-dance and its tune as was the operatic *aria* from the folk-song, joined forces with the singer in all the sterile immiscibility of unnatural things." Between these alien elements a shifting plank-bridge was thrown across, recitative, which is no more than the intoning of the Church, fixed by ritual into "an arid resemblance to, without the reality of, speech," and varied a little by musical caprice for the convenience of opera.

This unsound structure was untouched by the theory and practice of Gluck, whose "revolution" was now more than revolt on the part of the composer against the domination of the singer. The singer was made to render more faithfully the music which the composer set before him; but the poet "still looked up to the composer with the deepest awe," and no nearer approach was made to drama. In Spontini we see the logical filling out of the fixed forms of opera to their fullest extent. Along these lines nothing further can be done; it is for the poet to step into the place usurped by the musician. The poet did nothing, but still continued to work to order, not once

daring to pursue a real dramatic aim. He contented himself with stereotyped phrases, the make-believe of rhetoric, straitened to the measure of the musician's fixed forms, knowing that to make his characters speak "in brief and definite terms, surcharged with meaning," would have caused his instant dismissal. Thus music, which in the nature of things can only be expression, is seen endeavoring to fill the place of that which is to be expressed, to be itself its own object. "Such a music is no longer any music, but a fantastic hybrid emanation from poetry and music, which, in truth, can only materialize itself as caricature."

Mozart's importance in the history of opera is this, that, taking the forms as he found them, he filled them with living music, setting whatever words were given him, and giving those words "the utmost musical expression of which their last particle of sense was capable." Had Mozart met a poet who could have given him the foundation for his musical interpretation, he would have solved the problem for himself, unconsciously, by mere sincerity to his genius for musical expression.

After Mozart, in whom form was nothing and the musical spirit everything, came imitators who fancied they were imitating Mozart when they copied his form. It was Rossini who showed how hollow that form really was, and he did so by reducing *aria*, the essence of opera, to its own real essence, melody. In the folk-song words and tune had always grown together; in the opera there had been always some pretence of characterization. Rossini abandoned everything but just "naked, ear-delighting, absolute, melodic melody," a delicious meaningless sound. "What reflection and æsthetic speculation had built up, Rossini's opera melodies pulled down and blew into nothing, like a baseless dream." Rossini gave every one what he wanted. He gave the singer what he wanted, display; and the player what he wanted, again display; and the poet a long rest, and leave to rhyme as he chose. Above all he gave the public what it wanted: not the people, but that public which need only be named to be realized, the modern opera public. "With Rossini the real life-history of the opera comes to an end. It was at an end when the unconscious seedling of its being had evolved to naked and conscious bloom."

The one genuine, yet futile, attempt to produce living opera was the attempt of Weber, who saw in opera only melody, and who went to the true source, to the folk-song, for his melody. But he saw only the flower of the woods, and plucked it, taking it where it could but fade and die, because it had lost the sustenance of its root. On his heels came Auber, and then Rossini himself, who pilfered national melodies and stuck them together like a dressmaker giving variety to an old dress. The chorus came forward, and played at being the people; and there was "a motley, conglomerate surrounding, without a centre to surround." Music tried to be outlandish, to express nothing, but in a more uncommon way. Opera became

French, and, partly through a misunderstanding of Beethoven, neo-romantic.

Until Beethoven had done what he did, no one could have been quite certain "that the expression of an altogether definite, a clearly intelligible individual content, was in truth impossible in this language that had only fitted itself for conveying the general character of an emotion": the language, that is, of absolute music. Beethoven attempts "to reach the artistically necessary within an inartistically impossible"; he chooses, in music, a form which "often seems the mere capricious venting of a whim, and which, loosed from any purely musical cohesion, is only bound together by the bond of a poetic purpose impossible to render into music with full poetic plainness." Thus, much of his later work seems to be so many sketches for a picture which he could never make visible in all its outlines.

What in Beethoven was a "struggle for the discovery of a new basis of musical language," has been seized upon by later composers only in its external contrasts, excesses, inarticulate voices of joy and despair, and made the basis of a wholly artificial construction, in which "a programme reciting the heads of some subject taken from nature or human life was put into the hearer's hands; and it was left to his imaginative talent to interpret, in keeping with the hint once given, all the musical freaks that one's unchecked license might now let loose in motley chaos." Berlioz seized upon what was most chaotic in the sketchwork of Beethoven, and, using it as a misunderstood magic symbol, called unnatural visions about him. "What he had to say to people was so wonderful, so unwonted, so entirely unnatural, that he could never have said it out in homely, simple words; he needed a huge array of the most complicated machines in order to proclaim, by the help of many-wheeled and delicately-adjusted mechanism, what a simple human organism could not possibly have uttered, just because it was so entirely unhuman. . . . Each height and depth of this mechanism's capacity has Berlioz explored, with the result of developing a positively astounding knowledge; and, if we mean to recognize the inventors of our present industrial machinery as the benefactors of modern State-humanity, then we must worship Berlioz as the veritable saviour of our world of absolute music; for he has made it possible to musicians to produce the most wonderful effect from the emptiest and most inartistic content of their music-making, by an unheard-of marshalling of mere mechanical means."

In Berlioz, Wagner admits, "there dwelt a genuine artistic stress," but Berlioz was but a "tragic sacrifice." His orchestra was annexed by the opera-composer; and its "splintered and atomic melodies" were now lifted from the orchestra into the voice itself. The result was Meyerbeer, who, when Wagner wrote, could be alluded to, without need of naming, as the most famous opera-composer of modern times.

Weber, in "Euryanthe," had endeavored in vain to make a coherent dramatic structure out of two contradictory elements, "absolute, self-sufficing melody and unflinchingly true dramatic expression." Meyerbeer attempted the same thing from the standpoint of effect, and with the aid of the Rossini melody. Thus, while "Weber wanted a drama that could pass with all its members, with every scenic *nuance,* into his noble soulful melody, Meyerbeer, on the contrary, wanted a monstrous piebald, historico-romantic, diabolico-religious, fanatico-libidinous, sacro-frivolous, mysterio-criminal, autolyco-sentimental, dramatic hotch-potch, therein to find material for a curious chimeric music—a want which, owing to the indomitable buckram of his musical temperament, could never be quite suitably supplied."

In his summing-up of the whole discussion on opera and the nature of music, Wagner tells us that the secret of the barrenness of modern music lies in this, that music is a woman who gives birth but does not beget. "Just as the living folk-melody is inseparable from the living folk-poem, at pain of organic death, so can music's organism never bear the true, the living melody, except it first be fecundated by the poet's thought. Music is the bearing woman, the poet the begetter; and music had therefore reached the pinnacle of madness when she wanted not only to bear, but to beget." He now turns, therefore, to the poet.

The second part of "Opera and Drama" is concerned with "The Play, and the Nature of Dramatic Poetry." Wagner first clears the way of his theory by pointing out that when Lessing, in his "Laocoön," mapped out the boundaries of the arts, he was concerned, in poetry, only with that art as a thing to be read, even when he touches on drama; and that, figuring it as addressed wholly to the imagination, not to the sight and hearing, he was rightly anxious only to preserve its purity; that is, to make it as easy as possible for the imagination to grasp it. But, just as the piano is an abstract and toneless reduction backward through the organ, the stringed instrument, and the wind instrument, from the "oldest, truest, most beautiful organ of music," the human voice, so, if we trace back the literary drama, or indeed any form of poetry, we shall find its origin in the tone of human speech, which is one and the same with the singing tone.

Modern drama has a twofold origin: through Shakespeare from the romance, and through Racine from misunderstood Greek tragedy. At the time of the Renaissance poetry was found in the narrative poem, which had culminated in the fantastic romance of Ariosto. To this fantastic romance Shakespeare gave inner meaning and outward show; he took the inconsequential and unlimited stage of the mummers and mystery-players, narrowed his action to the limits of the spectator's attention, but, through the conditions of that stage, left the representation of the scene to the mind's eye, and thus left open a door to all that was vague and unlimited in romance and history. In France and Italy the drama, played, not before the people, but in

princes' palaces, was copied externally from ancient drama. A fixed scene was taken as its first requirement, and thus an endeavor was made to construct from without inwards, "from mechanism to life"; talk on the scene, action behind the scene. Drama passed over into opera, which was thus "the premature bloom on an unripe fruit, grown from an unnatural, artificial soil."

It was in Germany, in whose soil the drama has never taken root, that a mongrel thing, which is still rampant on the European stage, came into being. When Shakespeare was brought over to Germany, where the opera was already in possession of the stage, an attempt was made to actualize his scenes, upon which it was discovered that dramatized history or romance was only possible so long as the scene need only be suggested. In the attempt to actualize Shakespeare's mental pictures, all the resources of mechanism were employed in vain; and the plays themselves were cut and altered in order to bring them within the range of a possible realistic representation. It was seen that the drama of Shakespeare could only be realized under its primitive conditions, with the scene left wholly to the imagination. Embodied, it became, so far as embodiment was possible, "an unsurveyable mass of realisms and actualisms."

It therefore remained evident that the nature of romance can never wholly correspond with the nature of drama; that, as an art in which drama was at once its inner essence and its embodied representation, the drama of Shakespeare remained, as a form, imperfect. The result of this consciousness was that the poet either wrote literary dramas for reading, or attempted an artificial reconstruction of the antique. Such was the drama of Goethe and Schiller. Goethe, after repeated attempts, produces his only organic work in "Faust," which is dramatic only in form, and in "Wilhelm Meister," which returns frankly to romance. Schiller "hovers between heaven and earth" in an attempt to turn history into romance and romance into classical drama. Both, and all that resulted from both, prove "that our literary drama is every whit as far removed from the genuine drama as the pianoforte from the symphonic song of human voices; that in the modern drama we can arrive at the production of poetry only by the most elaborate devices of literary mechanism, just as on the pianoforte we only arrive at the production of music through the most complicated devices of technical mechanism—in either case, a soulless poetry, a toneless music."

The stuff of the modern drama, then, being romance, what is the difference between this romance and the myth which was the stuff of ancient Greek drama? Myth Wagner defines as "the poem of a life-view in common," the instinctive creation of the imagination of primitive man working upon his astonished and uncomprehending view of natural phenomena. "The incomparable thing about the *mythos* is that it is true for all time, and its content, how close soever its compression, is inexhaustible throughout the ages." The

poet's business was merely to expound the myth by expressing it in action, an action which should be condensed and unified from it, as it, in its turn, had been a condensation and unification of the primitive view of nature.

The romance of the Middle Ages is derived from the mingling of two mythic cycles, the Christian legend and the Germanic saga. Christian legend can only present pictures, or, transfigured by music, render moments of ecstasy, which must remain "blends of color without drawing." The essence of drama is living action, in its progress towards a clearly defined end; whereas Christianity, being a passage through life to the transfiguration of death, "must perforce begin with the storm of life, to weaken down its movement to the final swoon of dying out." The Germanic saga begins with a myth older than Christianity, then, when Christianity has seized upon it, becomes "a swarm of actions whose true idea appears to us unfathomable and capricious, because their motives, resting on a view of life quite alien to the Christian's, had been lost to the poet." Foreign stuffs are patched upon it; and it becomes wholly unreal and outlandish, a medley of adventures, from whose imaginary pictures, however, men turned to track them in reality, by voyages of discovery, and by the scientific discoveries of the intellect. Nature, meanwhile, unchanged, awaits a new interpretation.

The first step in this interpretation is to seize and represent actual things as they are, individually. History comes forward with a more bewildering mass of material than fancy had ever found for itself; and from this tangle of conditions and surroundings the essence of the man is to be unravelled. This can be done by the romance writer, not by the dramatist. The drama, which is organic, presupposes all those surroundings which it is the business of the romance writer to develop before us. The romance writer works from without inwards, the dramatist from within outwards. And now, going one step further, and turning to actual life as it exists before our eyes, the poet can no longer "extemporize artistic fancies"; he can only render the whole horror of what lies naked before him; "he needs only to feel pity, and at once his passion becomes a vital force." Actual things draw him out of the contemplation of actual things; the poem turns to journalism, the stuff of poetry becomes politics.

It was Napoleon who said to Goethe that, in the modern world, politics play the part of fate in the ancient world. "The Greek Fate is the inner nature-necessity, from which the Greek—because he did not understand it—sought refuge in the arbitrary political state. Our Fate is the arbitrary political state, which to us shows itself as an outer necessity for the maintenance of society; and from this we seek refuge in the nature-necessity, because we have learnt to understand the latter, and have recognized it as the conditionment of our being and all its shapings." In the myth of Œdipus is seen a prophetic picture of the "whole history of mankind, from the

beginnings of society to the inevitable downfall of the state." The modern state is a necessity of an artificial and inorganic kind; it is not, as society (arising from the family, and working through love rather than through law) should rightly be, "the free self-determining of the individuality." Within these artificial bounds of the state only thought is free; and the poet who would render the conflict of the individual and of the state must content himself with appealing to the understanding; he cannot appeal to the understanding through the feeling. Dramatic art is "the emotionalizing of the intellect," for, in drama, the appeal is made directly to the senses and can completely realize its aim. "In drama, therefore, an action can only be explained when it is completely justified by the feeling; and it is thus the dramatic poet's task not to invent actions but to make an action so intelligible through its emotional necessity that we may altogether dispense with the intellect's assistance in its justification. The poet, therefore, has to make his main scope the choice of the action, which he must so choose that, alike in its character and in its compass, it makes possible to him its entire justification by the feeling, for in this justification alone resides the reaching of his aim." This action he cannot find in the present, where the fundamental relations are no longer to be seen in their simple and natural growth; nor in the past, as recorded by history, where an action can only become intelligible to us through a detailed explanation of its surroundings. It must be found in a new creation of myth, and this myth must arise from a condensation into one action of the image of all man's energy, together with his recognition of his own mood in nature—nature apprehended, not in parts by the understanding, but as a whole by the feeling. This strengthening of a moment of action can only be achieved "by lifting it above the ordinary human measure through the poetic figment of wonder." "Poetic wonder is the highest and most necessary product of the artist's power of beholding and displaying. . . . It is the fullest understanding of Nature that first enables the poet to set her phenomena before us in wondrous shaping: for only in such shaping do they become intelligible to us as the conditionments of human actions intensified." The motives which tend towards this supreme moment of action are to be condensed and absorbed into one; and from this one motive "all that savors of the particular and accidental must be taken away, and it must be given its full truth as a necessary, purely human utterance of feeling."

Only in tone-speech can this fully realized utterance of feeling be made. Modern speech, alike in prose and in the modern form of verse, in which "Stabreim," or the root alliteration by which words were once fused with melody, has given place to end-rhyme ("fluttering at the loose ends of the ribands of melody"), is no longer able to speak to the feeling, but only to the understanding, and this through a convention by which we "dominate our feelings that we may demon-

strate to the understanding an aim of the understanding." Speech, therefore, has shrunk to "absolute intellectual speech," as music has shrunk to "absolute tone-speech." The poet can thus only adequately realize his "strengthened moments of action" by a speech proportionately raised above its habitual methods of expression. Tone-speech is this "new, redeeming, and realizing tongue"; tone-speech not separately made, an emotional expression ungoverned by this aim (as we see it in modern opera), but tone-speech which is the fullest expression of this aim, and thus "the expression of the most deeply roused human feelings, according to their highest power of self-expression."

Wagner now passes, in the third part, to a consideration of "The Arts of Poetry and Tone in the Drama of the Future." He begins by pointing out in minute detail, through the physiology of speech (the actual making of speech by breath), that it is only from a heightening of ordinary speech, and not from the recognized prosody of verse, that we can hope to find the means of ultimate expression; and that, our language having lost all direct means of emotional appeal, we must go back to its very roots before we can fit it to combine with that tone-speech which does possess such an appeal. He shows that the metre of Greek choric verse can only properly be understood by taking into account its musical accompaniment, by which a long-held note could be justified to the ear. That these lyrics were written to fixed tunes, tunes probably fixed by dance movements, is evident from the great elaboration of a rhythm which could never have arisen directly out of the substance of poems so largely grave and philosophic. The oldest lyric arises out of tone and melody, in which human emotion at first uttered itself in the mere breathing of the vowels, then through the individualization of the vowels by consonants. In a word-root we have not only the appeal to thought of that root's meaning, but also the sensuous appeal of the open sound which is its "sensuous body" and primal substance. Tone, with its appeal to feeling, begins by passing into the word, with its appeal to the understanding; the final return is that of the word, through harmony, to that tone-speech in which the understanding is reached through the feeling, and both are satisfied.

Primitive melodies rarely modulate from one key into another; and, if we wish to address the feeling intelligibly through tone alone, we must return to this simplicity of key. This Beethoven did in the melody to which he set Schiller's verse in the Ninth Symphony; but if we compare this, in its original form, with the broad melodic structure of the musical setting of the line, "Seid umschlungen, Millionen!" we shall see the whole difference between a melody which is made separately and, so to speak, laid upon the verse, and a melody which grows directly out of the verse itself. It is the poetic aim which causes and justifies modulation, for by it the change and gradation of emotion can be rendered intelligible to the feeling. Harmony is "the bearing element which takes up the poetic aim solely

as a begetting seed, to shape it into finished semblance by the prescripts of its own, its womanly organism." Modern music has taken harmony as sufficient in itself, and by so doing has but "worked bewilderingly and benumbingly upon the feeling." The tone-poet must, instead, add to a melody, conditioned by its speaking verse, the harmony implicitly contained therein. Now "harmony is in itself a thing of thought; to the senses it becomes first actually discernible as polyphony, or, to define it still more closely, as polyphonic symphony." This, for the purposes of the drama, cannot be supplied by vocal symphony, because each voice, in a perfectly proportioned action, can but be the expression of an individual character, present on the stage for his own ends, and not as a mere vocal support for others. "Only in the full tide of lyric outpour, when all the characters and their surroundings have been strictly led up to a joint expression of feeling, is there offered to the tone-poet a polyphonic mass of voices to which he may make over the declaration of his harmony." Only by the orchestra can it find expression, for the orchestra is "the realized thought" of harmony.

The timbre of the human voice can never absolutely blend with that of any instrument; it is the duty of the orchestra to subordinate itself to, and support, the vocal melody, never actually mingling with it. The orchestra possesses a distinct faculty of speech, "the faculty of uttering the unspeakable," or rather that which, to our intellect, is the unspeakable. This faculty it possesses in common with gesture, which expresses something that cannot be expressed in words. The orchestra expresses to the ear what gesture expresses to the eye, and both combined carry on or lead up to what the verse-melody expresses in words. It is able to transform thought ("the bond between an absent and a present emotion") into an actually present emotion. "Music cannot think, but she can materialize thoughts. A musical motive can produce a definite impression on the feeling, inciting it to a function akin to thought, only when the emotion uttered in that motive has been definitely conditioned by a definite object and proclaimed by a definite individual before our very eyes." The orchestra, then, can express foreboding or remembrance, and it can do this with perfect clearness and direct appeal to the emotions by the recurrence of a musical motive which we have already associated with a definite emotion, or whose significance is interpreted to us by a definite gesture. What has been called tone-painting in instrumental music is an attempt to do this by the suggestion of tones, or with the aid of a written programme; in either case by a "chilling" appeal to mere fancy in place of feeling. "The life-giving focus of dramatic expression is the verse-melody of the performer; towards it the absolute orchestral melody leads on, as a foreboding; from it is led the instrumental-motive's 'thought,' as a remembrance." In order to arrive at perfect unity of form and content there must be something more than a mere juxtaposition of poetic

and musical expression, or the musician will have roused a feeling in vain, and the poet will have failed to fix this feeling incompletely roused. Unity can be secured only when the expression fully renders the content, and renders it unceasingly; and this can be done only when the poet's aim and the musician's expression are so blended that neither can be distinguished from the other, "the chief motives of the dramatic action having become distinguishable melodic moments which fully materialize their content, being moulded into a continuous" texture, binding the whole art-work together, and, in the final result, the orchestra so completely "guiding our whole attention away from itself as a means of expression, and directing it to the object expressed," that, in a sense, it shall not "be heard at all." Thus, at its height of realized achievement, "art conceals art."

LIFE SKETCHES OF COMPOSERS OF CLASSICAL MUSIC FOR PIANO, VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, FLUTE, AND PIPE ORGAN, INCLUDING A BRIEF GUIDE TO THEIR WORKS.

D. ALARD.

DELPHIN ALARD was one of the great French teachers of the violin, and a writer of valuable studies for the instrument; and it is in these capacities that he is now chiefly remembered, though he was also a noted virtuoso, and composed much music of a brilliant character. He was born at Bayonne in 1815, and was a pupil of Habeneck at the Paris Conservatoire. He succeeded Baillot as professor of the violin there in 1843, and taught till 1875. Among his most famous pupils was Sarasate. He died in 1888.

J. S. BACH.

Johann Sebastian Bach, one of the greatest of all musicians, was a member of a very large family for several generations renowned through their pre-eminence in music. During his life he held several posts as Kapellmeister or musical director, the most important of which was that in Leipzig, from 1723 to his death, when he was musical director of the University and Cantor of the St. Thomas School. He wrote music for orchestra, chorus, organ, clavichord, and harpsichord which has been the wonder of the modern world since appreciation of his greatness was revived by Mendelssohn and his contemporaries eighty years ago. His works for clavichord and harpsichord have a very important place and are among the most prized of all music for those instruments and their modern successor, the pianoforte. Of these the most famous is the collection of forty-eight preludes and fugues, in two books, called "The Well-tempered Clavichord." These show not only his supreme mastery of the con-

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trapuntal style, in which he was greatest, but also the inexhaustible musical inspiration, poetical feeling, and romantic impulse that his genius possessed.

A "well-tempered clavichord" means one that is tuned in the modern system of equal temperament, by which pieces can be played in all the different keys, while in the old unequal temperament the more remote keys were so out of tune as to be impossible. Bach favored the adoption of the equal temperament; and the "well-tempered clavichord," in which all the major and minor keys are used, each succeeding prelude and fugue being in a key a semitone higher than the preceding one, of course required this system of tuning.

The clavichord was a small keyed instrument of exceedingly delicate tone, in which the strings were struck by brass tangents, fixed at right angles on the farther end of the key-levers. The tangent remained pressed against the string as long as the key was held down, and an effect of "vibrato" (called "bebung") was obtainable, quite unknown to the modern pianoforte. The clavichord was Bach's favorite instrument at home, and he preferred it to the harpsichord or spinet, the more common instruments of the class in the eighteenth century.

"Inventions" is a term used by Bach alone as referring to musical compositions. It may be taken to mean about the same as "impromptus." The inventions he intended for students of the clavichord, as he stated on the title page of the first edition (1723), but not merely as technical exercises. They are to serve especially, he says, to cultivate a cantabile style of playing; also to stimulate the taste for extemporizing and composition. They have lost not a jot of their value to-day as technical exercises, and behind their formal outlines there is an inexhaustible store of poetical ideas.

Bach's "English suites" are said to have been composed for some distinguished English amateur, whence their title. The general form of the suite as a succession of dance tunes he kept, without attempting any development of his own. The four principal divisions were the Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, and Gigue. Before the Gigue often came a Bourrée, Minuet, Passepied, or Gavotte, as a kind of intermezzo. There is a prelude for each of the suites, and the successive movements are not only highly developed in form, but have a rich harmony and deep musical content. "Such magnificently broad Sarabandes, such daringly wild Gigues, Bach never again wrote," says Spittà.

The "French suites," probably so called without Bach's knowledge, are shorter and less broadly developed than Bach's other suites, and the movements correspond more closely to the original types of the dance forms. If they are French in character it is only in their graceful and amiable spirit. They follow in the main the general Suite-form, Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, Gigue, with various kinds of interludes inserted before the Gigue, and they are without preludes.

The Italian concerto, being for one piano, without accompaniment, can scarcely be called a concerto in strictness. But Bach had made his concertos more and more a matter for the soloist and pushed the accompaniment in the background; in this one the accompaniment disappeared entirely. The form of the concerto was originally devised for the violin by the Italian masters. In this piece the violin character most clearly appears in the andante, with its richly ornamented melody; and it is specially with reference to this that the appellation "Italian" was applied to the concerto. This was the "Italian taste" mentioned in Bach's title to the work.

Bach's solo sonatas for the violin—or rather sonatas and suites, for he wrote three of each—are unique of their kind. They had no precursors, and have had no successors that are worthy of the name. In these works for violin without accompaniment he finds expression for the same sort of grandeur and polyphonic fulness as in his music for the organ and clavier. He makes the violin speak in many voices. By extending the use of double-stopping and the skilful employment of the open strings, he attains an almost incredible fulness of tone. In the contrapuntal passages the voices enter and reenter with almost the same freedom and independence as in an organ fugue. The movements of the suites are in the character of the old dance forms of the eighteenth-century suites. The sonatas are distinguished from them in not being composed of dance movements; but they are essentially different in form from the modern sonata.

The Ciaccona of the suite in D minor is one of the most famous of Bach's compositions, a gigantic piece that tests the highest powers of the greatest artists. A ciaccona was a slow dance form in triple time, on a short theme continually repeated in new aspects and enriched with contrapuntal and other ornament. This one is built on five themes that appear in such elaborate figuration and polyphonic complications that they are often not discernible except upon close study.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

Beethoven, the greatest of all modern musicians, he who ushered in the new world of musical thought at the beginning of the nineteenth century, died at Vienna, where he had lived and worked for all the mature years of his life. Beethoven was in his earlier years a pianist by profession; it was as a pianist that his first reputation was made, and for a considerable time after he had shown his power as a composer, he was regarded by his fellow-townsmen as chiefly a pianist. Hence it is natural that some of his greatest and most influential work was written for the piano. He wrote nothing more important for his instrument than the five concertos. The first two were composed at not a long distance apart (the one now called the second, in B flat, was really composed first) in 1795 and 1798. The one in C, Beethoven played at his first public appearance in Vienna in 1795. It

is related that he wrote it down only a few hours before he had to appear; and that at the rehearsal, the piano being half a tone too flat, he transposed it to C sharp. The third concerto, in C minor, was composed in 1800, and shows an advance in style such as would be expected in a work contemporaneous with the septet, the first symphony, the string quartettes, Op. 18. This Beethoven also played publicly for the first time in 1803. In the fourth concerto, G major, composed in 1806, and the fifth, in E flat, composed in 1809, we enter upon a different phase of Beethoven's work, the so-called "second period," his mature period, "a time of extraordinary greatness, full of individuality, character, and humor, but still more full of power and mastery and pregnant strong sense."

Beethoven's sonatas must rank with his concertos in the importance of their part in his artistic development. He devoted much attention to this form of art; the thirty-two sonatas of his "master period" extend from 1796 to 1822, and they show the whole development of his three styles.

Beethoven's ten sonatas for violin and piano are among his best beloved and most popular works. With few exceptions, as the sonata dedicated to Rudolph Kreutzer, they are not manifestations of the profoundest depths of Beethoven's musical nature; but they show all his skill and unerring sense of form and line, and are some of the loveliest and most spontaneous outpourings of his creative faculty. Most of them belong to what the biographers have agreed to call his "first period": the period when the influence of Haydn and Mozart was still strongly felt in his work. The first eight of them were composed between the years 1798 and 1802. The adagios frequently show Beethoven's most fervid and uplifted style, the scherzos are graceful, the first movements and rondos spirited and brilliant. The "Kreutzer" sonata, Op. 47, composed in 1803, first shows the influence of the "second" style that is more characteristic of Beethoven's most individual work: a greater passion, a greater eloquence are manifested in it, as in the other works of the same period composed about the same time—the "Waldstein" piano sonata, the "Eroica" symphony, the "Appassionata" piano sonata, "Fidelio." The last sonata dates from 1810; and is far from the tragic and lofty spirit that marks the "Egmont" music, the quartette, Op. 95, the great B flat trio that originated at about the same period. It is full of grace and charm, elusive yet unmistakable.

W. S. BENNETT.

Sir William Sterndale Bennett was, until the new light of Elgar came, the most brilliant contribution by England to the art of music since Purcell. He was a pupil and friend of Mendelssohn and Schumann, and the Mendelssohn influence is marked in his music. He attained great prominence in English musical affairs and died in 1875. His piano pieces are wonderfully polished, clear, and suave,

and Schumann found in them beauty of form, poetic depth, clearness, and ideal purity as in Mendelssohn's.

H. BERTINI.

Bertini was noted as a pedagogue, a composer, and a pianist of the Clementi school as extended by Cramer and Hummel. He lived at a period when flashy virtuosity was in vogue—the sort of thing that Schumann founded his "Neue Zeitschrift" to combat and overcome. Yet Bertini was inalterably opposed to it, and both as a pianist and composer exemplified the highest ideals. His technical studies are still highly regarded and much used by judicious teachers.

GEO. BIZET.

Georges Bizet died just three months after the production of his masterpiece, "Carmen," which proved him to be a true genius of original power. As a pupil of the Conservatoire he gained the Roman prize. His compositions were not appreciated at their full worth during his life, because of their individuality, and it is only since his death that his true value has been understood. The most important of his productions, before "Carmen," was the incidental music that he wrote for Alphonse Daudet's play of "L'arlésienne"—"The Woman of Arles,"—which was produced in 1872, as an attempt to revive the melodrama, or spoken drama to the accompaniment of illustrative music. The piece was at that time a failure, however; whereupon Bizet arranged four of the numbers as a suite for concert performance by orchestra. The second suite of four numbers was afterwards arranged by Ernest Guiraud. There were originally twenty-four numbers in all. The prelude of the first suite is based on an old Provençal Christmas song. The farandole is a wild dance native to the south of France.

TH. BÖHM.

The name of Theobald Böhm is inseparably connected with the modern development of the flute and of other wood-wind instruments. He entirely changed their construction, fixing the position and size of the holes with reference not solely to convenience in fingering, but also to purity and fulness of tone, and prompt and accurate "speaking"; also facilitating performance in keys previously difficult. He was born in Munich in 1794, and died there in 1881. He was court musician in the royal orchestra, and composed many brilliant pieces for the flute and also invaluable études.

JOH. BRAHMS.

The first set of his Hungarian dances was published in 1869, and immediately attained an enormous popularity. But there was also a protest raised by some who accused Brahms of appropriating the melodies of others and enriching himself at their expense; for all

these Hungarian dances are based on dances by Hungarian composers, or are paraphrases of them. Brahms did not reply to the charge, but his publisher refuted it, though it was sufficiently refuted already by the fact that the title page bore the words "arranged by Johannes Brahms." The composers have all been identified and their names, most of them little known, published. The second set of Hungarian dances was published in 1880. The popularity of them has resulted in the publication of all sorts of arrangements.

Brahms' four symphonies are among the greatest monuments of modern art. In an age that is seeking new ideals and new means of expression, Brahms held fast to the old principles, and showed that in the forms outlined by Haydn and Mozart and so vastly extended by Beethoven there was still room for the highest individuality, and all the aspirations of modern art to express themselves. His first symphony was not published till 1877, when he was forty-four years old and had produced numerous works of chamber music. It was immediately hailed as one of the most important productions of the period, and Von Bülow dubbed it the "Tenth Symphony," in evident connection with the nine of Beethoven. The other three followed the first at shorter intervals, and each was recognized at its appearance as a work of monumental beauty, profundity, and impressiveness. In all of them the outlines of the classical form are preserved, except in the fourth, of which the last movement is a passacaglia—an old dance form consisting of variations on a short "ground bass."

M. BRUCH.

Max Bruch has gained eminence as a composer by a few works, most important of which is the violin concerto, Op. 26, which he composed in his twenty-seventh year. It at once gained the high esteem of both performers and the public, and has been one of the most popular works in the violinist's repertory ever since. Bruch was born in Cologne in 1838, and has occupied a number of posts as conductor and teacher. His greatest successes have been made in this violin concerto; to a less degree in the second concerto (D minor) and other violin works, and in his epic choral works with orchestra.

CECILE CHAMINADE.

Cécile Louise Stéphanie Chaminade is one of the few recognized and distinguished women composers. She showed great musical precocity as a child, both as a pianist and as a composer. Ambroise Thomas said of her: "This is not a woman who composes, but a composer who is a woman." She has written several works in the larger forms, a ballet symphony, "Callirhoë"; a lyric symphony, "Les amazones"; a comic opera, "La sévillane"; but her reputation rests chiefly on her piano works, which are numerous and popular. They are marked by insinuating melody and sparkling rhythms and a dainty expressiveness that has always exercised a captivating effect. Her

songs, too, with a wealth of melodic charm, have also been widely popular.

FR. CHOPIN.

Most of Chopin's best and ripest work was achieved after his settlement in Paris, where he lived from 1831, when he was twenty-one years old, till his death. It was always influenced to a greater or less degree by his strong feeling of Polish nationalism, although individual characteristics of his genius and the potent influence of the romantic school are compelling factors in his music. It is, at any rate, *sui generis,* and has retained its vitality more than any other music of its immediate period. In 1829 he first came prominently before the great public, when he made a trip through Europe, winning admiration for the beauty and delicacy of his playing. In Paris he became one of the most noted personages of the time, and was in great demand as virtuoso and teacher.

One of his pupils was Karl Mikuli, a Pole, who settled in Paris in 1844; and the years of study he had under the master made him an authority on his methods and style of playing his own compositions. His edition of Chopin's works are therefore of exceptional value to students and players.

M. CLEMENTI.

The name of Muzio Clementi is one of the landmarks in the history of piano-playing. He was one of the principal influences in introducing a modern style of the art. He was a great performer and teacher, and also a composer of charm, according to the spirit of his time. The enduring esteem in which his chief work, the "Gradus ad Parnassum," is held by the greatest players and teachers of modern times, shows how essentially correct and how firmly based on fundamentals was his method of playing and teaching. He was born in Rome in 1752, and brought up as a musician. His early compositions were well received, and as a virtuoso he made successful tours. His artistic career was interrupted and finally arrested by his success as a piano manufacturer and music publisher in London.

The "Gradus," published in 1817, is a series of one hundred superb studies. These are of the most varied description, and were evidently not arranged systematically by the composer. Modern pedagogues have felt the impossibility of using them in the order in which Clementi placed them. Max Vogrich has performed the very important service of classifying and rearranging them according to their practical formative, and intellectual content.

A. CORELLI.

That he was the greatest virtuoso of his time was the contemporary verdict upon Arcangelo Corelli as a player. He was one of the founders of the art of the violin, both in technical performance and in

composition for it. He was born near Bologna, Italy, in 1653, and died in Rome in 1713. He visited Paris and Germany and was attached to the court in Munich; but the later years of his life he spent in Rome as one of the most famous musicians of his time. His compositions survive as among the noblest and most beautiful productions of the pre-classical period, and many distinguished pupils handed down the principles of his art as a violinist.

J. B. CRAMER.

Johann Baptist Cramer, one of the founders of the modern pianoforte style, was a pupil of Clementi, whose methods he adopted and handed on. He was born at Mannheim in 1771, but lived most of his life in London, where he died in 1858. Like his master Clementi, his artistic career was interrupted and finally broken off by his success in business, as a music publisher. Cramer's fame is chiefly preserved by his piano studies, which formed a part of his great "Method" for the instrument. These studies are still among the most valuable material for training in piano-playing and are constantly used by the best masters.

C. CZERNY.

Carl Czerny's name is still one with which to conjure success in the mastery of piano technique. His enduring monument, in a vast mass of more than one thousand musical compositions, is his series of studies for technical training. Their value and surpassing merit have been gratefully acknowledged for almost a hundred years. Czerny was born in Vienna in 1791, and died there in 1857. He had lessons of Beethoven, of whom he was a favorite, and remained the friend. He soon gave up his career as a public pianist and devoted himself to teaching. His style was based on that of Clementi, and he also learned from Hummel. He trained many distinguished pupils, among them Liszt and Thalberg.

C. DE BERIOT.

Charles Auguste de Bériot was one of the first of modern violin virtuosos, who brought about the change from the classical severity of the older French school to meet the newer spirit of the age that found expression in the virtuoso's achievements in music. He was born in Belgium in 1802, and from his first appearances in Paris as an artist exercised an indescribable charm by the brilliancy, grace, and piquancy of his playing. He became speedily one of the greatest virtuosos of the day. He married Mme. Malibran, the great singer, but their union was severed by her death a few months later. In 1843 he became professor of violin at the newly founded Brussels Conservatory, retiring in 1852. He died in 1870. He composed much for his instrument; in his earlier years, facile and brilliant "airs variés"; later more serious concertos (seven in number), and some

chamber music; as well as a remarkable "École transcendentale" for the violin.

F. DAVID.

Ferdinand David exercised a great and lasting influence on the art of the violin by his teaching at the Conservatory in Leipzig from 1843 to the time of his death in 1873, and as concertmaster of the Gewandhaus from 1836. He was born in 1810 in Hamburg, and was a pupil of Spohr and Hauptmann. He developed the technique of the violin along lines of his own, and had a great influence on musical taste by first playing Bach's solo violin sonatas and suites and Beethoven's last quartettes. His own compositions are sound and dignified, if not inspired music.

A. DIABELLI.

Antonio Diabelli's fame rests partly on having supplied Beethoven with a theme for a noted set of pianoforte variations. But among his own compositions are a number that are valued by teachers for their melodious charm and their availability for teaching. Diabelli was born near Salzburg in 1781, and died in Vienna in 1858. Like Clementi and Cramer, he stopped his career as a musician to become a music publisher. In Vienna he published much of Schubert's work.

J. J. F. DOTZAUER.

Justus Johann Friedrich Dotzauer exercised an important influence on the art of playing the violoncello through his invaluable studies, which remain an indispensable part of every 'cello player's equipment. He was born near Hildburghausen, Germany, in 1783; played in the Meiningen Court orchestra in Leipzig, and for many years in Dresden. After more than forty years in that city he was pensioned, and died in 1860. He had a number of famous 'cellists as his pupils, and composed an opera and many other works in the larger forms, especially 'cello concertos.

TH. DUBOIS.

Famous both as composer and organist, Théodore Dubois, one of the most distinguished of French musicians, was born at Rosnay, France, in 1837. In the Conservatoire at Paris he won the Roman prize. On his return he became chapel master at Sainte Clotilde, and then succeeded Saint-Saëns as organist at the Madeleine; he was professor at the Conservatoire, and from 1896 to 1905 its director. He is a very fertile composer, and has produced half a dozen operas, several symphonies, and symphonic works, cantatas, and oratorios (one of the best known being his "Paradise Lost"), and many pieces for piano and organ, as well as songs.

J. L. DUSSEK.

Johann Ladislaw Dussek was one of the fathers of modern piano technique and contributed in important points to its development.

He was a Bohemian and born in 1761. He became organist and finally a virtuoso pianist (under the advice of C. P. E. Bach), travelling in many parts of Europe. Dussek's playing was praised for its fine cantabile style, which he was one of the first to cultivate. He spent a dozen years in England, and the last four years of his life in Paris, where he was greatly honored and where he outshone the virtuosos, Steibelt and Wölfl. He died near Paris in 1812, after a singularly fortunate career.

H. W. ERNST.

Heinrich Wilhelm Ernst was one of the most famous violinists of the nineteenth century. Born in Moravia in 1814, he studied at the Vienna Conservatory, and later under Mayseder; and at the age of sixteen appeared as a public performer. Fascinated by Paganini, then at the height of his fame, Ernst followed him from town to town, endeavoring to master the secrets of his power. He won a great name all through Europe, and died at Nice in 1865. As a composer he produced pieces that have long been favorites with violinists, mostly on the order of virtuoso displays pieces, especially his F sharp minor concerto.

J. FIELD.

Without Field's nocturnes there would not have been—at least, in the form in which they exist—Chopin's. Not only the name, but also the whole style and matter of these pieces were strikingly new and original, freed as they were from the trammels of a set form. Field was an Irishman, born in Dublin in 1782. His family was musical, and he was brought up under severe musical discipline. As a pupil of Clementi he was trained in the best methods and had great success. Going to St. Petersburg in 1804, he became the fashionable teacher and virtuoso, which success he duplicated in Moscow. In that city he died in 1837.

F. FIORILLO.

Noted as a violinist and the son of a noted violinist, Federigo Fiorillo was born in 1753 in Brunswick, Germany, where his father, an Italian by birth, was conductor. He played as a soloist in various cities, and in London for some years was viola player in Salomon's famous quartette. The date of his death is uncertain, but was later than 1823. He composed much music, but the best known of his works, and his title to a share of immortality, are the "36 Caprices," studies for the violin, which have become indispensable to every well-trained player.

N. W. GADE.

Niels W. Gade was one of the founders of the Scandinavian national school of musical composition, which has been carried to a

more characteristic and pungent form of expression by his successor, Grieg. He was born in Copenhagen in 1817, and died there in 1890. His first successful work, the overture "Nachklänge von Ossian," in 1840 attracted wide-spread attention, and he came under the influence of Mendelssohn and Schumann in Leipzig, where he succeeded the former as conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts. Returning to Copenhagen, however, in 1848, he remained there the rest of his life. There he was active as conductor and composer, wielding a beneficent influence. His symphonies and overtures, his cantatas and his chamber music have a lasting place in the productions of the modern romantic school.

B. GODARD.

Benjamin Godard was a characteristic representative of the modern French grace and charm in melody and rhythm, in salon music of the highest type. He was largely concerned with music of a larger scale; with operas, symphonies, and chamber music, some of which was very successful in Paris and Brussels. Outside of those cities, however, he is chiefly known by his delightful piano pieces, of which he wrote many. He was a thorough Parisian, born in the French capital in 1849, educated there at the Conservatoire, active there in composition and in the production of his works. He died at Cannes in 1895.

E. GRIEG.

Edvard Grieg's place in the development of nationalism in music is a highly important one; while the wonderful musical richness of his work, its melodic beauty, its harmonic originality and effectiveness, its fascinating rhythmic qualities, have made him one of the most popular and deeply beloved of all modern composers. He was born in Bergen, Norway, in 1843. Studying at Leipzig he found the prevailing influences there dry and unsympathetic. In 1863 he studied with Gade and came under Hartmann's influence, and then he was profoundly stirred by his intercourse with Rikard Nordraak, a young Norwegian composer, with whom he entered on a crusade "against the effeminate Mendelssohnian-Gade Scandinavianism, turning with enthusiasm into the well-defined path along which the Northern school is now travelling." The results of this are evident in his piano pieces, in which the boisterousness, the gloom and melancholy, the tenderness and wistfulness of the Scandinavian people are mirrored. He has used many native idioms, without refining away their characteristic tang and even occasional harshness, and his work deserves a place beside Chopin's, Liszt's, Dvořák's, as being thoroughly representative of the spirit of a nation and its song.

"Holberg's time" was from 1684 to 1754. That is to say, it was the period in musical history before the development of the sonata, when the suite was the most generally acepted form of instrumental composition. The suite was a succession of idealized dance forms,

and the sarabande, gavotte, and rigaudon are such dances. Grieg has preserved their formal aspect, while putting much of his own individuality into their musical content.

E. HABERBIER.

Ernst Haberbier was a cosmopolitan musician, chiefly known in his time as a pianist, though he has left an enduring record as a composer in his "Études-poésies," which alone of his works survive. He was born in Königsberg on October 5, 1813, and met with success as a pianist in St. Petersburg, London, and Paris, where he created a sensation. In 1866 he settled in Bergen, Norway, as a teacher, and there he died while playing at a concert, in 1869. His "Études-poésies" are a set of twenty-four picturesque and characteristic pieces, highly romantic in their style and representing vividly bits of scenery, of picturesque fancy, and mood painting.

G. F. HĀNDEL.

Händel composed his harpsichord pieces at the height of his fame in London, between 1720 and 1735, where they were very popular. He had a varied career in his youth, as organist, violinist, and conductor in various parts of Germany. In 1706 he visited Italy and made a furore with several operas, on his return becoming Kapellmeister to the elector of Hanover. His visits to England were so successful that in 1712 he made his stay permanent. His popularity became very great in London, where he brought out a number of Italian operas, in great rivalry with Bononcini and others, but finally failed; and in 1741 turned to oratorio composition, with which he occupied himself exclusively to the end of his life. He wrote numerous works for orchestra and organ besides those already mentioned, and his influence upon English music was so overpowering as almost to exclude all original development there until very recent years.

M. HAUPTMANN.

Moritz Hauptmann, born at Dresden in 1792, died at Leipzig in 1868. He made his chief reputation as a learned theorist, a master of counterpoint and classic form; and as a teacher of those and allied subjects in the Leipzig Conservatory. There he was professor from 1842 till his death. He published many important theoretical works, which are the basis of much of the modern doctrine of musical structure; but he was also a finished and accomplished composer. He wrote an opera, choral music, and many chamber works which are highly esteemed.

J. HAYDN.

Josef Haydn's work was to effect the transition from the old form of instrumental music, the suite, to the modern sonata form, as it is employed in the symphony, the string quartette, and the solo sonata.

He was a pioneer of originality and power in his gradual perfection of the elements of outline and design that have been confirmed and developed by the great masters that followed him. His early years were embittered by poverty. He finally was appointed by Prince Esterházy Kapellmeister of his orchestra at his country place at Eisenstadt. Here for many years he had leisure and the disposition of an orchestra for working out the development of form and instrumental style in which he was interested. His visits to England in 1791 and 1794 brought him increased fame and affluence, and his last years were loaded with honors.

S. HELLER.

Stephen Heller as pianist, teacher, and composer, was prominent for fifty years in Paris, where he lived from 1838 to 1888. He was a Hungarian. He wrote voluminously for the piano alone; his music is distinguished for its elegance and refinement, varied and forceful rhythms, exquisite melody, and for a poetic sentiment to which his distinctive titles in many cases give the key. He wrote several hundred pieces, comprised in more than one hundred and fifty opus numbers. Besides his characteristic pieces he wrote many admirable études, in the higher and more musical sense, for the development more of taste and expression than of technique.

A. HENSELT.

Adolphe Henselt was one of the most accomplished pianists of his day. He was born in Bavaria in 1814, and died in Silesia in 1889. He studied with Hummel, and aroused great enthusiasm by his early public performances in 1837. In 1838 he received royal appointments at St. Petersburg, where he spent many years of his life. He seldom appeared in public, owing to great nervousness; but he was hailed by Schumann as one of the greatest players. His music is noted for its lyric grace and charm and also for many characteristic and beautiful pianistic effects produced in it.

J. N. HUMMEL.

Johann Neopomuk Hummel was born in Pressburg, Hungary, in 1778 and died in Weimar in 1837. He attracted the interest of Mozart in his early years, and profited by his instruction in piano-playing, becoming one of the most distinguished virtuosos of the day, at one time regarded as the equal of Beethoven. His compositions have taken their place as among the lesser classics of this period. They are brilliant in their treatment of the piano, and carefully wrought in respect of workmanship.

A. JENSEN.

The talent of Adolf Jensen made him one of the most subtly delicate and refined lyric composers of the middle of the last century. Born at Königsberg in 1837, he died at Baden-Baden in 1879. Pov-

erty hindered his early advancement. He eked out a living by teaching and in the minor post of a conductor in small cities. His genius found fullest expression in his songs. His piano pieces have a buoyant and poetic felicity, graceful in fancy, and finely chiselled in execution.

H. KJERULF.

Halfdan Kjerulf was among the earlier of the Scandinavian composers to feel the influence of the folk-songs of his native land. He was hampered in the musical ambitions of his early life. Born at Christiania in 1818, he first studied theology; not till he was twenty-two was he free to devote himself to music, and not till he was thirty-two could he take regular instruction (in Leipzig, from Richter). He lived very quietly in his native Norway, devoting himself chiefly to songs and piano pieces, expressing the poetical thought and feeling of his own country. He died in 1868, looked up to by Grieg and other Scandinavians as a sort of patriarch of their art.

R. KREUTZER.

Rodolphe Kreutzer has tasted of immortality as the one to whom Beethoven dedicated one of his greatest violin sonatas, and by whose name it is universally known. To all violinists his fame is ever renewed through his "Études" or caprices, an indispensable part of the study of every performer on the violin. All the rest of Kreutzer's many works are forgotten; but these études preserve his memory as a great master. He was an industrious composer; he early showed talent as a musician and attained prominence in Paris as player, composer, and teacher in the Conservatoire.

F. KUHLAU.

Friedrich Kuhlau is now chiefly remembered by his sonatas and sonatinas for two and four hands upon the piano, though in his day he was a noted operatic and chamber music composer. He was a German, born in Hanover in 1786; but he spent much of his life in Copenhagen, and died there in 1832. He was a player of the flute by profession, and wrote many pieces also for that instrument.

TH. KULLAK.

Theodor Kullak was a pianist and pedagogue of exceptional attainments. Born in Posen in 1818, he showed precocious talent, but was made to study medicine at first. In 1842 he studied with Czerny and others in Vienna, but settled in Berlin, where he founded and conducted a famous music school. His instructive works for piano are classics in their way, and his "School of octave-playing" has never been surpassed. He trained many distinguished artists.

F. LAUB.

Ferdinand Laub was one of the great nineteenth-century violin virtuosos. He was born in Prague in 1832, and died in the Tyrol

in 1875. He studied at the Prague Conservatory and appeared in concerts at the age of eleven. He thereafter played in many places throughout Germany, and in 1853 succeeded Joachim as concert-master in Weimar. In 1855 he went to Berlin as teacher and player, and there formed a string quartette that became one of the most famous ones of the time. He made many brilliant tours as a virtuoso, and in 1866 was appointed violin professor at the Moscow Conservatory. Failing health caused his retirement some years before his death.

J. M. LECLAIR.

Jean Marie Leclair was one of the founders of the classical French school of violinists. His style and methods were derived from Corelli. He was born at Lyons in 1697, and began his career as a ballet dancer at Rouen. Then Somis discovered his talent and taught him the violin. The only positions he ever held were subordinate places in the Opéra orchestra and the royal band, though he was eminent as a player and composer. His compositions were a potent force in the development of the art, and are still cherished as among the noblest examples of the classical style. He was assassinated by an unknown person, for an unknown reason, on his own doorstep in 1764.

H. LÉONARD.

Hubert Léonard was an eminent violinist and teacher; born near Liége, Belgium, in 1819, he died in Paris in 1890. He was a pupil of Habeneck at the Paris Conservatoire, and played in the orchestras of the Opéra and the Opéra Comique. He made brilliant and extended concert tours in the later 40's, and then succeeded de Bériot as professor of the violin at the Brussels Conservatory. Here he remained till 1867, when he retired on account of ill-health, and thereafter lived in Paris as a teacher. He published many important études and a School for the violin, and edited many of the classical works for the instrument.

F. LISZT.

Franz Liszt was one of the most remarkable figures of the nineteenth century in music. It was pre-eminently his privilege to advance the art of piano-playing to its highest development, and establish a new standard not only of technique but of interpretation. He was also a voluminous composer in many forms, and especially for his own instrument. His piano music shows an extraordinarily skilful utilization of the new technical possibilities, color, and sonorities of the instrument introduced by him; it shows also an ardent striving after the romantic spirit and the employment of picturesque methods of incorporating poetical ideas into tones. His life was one of remarkable activity and zeal in promoting the

modern ideas of his time, and assisting by his enormous influence the men who represented them. His piano music is of the greatest variety, ranging from simple song-like pieces of short compass, to virtuoso pieces of dazzling brilliancy and transcendent difficulty, as the two concertos, the études, the Hungarian rhapsodies, and the sonata. In them all, however, will be found the most acute sense of pianistic effect and the most skilful employment of the possibilities and characteristics of the instrument.

"Les préludes" is the third of Liszt's symphonic poems, this style of programme music being devised by Liszt, to break away from the definite, formal pattern of the orthodox symphony. Its form has nothing fixed, but is derived from the poetic aspects of the subjects it illustrates. Thus "Les préludes" is based upon a poem by Lamartine, the French poet of the romantic period about 1830, contained in his "Méditations poétiques." Lamartine describes human life as a succession of preludes to that unknown song whose first solemn note is sounded by Death. In this piece Liszt follows Lamartine in describing some of the ideal phases of human life—love, the storms of life, the peace of pastoral quietness, and again the activity that sounds the trumpet signals for strife. Love, grief, peace, and victory are the four phases represented in tones by Liszt.

F. MENDELSSOHN.

Mendelssohn was one of the chief exponents of the romantic school of the first half of the nineteenth century, while yet adhering in all essentials to the principles of form and euphony established by the classical composers. To the time of his death in 1847 he enjoyed an enormous popularity. To the wide extension of this, nothing contributed more than his "Songs without Words," a style of short piano piece of romantic and poetic content, which, while he did not invent it, he developed with much skill and originality. In these little pieces is contained a vast range of feeling and emotion expressed with consummate technical perfection of finish. Mendelssohn's oratorios, "Elijah" and "St. Paul," and his symphonies and overtures, are the greatest of his works, and his songs also contain many beauties. He was born into the rich Mendelssohn family of Berlin bankers, and having every opportunity for developing his talent, made remarkable exhibitions of precocity both as a pianist and composer. Among the most noteworthy episodes in his short life were his work in conducting the Gewandhaus orchestra in Leipzig, his establishment of the Leipzig Conservatory, and his several visits to England, where he had great influence and popularity.

B. MOLIQUE.

Wilhelm Bernhard Molique was famous as a violinist and composer. Born at Nuremberg in 1802, he studied under Rovelli at Munich, and became a member of the imperial orchestra in Vienna,

then succeeded Rovelli in 1820 as leader in the Munich orchestra. He won fame by extended tours throughout Europe till 1849, when he settled in London, remaining there till 1866, enjoying success as solo and quartette player, teacher, and composer. He died in 1869. He composed an oratorio, "Abraham," and many solo pieces for violin, including six concertos; also a 'cello concerto.

I. MOSCHELES.

As a pianist, a teacher, and a composer, Ignaz Moscheles was among the most prominent musicians of his lifetime, which extended from 1794 to 1870. He was precocious as composer and pianist, and in his early days he had much personal intercourse with Beethoven in Vienna, where he studied. He obtained great fame as a piano virtuoso. In 1821 he settled in London, and in 1846 joined the Leipzig Conservatory under Mendelssohn, where he lived the rest of his life and trained many distinguished pianists. His piano music is energetic, brilliant, and strongly rhythmical, and of great dignity of style, including characteristic pieces, fantasies, and études.

M. MOSZKOWSKI.

Moritz Moszkowski is one of the most brilliant and fertile composers for the piano of the present day. He is Polish by birth, but is of German training. He was born in Breslau in 1854, and made his first public appearance as a pianist in Berlin in 1873. He was highly successful for many years as a concert pianist, while at the same time he was increasing his fame by his compositions, which have attained a great and far-reaching popularity.

W. A. MOZART.

Although his greatness is now measured by his operatic and symphonic works, as well as his piano sonatas, Mozart was also one of the greatest pianists of his day. He was a "wonder child," and was taken over Europe by his father, who exploited his piano-playing in private and public concerts. He made marvellous progress in composition, and his music aroused universal wonder and admiration. He was for some time in the employment of the Archbishop of Salzburg, but resigned his place in 1777 because of indignities heaped upon him, and insufficient income, but resumed it again in 1779 for two years, leaving it then to settle in Vienna. There his later operas were composed and performed, bringing him fame but little money, and with his wife he lived in penury. His last work was his "Requiem," the subject of which aroused in him superstitious forebodings of his death, and he died before he could complete it. His piano music shares the beauty and distinction of his music in the larger forms; joy is its keynote; melody is lavishly expended in them, and they show the finest taste and elegance, and, above all, euphony and plastic beauty of form. Apparently simple in their structure, they are a stumbling block to the superficial.

P. NARDINI.

Pietro Nardini was one of the famous classical violinists and composers for the violin, of the eighteenth century, when Italy produced the leaders in this branch of music. He was born in Fibiana, Tuscany, in 1722, and died in Florence in 1793. He was a pupil of the great Tartini. In 1753 he became solo violinist to the court in Stuttgart, and remained there till 1767, when he returned to Italy, living with Tartini till the latter's death in 1770, when he became solo violinist and director of the court music at Florence. Nardini commanded a soulful cantilena, and his numerous violin solos and concerted pieces demand this quality especially from their executants.

N. PAGANINI.

Niccolò Paganini was the greatest of all violin virtuosos, and contests with Franz Liszt the title of the greatest virtuoso on any musical instrument who ever lived. But unlike Liszt, Paganini lacked a truly high and musical gift. His powers were chiefly comprised in a marvellous mastery of the technical difficulties of the violin, and in an undreamed-of extension of its possibilities. His compositions have a certain originality and charm, but their purpose is almost wholly to exploit the brilliancy and novelty of the mechanical devices that he himself introduced. He showed early promise and his talent was forced by his father. He studied in Rome, and even then experimented with new effects. He made his first concert tour at the age of thirteen, and then entered upon his checkered career, in which artistic success was mingled with dissipation of all sorts. In 1828, he appeared in Vienna and threw the city into a delirium of excitement. This success was repeated all over Europe. The end of his life was pitiable, being under the stress of unsuccessful speculation and lawsuits.

I. PLEYEL.

Ignaz Joseph Pleyel occupied a large place in the musical life of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. Born near Vienna in 1757, he became a pupil of Haydn, and was prominent as a conductor in various places. Finally, after the beginning of the French Revolution, he went to Paris and started a piano factory that is still one of the foremost in Europe. Pleyel was enormously prolific as a composer—many symphonies and a great mass of chamber music attest his industry, if not his inspiration. His "instructive" works are still highly esteemed. He died near Paris in 1831.

J. RAFF.

Joachim Raff was born in Switzerland. His early talent recommended him to Mendelssohn and Liszt, and, encouraged by them, he devoted himself to composing. He was a composer of prodigious fertility and industry, and had an inexhaustible vein of melody, with a

thorough mastery of the technical requirements of the art. Misfortune accompanied him, however, and his pecuniary condition as well as his popularity and facility often led him to force his genius to unwise overproduction. He lived for a time in Cologne, then in Wiesbaden, where he was in great demand as a piano teacher, and in 1877 he was appointed director of the Hoch Conservatory in Frankfort. In 1863 his first symphony, "An das Vaterland," won the prize of the "Friends of Music" in Vienna, and his popularity became then greater than ever. Raff was a romanticist of conviction, and sought in music a definite expression of the concrete. Thus, in his symphony "Lenore," he expounds the story told in Bürger's ballad of the same title. This somewhat grisly story is of Lenore and her young soldier lover, who is separated from her to go to the wars, and is there killed; but his spirit comes back to fetch her, and together they ride on a ghostly horse, amid all unearthly terrors invisible to living mortals. The love of the pair is described in the first two movements. In the third, Wilhelm, the lover, is shown departing for the wars, through the picturesque and brilliant march that is universally familiar. The last movement is full of the terrors of the ride.

C. REINECKE.

Carl Reinecke held for many years a dignified place in the world of music as director of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, as a pianist of amiable gifts, especially in the interpretation of Mozart, and as a composer of great melodic fluency and winning grace. He studied the piano and became intimate with Schumann and Mendelssohn, taught at the Cologne Conservatory, and was called to Leipzig as conductor and professor at the Conservatory in 1860. He resigned in 1895. He had many distinguished pupils. His compositions are very numerous, and especially those for young players are full of charm.

J. P. RODE.

Jacques Pierre Joseph Rode is another of the past masters of the violin whose fame is conserved by his instructive works for his instrument. His "Twenty-four caprices in the form of studies, in the twenty-four major and minor keys" are famed and indispensable to every student of the violin. He was born in Bordeaux, February 16, 1774; a pupil of Viotti, he became one of the first professors in the newly opened Conservatoire in Paris. Later he was violinist to the Czar of Russia. He travelled much, and while in Vienna Beethoven wrote for him his Romance, Op. 50. His last appearance in Paris was a failure. He died in 1830.

P. ROVELLI.

Pietro Rovelli came of a family of noted Italian musicians; he was a pupil of Rodolphe Kreutzer in Paris and also modelled his

style on that of the great Viotti. As a solo artist he won many of the successes that were open to virtuosos in the early part of the nineteenth century in France, Germany, and Austria. His career extended from 1793 to 1838, and his playing was considered "simple, expressive, graceful, noble; on the whole, classical; the kind of playing that wins the heart of the listener." He composed much; but little has survived except his caprices.

A. RUBINSTEIN.

Anton Rubinstein was one of the greatest pianists of the world; but even more than for fame as a pianist did he yearn for fame as a composer. He showed precocity as a pianist, and was recognized by Liszt, under whose advice he continued his studies. His tours brought him tremendous success in fame and money, and his compositions were greatly admired. In 1858, returning to Russia, he was appointed conductor, and in 1862 founded the Imperial Conservatory in St. Petersburg. He visited America in 1872 with great success. He composed many works in all styles, including a sort of Biblical opera that he devised himself. Many of his piano pieces, his fourth concerto, and the smaller works have been enduringly popular. He had a great gift of melody and of rhythmic charm; but by his Russian contemporaries he was refused a place in the Russian school of composers because of his cosmopolitanism.

D. SCARLATTI.

Domenico Scarlatti was one of the chief writers for the harpsichord—the predecessor of the piano—in the first half of the eighteenth century. His father was the great operatic composer, Alessandro Scarlatti, and he himself soon made a name as the foremost Italian harpsichordist. In 1709 he competed with Händel on a visit to Rome, and was worsted by him. He occupied various posts in Rome, London, Lisbon, Naples, and Madrid, spending twenty-five years in the Spanish capital as music master in the royal family. He composed a great number of pieces for his instrument, short and brilliant, and was the first to study especially the characteristics of the harpsichord and adapt his compositions to them. He wrote in the free style, with graceful and brilliant ornamentation and passage work, in distinction to the older contrapuntal style; and much of his writing demands technique suggesting that of the modern piano.

X. SCHARWENKA.

Xaver Scharwenka, one of the most noted of modern pianists, was born in Posen in 1850, and after studying in Berlin, appeared there as a pianist in 1869. He was also a teacher there in Kullak's academy. After some years of virtuoso playing he founded an academy in Berlin of his own. In 1891 he came to New York, but returned to Berlin in 1898 and is now teaching there. His piano pieces are attractive

and brilliant, frequently showing the characteristics of the Polish folk-song.

J. SCHNEIDER.

Julius Schneider lived the eighty years of his life, between 1805 and 1885, in Berlin, where he was born, and there attained high rank as an organist and composer, chiefly of organ music and sacred choral pieces, though he also produced two operas, a piano concerto, piano sonatas, and other chamber works. He was organist at the Friedrichwerder church, singing teacher at the Municipal Industrial School, Royal Music Director, teacher at the Royal Institute for Church Music, and Royal Inspector of Organs. Besides receiving these honors, he was conductor of several choral societies.

FR. SCHUBERT.

Franz Schubert, "the most poetic musician who ever lived," as Liszt called him, had a life short and full of hardship and disappointment, yet also of good-fellowship. His gifts were astounding, and he began composing and playing as a mere child; throughout his life he poured forth music with a fecundity that only Mozart could equal. His life was mostly spent in Vienna, but without official position, and he eked out a precarious living with lessons and the sale of his compositions, for which he was miserably paid. He never gained great success with the public during his life, though some of his songs were popular. Among his works his songs and the two great symphonies take the highest rank; but the piano pieces are exquisite and characteristic examples of his poetic genius.

R. SCHUMANN.

Robert Schumann stands as the most distinguished and characteristic representative of the romantic movement in music in the nineteenth century. He was the son of a bookseller, born in 1810 in Zwickau, and intended for the law, for which reason he attended Leipzig and Heidelberg universities, and his early technical training in music was not that of a professional, either in playing or composing. He finally, however, devoted himself to music; but injury to his hand prevented him from becoming a pianist, so that his attention was turned to composition. He also fought for the cause of good music by founding a musical journal and writing much for it. His first music was for the piano, in which he developed a style of his own, and a class of short poetic pieces, often descriptive in an ideal sense, and illustrative of some idea outside of music. Thus one of the most characteristic sets of such pieces is that called "Kreisleriana," intended to illustrate a personage in the stories of E. T. A. Hoffmann, Kapellmeister Kreisler, a quaint, mournful, and fantastic figure. There are eight pieces in the set, of widely divergent emotional and musical expressiveness; and some have said that in thus

depicting the character of Hoffman's hero, Schumann was in reality giving a portrait of himself. Schumann married Clara Wieck, the distinguished pianist, in 1840, and was appointed professor in the Leipzig Conservatory; later he lived in Dresden and in Düsseldorf, where he conducted. In 1853 signs of insanity developed; in 1854 an attempt to commit suicide compelled his confinement in an asylum, where he died in 1856.

CHR. SINDING.

Among the most gifted of the younger Scandinavian composers is Christian Sinding, a Norwegian, born in 1856. He studied first in Christiania, then in Leipzig under Reinecke, where he was befriended by Adolf Brodsky. Since his student years he has lived in Christiania and Copenhagen. His first great reputation was made by his symphony in D, produced in 1890. His chamber music is praised, his songs, original in conception and expression, are becoming increasingly popular, and his piano pieces are strikingly fresh and strong. Sinding makes less use of the characteristic Norse spirit in music than Grieg, as to melodic and rhythmic folk-song elements; but it is in evidence, though he fearlessly follows the trend of his own individuality.

L. SPOHR.

Ludwig Spohr was one of the most original and commanding influences in the nineteenth-century art of the violin and as well a composer of serious and artistic power. He was born in Brunswick, April 5, 1784. He began work early, and was assisted by the Duke of Brunswick. He made concert tours, and began to publish his compositions by the time he was eighteen. At twenty-five he was a conductor. He appeared in many European cities as player and conductor; but for short periods till 1822, when he became court conductor at Hesse Cassel, which post he kept till the end of his life, October 22, 1859. Here he produced operas of his own, symphonies, oratorios, solo and concerted pieces for violin, and chamber music. As a player his style was individual, broad, and pure. His music has always been very highly esteemed, and for many years his symphonies and orchestral pieces were constantly played. His violin concertos are greatly prized by violinists for their perfection of style.

D. STEIBELT.

Daniel Steibelt was one of the noted piano virtuosos of his time, which was from 1765, when he was born in Berlin, to 1823, the date of his death in St. Petersburg. He was a travelling virtuoso, and won much fame. He lived from 1790 to 1797 in Paris, then in London, and in the course of his subsequent travels had a contest in piano-playing with Beethoven, in which he was worsted. In 1810, after many wanderings, he settled in St. Petersburg as conductor of the French opera.

J. STRAUSS.

Johann Strauss's title, the "Waltz King," epitomizes the nature of his genius. He was first and foremost a composer of dance tunes, a dealer in dance rhythms; and even his most delightful operettas, of which he wrote many, are built upon dance rhythms. He was born in Vienna in 1825, the son of another "Waltz King," Johann Strauss, the elder, who brought the waltz into its great popularity. The younger Johann had to devote himself to music secretly, because of his father's opposition. He was at one time a conductor in St. Petersburg, but Vienna was his life, and in his music he expressed the light-hearted gayety and elegant grace of the city and its people. He wrote over four hundred pieces of dance music, many of which spread like wildfire through Europe and America, and many operettas, the best of which, as "Die Fledermaus," and "Der Zigeunerbaron," are classics of their kind. He died in Vienna in 1899.

G. TARTINI.

One of the greatest of the founders of the art of the violin, in performance and composition, was Giuseppe Tartini, born in Pirano, Italy, April 8, 1692. He stood very near the beginnings of the artistic development of the violin, and carried it many important steps forward by his work. He was a roystering youth, and was compelled to pass two years in monastic retirement, from which he emerged an artist. Veracini, the great violinist, had a decisive influence on him and his example led him to perfect his own style. He was appointed solo violinist of the Basilica of San Antonio at Padua, and there spent the rest of his life, dying in 1770. He made a name not only as a daring and a powerful innovator in violin playing, but as a composer of classic breadth and depth. One of his most important services was the development of the modern bow, long, elastic, and responsive to the player's slightest pressure. He left an enormous number of compositions, one of the most famous being "The Devil's Trill," a sonata which he declared the devil played to him in a dream; a solo surpassing all he had ever heard. Awakening, he tried to reproduce what he had just heard. The result was this sonata; but Tartini declared it to be so inferior to what he had heard in his sleep that he would have broken his instrument and abandoned music if he could have lived in any other way.

P. TSCHAIKOWSKY.

Peter Iljitch Tchaikowsky was the greatest of the composers of Russia since the musical impulse was started in that country by Glinka seventy or eighty years before. He was also one of the most original, powerful, and fertile of modern composers. At first he studied law; but soon became a pupil of Rubinstein's at the newly established conservatory of St. Petersburg. Later he became an instructor there; but after 1877 devoted himself wholly to composi-

tion. His life was uneventful; one of its singular episodes was the bestowal upon him of an annual income by an admirer, a woman, on condition that he should never try to see her. This made him independent of drudgery. He travelled, and gained inspiration for some of his works in Italy; but they are mostly intensely Russian in feeling, and embody much of the wild, sad, tender, and boisterous spirit of the Russian folk-music. His greatest works are orchestral, but his operas are much played in Russia. His piano works are graceful and melodious.

Tschaikowsky's sixth "Pathetic Symphony" is inseparably connected with the sad story of the composer's last days. He wrote of it that "its programme is wholly subjective, and often during my wanderings, composing it in my mind, I have wept bitterly." He "put his whole soul into it." The symphony was produced under the composer's direction in St. Petersburg on October 28, 1893. It was coolly received. He named it the "Pathetic Symphony" the morning after this performance. On November 2d he was taken ill with a disease soon diagnosed as cholera, and on the next day he died. From his brother's account it is plain that his death was from natural causes, and any talk of suicide is unfounded. The premonition of death that some see in the symphony is not borne out by the story of the composer's last days. The lamentation, the abysmal sorrow of the fourth movement by some of his friends who knew his thoughts, is said to be not individual, but rather to have a national or a historical significance.

J. A. VAN EYKEN.

Among the Netherlanders who have kept alive the ancient fame of the Low Countries in music has been Jan Albert van Eyken, a noted organist and a composer in many branches of the art. He was born at Amersfoort, Holland, in 1822, and appeared in public as pianist and violinist at the age of thirteen. He studied at Leipzig and devoted himself to organ playing. He was organist at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Elberfeld, and a noted player, being in demand all over Germany. He died at Elberfeld in 1868. He composed much music in many forms, but his organ works, which are numerous, are best known.

R. VOLKMANN.

Robert Volkmann, a Saxon by birth, spent more than forty years in Pesth, where he caught much of the Hungarian spirit in his music. He was born in 1815, and died in 1883. At Leipzig he received the encouragement of Schumann, and the influence of Schumann is to be seen in much of his work. After teaching music in Prague, he settled in Pesth, where he was for some years a teacher in the Academy. His most important works are symphonies and overtures.

C. M. VON WEBER.

Carl Maria von Weber is best known as the founder of the romantic German opera; but he was a musician of remarkable versatility and touched no department of the art without enriching it. He was born in Oldenburg in 1786, and died in London in 1826, where he had gone to produce his opera "Oberon." For years he lived with his father a wandering life in a travelling dramatic company. He learned various parts of his art from different masters, among them Michael Haydn. He was for a short time conductor of the opera in Breslau, and after various wanderings, producing his operas and playing as a concert pianist, he became conductor of the opera at Prague. There he made such a mark that in 1816 he was made conductor of the opera at Dresden. He made an overwhelming triumph with "Der Freischütz" in Berlin and elsewhere, in 1821. This with the later "Euryanthe" are his master works.

His four solo sonatas have had an important place in the repertory of the piano. There is something romantic, chivalrous, highly imaginative in them, and they are filled with that dramatic fire and brilliancy that are so significant an element in his greater operas. Added to this he had a remarkable gift of alluring melody; the sonatas were thus made into moving and highly colored dramatic pictures of an ideal character.

H. VIEUXTEMPS.

The name of Henri Vieuxtemps stands among the foremost of those who have contributed to the development of modern musical art. He was precocious. Born in Verviers, Belgium, in 1820, he was well trained, and played publicly at the age of six. De Bériot took him as a pupil, and soon he dazzled and delighted the Parisian public at the age of eight. For five years he studied, then started on a concert tour—a concert tour which lasted almost all his life, for he was incessantly travelling and playing. He soon became pre-eminent among his contemporaries. He came to this country three times, in 1844, 1857, and 1870. From 1846 to 1852 he was professor in the St. Petersburg Conservatory and soloist to the Czar; then recommenced his wanderings. In 1871 he was made professor at the Brussels Conservatory; but two years later he was stricken with paralysis and had to give up. He died in 1881. His compositions are numerous and brilliant, and are greatly prized by modern players on account of their consummate expertness in the idiom of the instrument.

G. B. VIOTTI.

The transition from the old classical Italian school of violin playing to the distinctively modern school is generally attributed to Giovanni Battista Viotti. He was born in Fontaneto, Italy, March 23, 1753. He showed precocity; he finally reached the care of Paganini, the great Italian violinist, who took him on a tour through Europe.

Everywhere Viotti aroused great enthusiasm. In Paris in 1782 he made a deep impression. There he stayed, till the Revolution drove him to London, and became a favorite there. When Haydn visited London in 1794 and 1795 Viotti was leader of the orchestra at his benefit concerts. He undertook operatic management in London, and then tried in 1818 to raise the Paris Opéra from artistic decadence; but in vain. He returned to London and died there in 1824. Viotti's compositions are important landmarks in the history of modern development, and certain of his twenty-nine concertos are still played, especially the twenty-second. They show an advance (which he made hand in hand with Mozart) in broadening the dimensions of the form, developing it after the model of the sonata and elaborating the resources of the orchestra.

T. VITALI.

Tommaso Vitali lives in the minds of musicians to-day chiefly through his Chaconne with variations, which is considered a worthy precursor of Bach's great movement in the same form. Vitali was born at Bologna, Italy, about the middle of the seventeenth century. In 1706 he was elected a member of the Philharmonic Academy of Bologna and served for several years in Modena as conductor of the court orchestra. He composed several sonatas, and was the teacher of a number of excellent violinists.

H. WIENIAWSKI.

Henri Wieniawski was one of the greatest of that remarkable group of violinists who made notable the middle and later years of the nineteenth century. Born in 1835, in Lublin, Poland, he was a "wonder child" and made a remarkable record as a pupil of Massart at the Paris Conservatoire. He made European tours in his boyhood with steadily increasing fame, and in 1872 he started with Anton Rubinstein on a famous artistic tour of the United States. He was already recognized as one of the greatest virtuosos of the time, and his style was marked by a Slavic passion and impetuosity that carried all before it. Wieniawski occupied for a time the post of violin professor at the Conservatoire at Brussels, where he succeeded Vieuxtemps. One of his pupils is Leopold Lichtenberg of New York, editor of his Caprices, who is one of the best performers and one of the most authoritative teachers in the United States. Wieniawski composed many pieces, concertos, and other works that exemplify the brilliant style of writing for the violin. He died in Moscow in 1880.

LIFE SKETCHES OF COMPOSERS OF CLASSICAL SONGS, SONG WRITERS, AND VOCAL METHOD TEACHERS, WITH A BRIEF GUIDE TO THEIR WORKS.

FRANZ ABT.

FRANZ ABT composed songs that have become of enduring popularity throughout Germany, and part songs that rival Mendelssohn's in the affections of the Germans. His interest in singing did not stop there but produced also one of the most useful of modern methods. Abt was born at Eilenburg, Germany, in 1819; died at Wiesbaden in 1885. He was trained at Leipzig; in 1841 was appointed conductor of the opera at Bernburg, and occupied other posts of the same kind at Zurich and Brunswick. In 1882 he retired. He wrote more than five hundred works.

M. BORDOGNI.

Giulio Marco Bordogni, equally famed as a dramatic tenor and as a singing teacher, was born near Bergamo, Italy, in 1788. He first appeared in opera in Milan in 1813, and sang with brilliant success in Italy and then in Paris. In 1833 he left the stage and became singing teacher at the Conservatoire of Paris, where he remained for more than twenty years. His pupils numbered some of the greatest singers of the period—Sontag, Rudersdorff, Mario, and Balfe among them. He died in Paris in 1856. His practical instruction books and vocalisers have long been recognized as among the most valuable of their kind.

F. CHOPIN.

How strongly the folk-song of his native Poland appealed to Chopin is shown by the great use he made of it in his mazurkas and polonaises, and in some of his works in larger forms, as the Krakowiak. It is also shown in the seventeen Polish songs that were published after his death. While these are original melodies of his own, many of them exhibit strikingly the spirit and form and the characteristic mood of the Polish popular tunes. If he met with any new and beautiful poetry in his native tongue, he would set it to music, not for publication, but for his own pleasure. Many have been lost because the composer constantly put off committing them to paper. Others have been sung in Poland without anything positive being known as to their origin, and have thus taken on the character of true folk-songs.

J. CONCONE.

Giuseppe (Joseph) Concone was one of the most famous singing masters of modern times, and has done work in the formulation of exercises, studies, and vocalisers that are indispensable for the proper

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training of the voice. He was born in Turin, Italy, in 1810, and lived there as a musician till 1836, when his first opera was unsuccessfully produced. Then he moved to Paris, and became singing teacher at the Conservatoire; he taught also pianoforte and theory, and his numerous songs and duets were very popular. In 1848 he returned to Turin, where he remained till his death in 1861, active as organist of the Royal Chapel.

P. CORNELIUS.

Except for his three operas, Peter Cornelius's most important works are his songs. Of these about eighty have been published, many of them posthumously. They have qualities that promise them a permanent place in the literature of vocal music. For many of them he wrote the verses himself, and this is significant of his views as to the union of text and music in spirit and form. For he was an ardent follower of Wagner and Liszt. Born in Mainz in 1824, the nephew of the great painter Cornelius, he first intended to become an actor, but turned to music and studied with Dehn in Berlin. In 1852 he went to Weimar and became a member of Liszt's circle, writing many critical essays championing the new school. The intrigues against his opera, "Der Barbier von Bagdad," produced in 1858, were the cause of Liszt's resignation as conductor of the Grand Ducal Opera. Cornelius became professor of harmony and rhetoric at the reorganized Conservatory in Munich, when Wagner was summoned thither by Ludwig II. He died in 1874.

ROBERT FRANZ.

Robert Franz's life was quiet and most uneventful; yet he occasioned much stir through his championship of a fuller orchestral accompaniment for the choral works of Bach and Händel than a certain school of musicians was willing to concede. He was devoted to the spirit of Bach's music, and influenced by the warmth of Schubert and Schumann's romantic spirit; it may be traced through all his own work. This consists almost entirely of songs, with a few choruses; and to these he devoted a consummate art and perfect finish of style. He was born in Halle, Germany, June 28, 1815, lived there all his life, and died there October 24, 1892. He studied under Schneider at Dessau, and published his first songs in 1843. He composed in all about three hundred and fifty. He was conductor of the Singakademie and musical director of the university at Halle. His later years were troubled by blindness and poverty.

C. LOEWE.

Johann Carl Gottfried Loewe's name is inseparably connected with the ballad as a form of musical expression. He was an enormously fertile composer, but his operas, symphonies, pianoforte pieces, and chamber works have all fallen into oblivion. Of his four hundred

ballads and songs many still retain their freshness and vitality, and in recent years there has been a renewal of interest in them. The German poets, Bürger, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, and Uhland transplanted the ballad into German literature from Scotland. Loewe found the right expression for it in music, picturesque, romantic, legendary; maintaining the strophic form, but with a dramatic freedom. Loewe was born in Löbejün, near Halle, November 30, 1796, and died at Kiel, April 20, 1869. He studied in Halle; had his first appointment as teacher in Stettin in 1820, and there remained as cantor, teacher, and musical director of the city till 1866. Then he suffered a slight stroke of paralysis, was asked to resign by a grateful town council, and lived in Kiel for the remaining three years of his life.

F. SCHUBERT.

Schubert was the great master for all time of the art of song writing. In this department he achieved perfection from his boyhood years, while he was still laboring and experimenting in other lines of composition. There are six hundred and three of his songs preserved and now published, though many of them remained in manuscript long after his death. The German Lied had been cultivated by great masters before him; Mozart and Beethoven and many lesser men had produced beautiful specimens; but it was reserved for him to raise it to its highest power of expression and perfection of structure. He disclosed a new world in it, entirely through the freshness, power, and emotional poignancy of his musical ideas; for he did little to enlarge its formal apparatus. He invented no new manner, no new technique, no new style. Rather, as has been said, he did away once for all with the traditional limitations of the song and the idea of a special technique for song writing. His gift of heaven-sent melody was consorted with a remarkable genius for potent, bold, and moving harmony. Many have followed Schubert in the art upon which he bestowed a new eloquence; but none have ever reached the heights he reached in his greatest songs.

R. SCHUMANN.

When Robert Schumann married Clara Wieck, after years of struggle and degrading conflict with her obstinate father, it seemed as if the floodgates of a stream of inspiration, till then pent up, were opened and the ecstasy of his happiness was poured out in a great series of songs. Up to the year 1840 his musical creative powers had been confined to the production of piano music; but now it seemed as if no medium but the human voice could interpret his joy. Schumann was a poet himself in prose and verse, and his songs are not only a musician's but also a poet's interpretation of his romantic spirit and poetic enthusiasms. His finer taste in literature is apparent, in contrast with Schubert, in his selection of verses, for

which he turned chiefly to the younger romantic German school. He sought for exact interpretation in music, avoiding conventional forms in melody and accompaniment, and bringing the music into intimate and vital relationship with the poetry. Warmth, depth of passion, and of sentiment characterize them and raise them to a place by themselves, among all the products of modern musical art. They translate the profounder emotions of humanity as do few others.

F. LAMPERTI.

Of the two famous Lampertis, masters of the art of song, Francesco was the elder. He was born at Savona, Italy, in 1813, and was a pupil of the Milan Conservatory. In 1850 he entered it as professor of singing, and gave vocal instruction there for twenty-six years. He had many famous pupils; among them Albani, Artôt, Cruvelli, Lagrange, and Italo Campanini. He published singing methods and vocal exercises. He died at Como in 1892.

M. MARCHESI.

Mathilde Marchesi de Castrone, née Graumann, was born at Frankfort in 1826. She was a pupil in Vienna of Otto Nicolai, conductor and composer of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and of Manuel Garcia in Paris. She was at first a concert singer, and greatly esteemed in Paris and London. In 1852 she married the singer Salvatore, Marquis de Castrone, and together they appeared in opera in a number of cities. Then in 1854 they became singing teachers at the Vienna Conservatory. After this they lived for some years in Paris, taught singing in the Cologne Conservatory, and again in Vienna; and in 1881 they removed to Paris, where Mme. Marchesi has made a great name as a private teacher.

A. MAZZONI.

Antonio Mazzoni was one of the old Italian exponents of singing, whose methods helped to form the school to whose perfection all subsequent teachers have aspired to reach. The date of his birth is uncertain, either 1710 or 1725. He was born in Bologna. He produced operas, and sang in operas. Undertook a journey to Spain, remaining several years in Madrid, then accepted an engagement in St. Petersburg, and returned to Bologna in 1750, where he died in 1792. He published many solfeggios, besides a number of operas, oratorios, etc.

G. NAVA.

Gaetano Nava, who was born in Milan, 1802, and died there in 1875, was a pupil of the Milan Conservatory, and in 1837 was appointed professor of solfeggio there; in 1848, maestro of choral singing and harmony for the alumni. He wrote a great number of excellent solfeggi and vocalisers, also a method; and he was not unknown as a composer of church music.

H. PANOFKA.

Heinrich Panofka was a German, born in Breslau in 1807, but his long residence in Paris caused him to write his name Henri. He began as a violinist and studied in Vienna. After some concert giving he settled in Paris in 1834, playing at the Conservatoire concerts and studying singing and vocal instruction under Bordogni. They two founded in 1842 a singing academy, which was not successful. In 1844 he moved to London, where he became a singing teacher and conductor. He returned to Paris in 1852, and settled in Florence in 1866, where he died in 1887. He wrote no little violin music; but his vocal works, for instruction, very numerous, are far more important.

A. PANSERON.

Auguste Mathieu Panseron, born in Paris in 1796, was the son of a musician, who gave him his first instruction. Then he studied at the Conservatoire, won the Roman prize, studied further in Italy, and in Vienna and Naples, and returned to Paris in 1818. In 1826 he became professor of Solfège at the Conservatoire, and of other branches of singing later. He composed many songs and much church music. His real eminence, however, is based on his numerous valuable methods and collections of solfèges for the voice, of which he published many. He died in Paris in 1859.

F. SIEBER.

Few singing teachers have published more copiously than Ferdinand Sieber, who, though an Austrian, born in Vienna in 1822, was an exponent of the old Italian art of song. Many books on the theoretical side of singing as well as practical exercises in large numbers, are his contribution to the subject. He sang in opera, taught in Dresden from 1848 to 1854, then settled in Berlin, where he died in 1895.

N. VACCAI.

Niccolò Vaccai was turned from the frivolous employment of an Italian opera composer in the early nineteenth century to the more serious one of teaching singing, through the failure of several of his operas. He was born near Ancona, Italy, in 1790, and was originally intended for the law, but turned to music and studied under Paisiello at Naples. After several failures in opera, Vaccai took up the teaching of singing successfully. He visited Paris and London, attaining great popularity. In 1838 he was appointed to the Milan Conservatory, remaining there till his retirement in 1844. He died in 1848. His "Practical Method" has long been famous. The general plan of the "Lessons" in it is to give melodious exercises, not to bare vowels or syllables, but to smooth Italian verses. These have been admirably translated into good English by Theo. Marzials.

PAULINE VIARDOT.

Pauline Viardot-Garcia, daughter of the famous Manuel Garcia, the operatic singer and teacher who in 1905 celebrated his one hundredth birthday, was born in Paris in 1821. She herself was a noted operatic mezzo-soprano in her day, of great dramatic power. She first appeared in opera in London in 1839. In 1841 she married Viardot, director of the Théâtre Italien in Paris. She sang with great success till 1863, when she retired. For some years she taught at the Conservatoire, and has composed operas and songs. Her works for study are highly esteemed.

SOME GREAT COMPOSERS AND MUSICIANS AND SOME OF THEIR CHIEF WORKS.

NOTE.—*This is not, of course, a complete list of famous Composers and Musicians, nor is it a complete list of their works. It is intended to serve as an introduction to the vast field and to furnish a series of fingerposts to those who would acquaint themselves with the lives and works of the great masters.*

ARDITI, LUIGI. 1822-1903. Italy. *Some Chief Works:* I Briganti; La Spia; Il Bacio. *Autobiography,* 1896.

AUBER, DANIEL FRANÇOIS ESPRIT. 1782-1871. France. *Some Chief Works:* Masaniello; Fra Diavolo; Le Domino Noir; Les Diamants de la Couronne. Biographical sketches in Engel's "From Mozart to Mario," 1886; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.

BACH, JOHANN SEBASTIAN. 1685-1750. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Grand Mass in B Minor; St. Matthäus' Passion; My Heart Ever Faithful. *Biographies* by Pirro, 1902; Poole, 1890; Spitta, 1884; Williams, 1900; Ziemssen, 1905.

BARNBY, JOSEPH. 1838-96. England. *Chief Works:* Rebekah; King All Glorious; Original Tunes to Popular Hymns. Biographical sketch in Engel's "From Händel to Hallé," 1890.

BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN. 1770-1827. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Fifth Symphony in C Minor; Symphony No. 9; Opera "Fidelio." *Biographies* by Beethoven (Letters); Crowest, 1899; Fischer, 1905; Nohl, 1876; Rau, 1880; Rudall, 1903; Schindler, 1841. *Studies* by Elterlein, 1893; Grove, 1896; Teetgen, 1879.

BELLINI, VINCENZO. 1802-35. Italy. *Some Chief Works:* "La Sonnambula" opera; Novina. *Biography* in "Masters in Music," 1905, and sketch in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. i, 1891.

BERLIOZ, LOUIS HECTOR. 1803-69. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Damnation of Faust; Episode in the Life of an Artist. Autobiography and Letters of Berlioz; biographical sketches in Hadow's "Studies in Modern Music," 1893; Newman's "Musical Studies," 1904; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.

BRAHMS, JOHANNES. 1833-97. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Symphony C Minor; German Requiem. *Biographies* by Dieters, 1888; Dietrich, 1899; Erb, 1905; and in "Masters in Music," 1905.

CHERUBINI, MARIA LUIGI CARLO ZENOBI SALVADOR. 1760-1842. Italy. *Some Chief Works:* Sacred Music; Requiem; Der Wasserträger. *Biographies* by Bellasis, 1874; Crowest, 1890.

CHOPIN, FRÉDÉRIC FRANÇOIS. 1810-49. Poland. *Some Chief Works:* Piano Concerto in F Minor; Etudes, Nocturnes, and Ballads; Spring Song. *Biographies* by Hadden, 1903; Huneker, 1900; Karasowski, 1879; Liszt, 189-; Niecks, 1888.

COWEN, FREDERIC HYMEN. 1852- . England. *Chief Work:* Orchestral Works. Biographical sketch in Willeby's "Masters of English Music," 1893.

DONIZETTI, GAETANO. 1797-1848. Italy. *Some Chief Works:* Favorita; Lucia di Lammermoor. *Biography* in "Masters in Music," 1905; sketch in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. i, 1891.

DVOŘAK, ANTON. 1841-1904. Bohemia. *Some Chief Works:* Requiem; New World Symphony; Stabat Mater. Biographical sketches in Hadow's "Studies in Modern Music," 1894; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.

ELGAR, EDWARD WILLIAM. 1857- . England. *Some Chief Works:* Dream of Gerontius; Sea Pictures. *Biography* by Buckley, 1905.

FRANCK, CÉSAR AUGUSTE. 1822-90. France. *Some Chief Works:* The Beatitudes; D Minor Symphony. *Biography* in "Masters in Music," 1905.

FRANZ, ROBERT. 1815-92. Germany. *Chief Work:* Dedication. Biographical sketches in Hueffer's "Richard Wagner," 1874; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. i, 1891.

GLUCK, CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD VON. 1714-87. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Orpheus et Eurydice; Orfeo. *Biography* by Newman, 1895, and in "Masters in Music," 1905.

GOTTSCHALK, LOUIS MOREAU. 1829-69. America. *Chief Work:* The Last Hope. "Notes of a Pianist," by Gottschalk, and biography by Seymour, 1870.

GOUNOD, CHARLES FRANÇOIS. 1818-92. France. *Some Chief Works:* Faust; Redemption; Stabat Mater. "Autobiographical Reminiscences," and biographies by Bovet, 1891; Tolhurst, 1904, and in Bellaigue's "Portraits and Silhouettes of Musicians," 1897, and Hervey's "Masters of French Music," 1894.

GRIEG, EDWARD HAGERUP. 1843- . Norway. *Some Chief Works:* Piano Concerto in A Minor; I Love Thee; Peer Gynt. *Biography* by Finck, 1906, and in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.

HÄNDEL, GEORG FRIEDRICH. 1685-1759. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* The Messiah; Israel in Egypt; Leave Me to Languish. *Biographies* by Marshall, 1890, Rockstro, 1883; Schoelcher, 1857; Williams, 1901.

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A GROUP OF GREAT MUSICIANS.

1. Ignace Paderewski. Pianist.
2. Julie Rivé King. Concert Pianist and Composer.
3. P. S. Gilmore. Band Master.
4. Theodore Thomas. The famous orchestra leader.
5. Madame Mathilde Marchesi. The trainer of many famed singers.
6. Jaroslav Kocian. Violinist.

HAYDN, FRANZ JOSEPH. 1732-1809. Austria. *Some Chief Works:* Creation; My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair; The Four Seasons. *Biographies* by Beyle, 1820; Hadden, 1902; Hadow, 1897; Nohl, 1889; Townsend, 1884.

LISZT, FRANZ. 1811-86. Hungary. *Some Chief Works:* Rhapzodies Hongroises; Legend of St. Elizabeth; The Lorelei. Letters of Liszt, Correspondence with Wagner, and biographies by Beaufort, 1887; Nohl, 1889; Ramann, 1882; Wohl, 1887.

LOEWE, JOHANN KARL GOTTFRIED. 1796-1869. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* The Clock; Archibald Douglas. *Biography* by Bach, 1891, and sketch in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.

MACDOWELL, EDWARD ALEXANDER. 1861- . America. *Some Chief Works:* Hamlet; The Sea; Sonata Keltic. *Biography* by Gilman, 1906, and sketch in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.

MACKENZIE, SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL. 1847- . England. *Chief Works:* The Rose of Sharon; The Lord of Life; The Troubadour. Biographical sketches in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii. 1891; Willeby's "Masters of English Music," 1893.

MASCAGNI, PIETRO. 1863- . Italy. *Chief Work:* Cavalleria Rusticana. Biographical sketches in Gilman's "Phases of Modern Music," 1904; Streatfeild's "Masters of Italian Music," 1895.

MASSENET, JULES EMILE FRÉDÉRIC. 1842- . France. *Some Chief Works:* Herodiade; Manon. Biographical sketches in Hervey's "Masters of French Music," 1894, and Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.

MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, JACOB LUDWIG FELIX. 1809-47. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Elijah; Midsummer Night's Dream; Songs without Words. Letters of Mendelssohn, and biographies by Blackburn, 1904; Devrient, 1869; Hiller, 1874; Lampadius, 1887; Polko, 1869; Rockstro, 1890; Stratton, 1901.

MEYERBEER, GIACOMO. 1791-1864. Germany. *Chief Work:* The Huguenots. Biographical sketches in "Masters in Music," 1904; Apthorp's "Musicians and Music Lovers," 1894; Engel's "From Mozart to Mario," vol. i, 1886; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. i, 1891.

MOSCHELES, IGNAZ. 1794-1870. Germany. *Chief Work:* G Minor Concerto. Diaries and correspondence, and sketches in Ferris's "Great Violinists and Pianists," 1894.

MOSZKOWSKI, MORITZ. 1854- . His compositions for the piano are all so brilliant that a selection is not possible. Biographical sketch in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.

MOZART, JOHANN CHRYSOSTOM WOLFGANG AMADEUS. 1756-91. Austria. *Some Chief Works:* The Magic Flute; Requiem Mass; Don Giovanni. Letters of Mozart, and biographies by Breakspeare, 1902; Gehring, 1890; Holmes, 1845; Jahn, 1856-59; Nohl, 1893; Rau, 1868.

PALESTRINA, GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA. 1514-94. *Some Chief Works:* Papae Marcelli; Improperia; Marcello. Biographical sketches in Bellaigues's "Portraits and Silhouettes of Musicians," 1897; Ferris's "Great Italian and French Composers," 1896; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. i, 1891.

PARRY, CHARLES HUBERT HASTINGS. 1848- . England. Biographical sketches in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891; Willeby's "Masters in English Music," 1893.

PURCELL, HENRY. 1658-95. England. *Some Chief Works:* King Arthur; Te Deum; Dido and Aeneas. *Biography* by Cummings, 1881, and sketch in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.

ROSSINI, GIOACCHINO ANTONIO. 1792-1868. *Some Chief Works:* William Tell; Barber of Seville. *Biographies* by Bevan, 1904; Beyle, 1824; Edwards, 1869, 1888.

SAINT-SAËNS, CHARLES CAMILLE. 1835- . France. *Some Chief Works:* Deluge; Le Dance Macabre; The Bell. Biographical sketches in Hervey's "Masters of French Music," 1894; "Masters in Music," 1905.

SCHUBERT, FRANZ PETER. 1797-1828. Austria. *Some Chief Works:* Symphony in C Major; Der Erl-König; The Wanderer. *Biographies* by Duncan, 1905; Frost, 1888; Kreissle von Hellborn, 1869.

SCHUMANN, ROBERT ALEXANDER. 1810-56. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Symphony No. 1 in B Flat Major; D Minor Symphony; Warum?—The Two Grenadiers. *Biographies* by Maitland, 1884; Oldmeadow, 1905; Patterson, 1903; Reissman, 1886; Wasielewski, 1871, and in "Masters in Music," 1905.

SMART, HENRY THOMAS. 1813-79. England. *Some Chief Works:* The Gnome of Hartzburg; The Bride of Dunkerron; Ave Maria; Rise, Lady, Rise. *Biography* by Spark, 1881.

SPOHR, LUDWIG. 1784-1859. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* The Last Judgment; Power of Sound. *Autobiography,* 1878; biographical sketches in Crowest's "Great Tone Poets," 1885; Ferris's "Great Violinists and Pianists," 1894; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. i, 1891.

STANFORD, CHARLES VILLIERS. 1852- . England. *Some Chief Works:* The Three Holy Children; Eden; The Veiled Prophet; Savonarola. Biographical sketches in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891; Willeby's "Masters of English Music," 1902.

STRAUSS, RICHARD. 1864- . Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Don Juan; Death

and Transfiguration; All Souls' Day. Biographical sketches in Gilman's "Phases of Modern Music," 1904; Newman's "Musical Studies," 1905; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.

SULLIVAN, SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR. 1842-1900. England. *Some Chief Works:* Pinafore, Patience, The Mikado, The Lost Chord. *Biographies* by Lawrence, 1900; Wells, 1901; Wyndham, 1903.

THOMAS, CHARLES LOUIS AMBROISE. 1811- . France. *Chief Work:* Mignon. Biographical sketches in Hervey's "Masters of French Music," 1894; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.

THOMAS, THEODORE. 1835-1905. America. *Autobiography,* 1905.

TSCHAIKOWSKY, PETER ILYITCH. 1840-93. Russia. *Chief Work:* Symphony "Pathétique"; Song without Words. *Biographies* by Newmarch, 1900; Tschaikowsky, 1906.

VERDI, GIUSEPPE FORTUNIS FRANCESCO. 1813-1901. Italy. *Some Chief Works:* Aïda; Othello; Trovatore. *Biographies* by Crowest, 1897; Macchetta, 1887; Pougin, 1887; Visetti, 1905.

WAGNER, WILHELM RICHARD. 1813-83. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Meistersinger; Lohengrin; Tristan und Isolde; Tannhäuser. *Biographies* by Chamberlain, 1897; Finck, 1893; Glasenapp, 1900-6; Henderson, 1902; Hueffer, 1890; Nohl, 1892; "Letters of Wagner"; studies by Dannreuther, 1873; Kobbé, 1890; Krehbiel, 1891; Lavignac, 1898; Newman, 1899.

WEBER, KARL MARIA FRIEDRICH ERNST. 1786-1826. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Der Freischütz; Oberon. *Biographies* by Benedict, 1889; Weber, 1865.

A GROUP OF GREAT MUSICIANS—VIOLINISTS.

BULL, OLE BORNEMANN. 1810-80. Norway. *Biography* by Mrs. Bull, 1883, and sketches in Brémont's "Great Virtuosi," 1892; Ferris's "Great Violinists"; Lahee's "Famous Violinists," 1899.

JOACHIM, JOSEPH. 1831- . Hungary. *Biographies* by Maitland, 1905; Moser, 1901.

KOCIAN, JAROSLOV.

KUBELIK, JAN. 1880- . Germany.

PAGANINI, NICOLO. 1784-1840. Italy. *Biographies* by Dressel, 1897; Fetis, 18—, and sketches in Brémont's "Great Virtuosi," 1892; Ferris's "Great Violinists," 1894; Lahee's "Famous Violinists," 1899; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. i, 1891.

REMENYI, EDWARD. 1830- . Hungary. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Violinists," 1899.

SARASATE Y NAVASCUES, PABLO MARTIN MELITON. 1844- . Spain. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Violinists," 1899.

WILHELMJ, AUGUST. 1845- . Germany. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Violinists," 1899.

YSAYE, EUGEN. 1858- . Belgium. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Violinists," 1899.

A GROUP OF GREAT MUSICIANS—PIANISTS AND ORGANISTS.

BÜLOW, HANS GUIDO VON. 1830-94. Germany. "Correspondence" of Bülow.

HENSELT, ADOLF VON. 1814-89. Germany. *Biography* in Lenz's "Great Piano Virtuosos," 1899.

HOFMANN, JOSEF. 1877- . Poland. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Pianists."

JOSEFFY, RAFAEL. 1852- . Germany. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Pianists."

KING, JULIE RIVÉ. 1859. America.

LESCHETIZKY, THEODOR. 1830- . Poland. *Biography* by Countess Potocka, 1903.

PACHMANN, VLADIMIR DE. 1848- . Russia.

PADEREWSKI, IGNAZ JAN. 1860- . Poland. *Biography* by Finck, 1896.

ROSENTHAL, MORITZ 1862- . Poland. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Pianists."

RUBINSTEIN, ANTON GRIGORIEVICH. 1829-94. Russia. *Autobiography,* and biographies by McArthur, 1889, and in "Masters in Music," 1905.

TAUSIG, KARL. 1841-71. Poland. Biographical sketches in Lenz's "Great Piano Virtuosos," 1899; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.

A GROUP OF GREAT MUSICIANS—SOME FAMOUS SINGERS.

ALBANI, MARIE LOUISE EMMA CECILE (LAJEUNESSE) GYE. 1852- . Canada. Biographical sketches in Edwards' "Prima Donna," vol. ii, 1888, and Engel's "From Händel to Hallé," 1890.

BISPHAM, DAVID. 1857- . United States. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.

CALVÉ, EMMA (EMMA ROQUER). 1866- . France. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.
CARUSO, ENRICO. Italy.
EAMES, EMMA. 1867- . United States. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.
FARRAR, GERALDINE. America.
GADSKI, JOHANNA. 1871- . Germany.
GRISI, GIULIA. 1811-69. Italy. Biographical sketches in Edwards' "Prima Donna," vol. i, 1888, and Ferris's "Great Singers," 1897.
LEHMANN, LILLI. 1848- . Germany. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.
LIND, JENNY (GOLDSCHMIDT). 1821-87. Sweden. *Biography* by Holland and Rockstro, 1891, and sketches in Edwards' "Prima Donna," vol. ii, 1888; Ferris's "Great Singers," 1897.
MALIBRAN, MARIE FÉLICITA (GARCIA). 1808-36. France. Biographical sketches in Edwards' "Prima Donna," vol. i, 1888, and Ferris's "Great Singers," 1897.
MARCHESI, MME. MATHILDE (GRAUMANN) DE CASTRONE. 1826- . Germany. *Autobiography*, 1897.
MATERNA, AMALIE. 1847- . Austria. Biographical sketches in Ferris's "Great Singers," 1897; and Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.
MELBA (NELLIE MITCHELL). 1865- . Australia.
NILSSON, CHRISTINA (COUNTESS DI MIRANDA). 1843-81. Sweden. *Biography* by Charnacé, 1870; and sketch in Edwards' "Prima Donna," vol. ii, 1888.
NORDICA, GIGLIA (LILLIAN NORTON). 1858?- . United States. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.
PATTI, ADELINA MARIA (BARONESS CEDERSTRON). 1843- . Italy. Biographical sketch in Edwards' "Prima Donna," vol. ii, 1888.
PLANÇON, POL. France. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.
RESZKE, JEAN DE. 1852- . Poland. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.
SCHUMANN-HEINK, ERNESTINE. 1861- . Germany.
SEMBRICH, MARCELLA. 1858- . Poland. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.
TIETIENS, THERESA CAROLIN JOHANNA. 1831-77. Austria. Biographical sketches in Edwards' "Prima Donna," vol. ii, 1888, and Ferris's "Great Singers," 1897.

THE DRAMA: WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT STANDS FOR.

ABRIDGED FROM CHAPTER I. OF "THE TECHNIQUE OF THE DRAMA," BY W. T. PRICE.

A DRAMA is the imitation of a complete action, adapted to the sympathetic attention of man, developed in a succession of continuously interesting and continuously related incidents, acted and expressed by means of speech and the symbols, actualities, and conditions of life.

This definition concerns itself largely with the form of a play, including the general dramatic idea. It is obvious that the fitness of material for the form must be governed by the requirements of a drama; and this definition affords an absolute rule of measurement.

It is a form of literature and of entertainment into which all human emotions and experience may be translated under certain conditions. That idea only is dramatic that can be put into shape of sustained action—an action that is complete and organic, with unity of theme and purpose, that invites our attention at the outset, arouses an interest as it proceeds, and confirms itself in our sympathies at the last, coming to a conclusion in its disposition of the characters that accords with our views of justice. Only a vital and

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logical action can do this. An action is complete—according to the first requirement—when everything essential to its sympathetic appreciation is contained in it. There is, of course, a vast knowledge of life, particular as well as general to any theme that may be chosen, that is implied in the action as possessed by the spectator, and this, the unexpressed, is a material source of one's enjoyment, giving play to our emotion and intelligence.

The drama is concrete. It is not only life, but the essence of it, the selection and use of those things only that tend to illusion. It puts aside reflection, the elegiac, the lyric, the merely descriptive, except as they are briefly incidental, and translates all into action. It holds all forms of literature and all things of life in solution, but on the condition of adapted form and that they be integral with the action and the purpose. The drama is a powerful solvent and can make many things "dramatic" that in themselves are not so, but become so when vital and in place.

The theme must be dramatic, else it will not admit of the development indicated in the rule. Dramatic are the emotions that give shape to will and deed. All emotions, all events that involve logical destiny (or in comedy artificial destiny) to the person or persons concerned, are dramatic. There is a drama in every throb of the human heart. It requires the clash of interests to make a complete action. It matters not what force impels. Desire and demand, opposition, resistance, the thrust and the parry, and so through vicissitudes to joy or grief.

In the drama it is the actor alone that is entitled to speak; and, even in the best technically written drama, every device or subterfuge, however necessary, that shows the hand or the mind of the author, is a defect. Description by an actor, on the other hand, may be highly dramatic. An incident may be more effectively acted by means of it than if it had been represented, possible tediously, before us.

The play is moreover to be acted in a given time. This is one of its many limitations.

The dramatic idea must be susceptible of division into proportionate parts. Its beginning, middle, and end must have absolute relations. Causes and effects must be adequate. A trivial ending must not result, from a serious progression of incidents. The beginning, the middle, and the end should be relatively proportionate in treatment.

The dramatic idea involves a general theme, such as love, jealousy, ambition, nobility of nature; and a particular theme, such as the love of Romeo and Juliet, and so on.

It involves an object, such as to show that love is stronger than the world and all its laws. To abstract from a play other incidental themes and objects would be to deny it human semblance. Themes are simple or complex, but unity is the governing rule in either case.

A GROUP OF FAMOUS PLAYERS.

1. Julia Arthur.
2. Wm. J. Florence.
3. May Irwin.
4. Lotta (Charlotte) Crabtree.
5. Edwin Booth.
6. F. F. Mackay.
7. A. Salvini.
8. Dion Boucicault.

The dramatic idea should be based on the truth of life, and thus probability is an essential thing.

The theme is of the first importance, for no genuine play was ever written without the process of germination in the heart and mind of a writer. Particular themes are often found by a playwright to be practically exhausted for his generation. Of course, general themes—love, jealousy, and the like—offer boundless complications. Certain combinations of condition are intensely dramatic at certain social periods, but as soon as the social conditions no longer concern us, they cease to be of interest.

Action in itself, emotion in itself, is not necessarily dramatic. It is only so when organic with larger action, or when complete in itself.

In its proper place a given situation may have a powerful effect, but the governing principle is that it must be organic.

The definition of a drama does not prescribe intensity for the dramatic idea or the chief situation. To do so would be to define a particular form of the drama only. If you have the conditions of an action, the cause, the effects, and finality, the dramatic idea is complete. It is true that certain incidents are in themselves dramatic because the mind supplies the qualities just indicated, as if we were to witness the burning of a city, but the effect is only momentary. The ordinary tragedies and happenings of life interest us and are dramatic in proportion to our personal knowledge of the facts and the people involved. Even then the story or the plot must excite natural sympathy.

The dramatic idea, then, cannot exist apart in the mind, and with all the more reason cannot stand unsupported on the stage, consisting of a single act or doing.

The dramatic idea involves incidents, and these incidents lie about it in greater or less profusion. Emotion is full of action; and the idea is dramatic in proportion to the emotion it excites in the spectator of the scene compounded of it. It is so in real life. A dramatic happening unfolds itself from these emotions step by step, link by link.

We must have an origin for each incident, and an expectation of results. It does not need to conceive mortal peril or death in order to be dramatic. The dramatic principle includes all human action. These incidents may be so highly charged with the dramatic that they may be almost perfect in themselves, but in the true drama it is the entirety alone that is "a complete action." The drama itself is not complete until it is acted, and its possibilities have been expressed in action, utterance, look, tone, and gesture.

A complete action is in itself a definition of unity, one of the essentials.

So organic is the dramatic idea that any of its parts, a subordinate

incident even, may become in the mind of the poet the germ of the play.

A perfect anecdote possesses many of the essential features of a drama. It is always a complete action. The local anecdote, in particular, admits of great detail in the telling. The persons concerned in it are known, as are their relations to each other. It has a beginning, an introduction, a climax, and a conclusion, and that conclusion leaves nothing more to be said or done. The more conclusive, the more the village will roar its applause. The adaptability of the anecdote to practical stage use explains the prosperity of the American farce-comedies. A farce-comedy is little more than a succession of acted anecdotes.

Progressive action is a true mark of the dramatic product, and if there is not a propelling force in the incidents that lie about a theme it is not dramatic. Progression toward an end is essential.

The true drama is bounded on all sides by fact. Life, and the life that he knows, is the best material for any honest-minded dramatist. There is where spontaneity lies. There are other sources of the drama, notably history and romance, and from these the author may draw and be absolutely original. There are difficulties in dealing with history. A drama has a direct growth in the mind and heart of a writer, and the less he is encumbered with non-essential incidents and incidentals, the easier his task. In historical material he may disentangle himself, but he will be met on the production of the piece by these same non-essentials existent in the minds of the audience. The dramatic idea may sometimes be stronger than history itself.

Wherever the theme, or, in other words, the dramatic idea, may come from, it has certain inherent rights; it first stirs the heart and hand of the writer to action, and to it is given dominion and power over the technique to be applied to it. It demands and suggests its own treatment, and an author should take careful counsel with it before yielding to conventionalism, when the idea finds its opposition there.

Technique is the helper; the subject is the master. The man with an idea is more fortunate than the one with the tools; and yet perfection is the requirement of the drama, and to it the dramatist must bend his will. The artificialities of playwriters are not fixed, but the principles are inexorable.

THE USE OF THE DRAMA.

Holding fast to the principle that the drama is life, we must see that its uses are noble. There are many forms of the drama, and some whose graceless mission is to corrupt; so that it is the variety of the drama that brings so much confusion into all talk of it. The value of the drama is not to be seriously disputed for a moment. It is essential in many ways to civilization. In large cities. where the

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A GROUP OF FAMOUS ACTRESSES

1. Mary Mannering.
2. Louise Gunning.
3. Ethel Barrymore.
4. Julia Marlowe.
5. Virginia Harned.
6. Mrs. Fiske.
7. Maxine Elliott.
8. Mary Anderson.

physical congregation is social segregation, it takes the place, to a certain extent, of the social and moral influences that are active in the compact life of smaller communities.

Of all the arts the drama comes closest to man. It dwells with him. It does not deal mainly with the gods, as mute statuary does, and is not sightless and impalpable, like music. It does not halt at the single moment, as painting does. It embraces all the arts, and gives life and voice and form and functions to them all. No other art uses such a multiplicity of forces.

THE DRAMA BEFORE SHAKESPEARE—A SKETCH.

By Frank Ireson, B. A., London.

THE first point to be noticed in connection with the Drama in England is, that there is no record of any attempt at acting prior to the Conquest: before that time there was a descriptive and indeed poetic literature, but it contained no trace of dramatic form. The Saxons certainly had nothing which could be termed acting; while the Normans who came into England brought with them strolling minstrels and "jongleurs," who by song and pantomimic jest amused all classes of the people; but they seem to have taken no part in concerted dramatic action, and must not be regarded as having in any direct manner originated it in this country.

The prototype of English Drama is the *Miracle Play*. This consisted of a representation of Scriptural incident, enacted by the clergy for the instruction of the people. Without some such aid, in the scarcity of books and of the ability to read them, the masses would have had very little chance of becoming acquainted with the essential facts connected with the foundation and progress of the Christian religion. The sacred drama may be said to date as far back as the end of the second century, when the Early Fathers instituted it to counteract the worldly influence of the decaying and corrupt Roman stage: in France this combination of dramatic action with the service of the Romish Church seems to have been in vogue at the time of the Conquest, and it was brought over to England by the monks soon after that event. These plays were first performed, in either Latin or French, on special occasions, or Saints' days, with the idea of bringing home to the illiterate some leading facts of Bible history, or some legends of the saints to whom the churches were so freely dedicated. The first specimen of which we have authentic mention is the Miracle of St. Catharine, which seems to have been played at Dunstable about the year 1110: all that is known about it is that

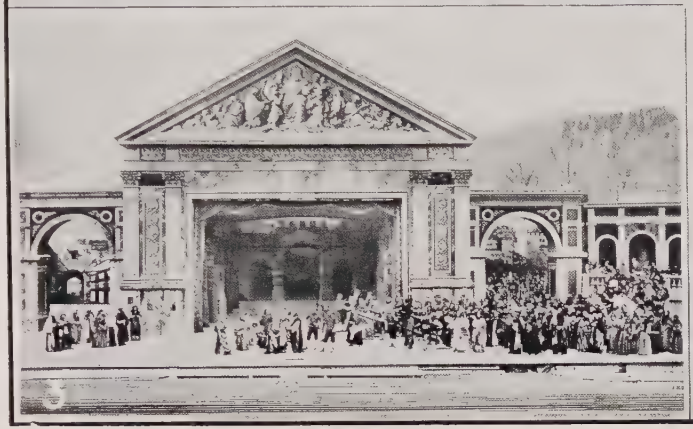
From one of the rare, privately printed opuscula of "The Sette of Odd Volumes," London, in the possession of the Managing Editor.

it was acted at the instigation of a certain Geoffrey of Gorham, and that he borrowed copes from St. Albans for the decoration of it. For a good example of a miracle play we may take one by Hilarius, written in France in the time of Stephen, or perhaps a little later.

"In a church dedicated to St. Nicholas, upon St. Nicholas' Day, the image of the Saint was removed, and a living actor, dressed to represent the statue, was placed in the shrine. When the pause was made in the service for the acting of the Miracle, one came in at the church-door dressed as a rich heathen, deposited his treasure at the shrine, said that he was going on a journey, and called on the Saint to be the guardian of his property. When the heathen had gone out, thieves entered and silently carried off the treasure. Then came the heathen back and furiously raged: he took a whip and began to thrash the image of the Saint. But upon this the image moved, descended from its niche, went out, and reasoned with the robbers, threatening also to denounce them to the people. Terrified by this miracle, the thieves returned tremblingly, and so in silence they brought everything back. The statue was again in its niche, motionless. The heathen sang his joy to a popular tune of the time, and turned to adore the image. Then St. Nicholas himself appeared, bidding the heathen worship God alone and praise the name of Christ. The heathen was converted. The piece ended with the adoration of the Almighty, and the Church service was then continued."

Besides these representations of miracles worked by the Saints, there were also "Mysteries," which portrayed, in similar fashion, the incidents connected with the birth, passion, and resurrection of Christ. The title of "Mystery" was borrowed from France, but it does not seem to have been used in England, where representations of this class were always known as "Miracle Plays." The dialogue of these productions was, for the most part, extremely rude and inartificial, and they cannot be said to have had any regular plot: they were really a series of shows or pageants, being indeed called by the latter name. They were generally exhibited during the Christmas and Easter holidays, and were frequently produced and acted by the trading companies in the larger cities, each guild undertaking a portion of the performance, and sustaining a share of the expense. At both Coventry and Chester these days were exhibited with a considerable amount of elaborateness, and the MSS. used in these two places are still in existence. A third series remains to us, that in the Townley collection: the latter dates from the fourteenth century; there are thirty-two plays in it, and they comprehensively range from the Creation to Doomsday! It is worthy of notice that the London trading companies seem to have taken no part in work of this character.

When first introduced, the play was merely a part of the Church service, and was performed by the clergy only. In course of time the interest in these productions increased, and they were trans-



SCENES FROM THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU

1. Ober-Ammergau.
2. Ordering the Passover.
3. Christ Bearing the Cross.
4. The Crucifixion.

In this remote village in Bavaria a dramatic representation is given in the open air every tenth year since 1634 of the sufferings of Christ, by about 500 performers. The actors are all of the people, and during the intervening years they give representations of Old Testament Legends. There is a theatre seating 6,000 people.

ferred to a series of scaffolds erected at the door of the church, the audience being outside in the street or churchyard. From the scaffold so fixed to a locomotive stage the transition would be easy, and it seems probable that with this change the acting would, to some extent, pass from the clergy to laymen. A class of itinerant actors thus came into existence, who wheeled their stage into various towns, and played before the people both in front of the church and in the open streets. It seems likely that about this time the English language was introduced into the representations, instead of the original Latin or French.

A common addition to the rude attempts at scenery was the representation of Hell at a lower level than the stage: this generally took the form of a whale's mouth, a very ancient way of indicating the entrance to the Infernal Regions, out of which flame and smoke were caused to emerge: in one place we read of a man being paid threepence for "keeping up Hell fire." The Devil naturally was a prominent personage employed, and he seems to have frequently represented the comic and noisy element of the play: his roarings and ragings must have contributed not a little to the amusement of an uneducated crowd, whose chief idea of humor would be found in boisterous buffoonery.

At first, and especially when acted in church, these plays consisted entirely of Scriptural and legendary incidents, but gradually they developed the latent passion for acting for its own sake, the result being that the sacred subject was constantly overlaid with a great deal that was decidedly profane. The proclamation of the Chester plays, for instance, expressly excuses the introduction of "some things not warranted by any writ," on the ground that it was done to "make sport" and to "glad the hearers." The clergy seem to have taken a great amount of interest in the mounting and acting of these plays, and to have entered with great zest into their production; so far did they carry their passion for taking part in them, the which was by no means prohibited by their clerical vocation, that the bishops were occasionally constrained to moderate the vigor of their enthusiasm. The following excerpt from a tract printed in the early part of Elizabeth's reign shows how the clergy would at times neglect their duties: "He again posteth over it [the service] as fast as he can gallop: for either he hath two places to serve, or else there are some games to be played in the afternoon, as lying for the whetstone, heathenishe dauncing for a ring, a beare or a bull to be bayted, or else jack-an-apes to ride on horseback, or an enterlude to be played: and if no place else can be gotten, it must be done in the church!"

These Miracle Plays were in vogue shortly after the Conquest and continued to be popular until about the end of Elizabeth's reign, the last one being acted at Kendal in the reign of James I.: they were, previously to the introduction of printing, one of the principal

means of teaching the people, and, after their fashion, seem to have done good service to that end. We may here parenthetically recall the fact, that in England the women's parts were always impersonated by boys, down to the time of Charles II.; during the reign of that lively monarch women appeared for the first time upon the stage, much to the disgust of the Puritans, though for some time previously their employment as actresses had been common in Spain, Italy, and France.

We have already seen that after a time there were introduced into these Miracle Plays various representations and characters not specifically referred to either in Scripture history or saintly legend: this was probably done partly for the sake of variety, many comic characters being introduced to amuse the people, and partly because it was found that a much better and more forcible portrayal of Biblical history was rendered possible by the introduction of allegorical characters. As the presentation of these Miracle Plays became common, we find that there were gradually introduced into them impersonations of many of the virtues and vices, thus lending reality to the show, and giving visible reason for much of the action which took place. It was in this way that the *Moral Plays* came into existence. They may be defined as plays designed to illustrate and enforce some moral precept, to which end there were introduced into them allegorical figures, who personated various passions, virtues, and sins commonly to be met with. These characters, as they became more numerous, interfered to a certain degree with the progress of the action: so much so that in some pieces the Scriptural characters fell quite into the background; and thus, in course of time, what seems to have been at first designed as a kind of poetical embellishment to an historical drama became a new species of drama unconnected with history. These Moral Plays were in a considerable state of advancement early in the reign of Henry VI., and they appear to have existed side by side with the Miracle Plays until both were gradually extinguished by the regular drama—their life ending at about the date of the death of Shakespeare. Both these forms of entertainment seldom lasted over an hour in performance, and of those which were in two parts each part was exhibited on a separate day.

Besides allegorical personages, there were two standing characters very prominent in Moral Plays—the Devil and Vice. The Devil was, no doubt, introduced from the Miracle Plays, where he had figured so amusingly; he was made as hideous as possible by his mask and dress, the latter being generally of a shaggy and hairy character, and he was duly provided with a tail: his ordinary exclamation on entering was, "Ho, ho, ho! what a felowe am I!" and he was much given to roaming and crying out, especially when he was belabored by his constant companion, Vice. The latter had various names, according to the sin which he represented, and appeared in many disguises: one of his most frequent costumes was that of the common fool, and he

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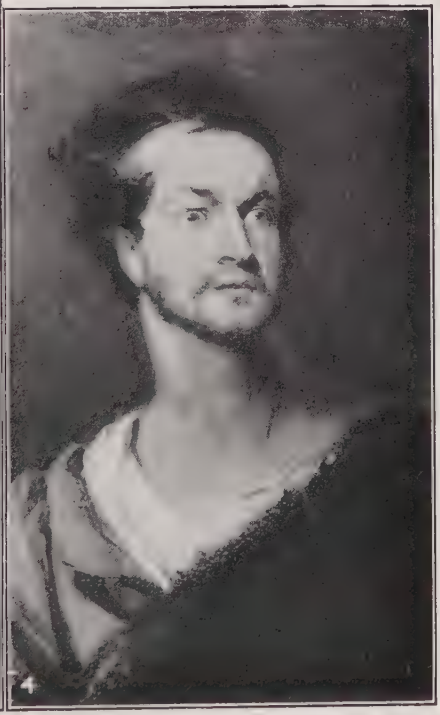
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A GROUP OF FAMOUS STAGE FAVORITES

1. ADA REHAN AS LADY TEAZLE
FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.

2. ELLEN TERRY AS PORTIA
FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

3. NELL GWYNNE
FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR PETER LELY, IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

4. MACREADY AS WILLIAM TELL
FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY INMAN, IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

seems to have constantly misconducted himself to a greater extent even than did the Devil, who generally wound up his career by taking him upon his back and running off with him to Hell. He occasionally appeared by himself as an independent character. In the "Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalene" we find him performing the part of her lover, and recommending her not to make "two hells instead of one," but to live merrily in this world, since she is sure to be damned in the next. The later Moral Plays were written quite independently of Scriptural or saintly associations: one of them, produced during the reign of Elizabeth, was wholly *political* in its design. It is interesting as being one of the earliest productions in which the stage was employed as a vehicle for satirizing and denouncing the political abuses of the day.

So much for the Miracle and Moral Plays, which, as has been stated, died out at the end of the reign of Elizabeth: a modified form of them, known as Pageants or Masks, and consisting of processions of various kinds, existed for nearly a century later, and was then incorporated with the regular drama. Readers of Walter Scott's "Kenilworth" will remember that the Pageant and Mask were popular forms of entertainment in the time of Elizabeth, the former being of a purely spectacular character, while the latter may be said to have occupied an intermediate position between Pageant and play.

The connecting link between the Moral Plays and the Drama proper is to be found in the *Interludes,* which came into fashion in the time of Henry VIII., and were gradually developed into fuller form during the sixteenth century. John Heywood, a musician of Henry's household, set the first example of composing interludes quite independently of allegorical materials; some of his "mery plays" were distinctly comic, and their prescribed action nothing less than farcical.

We may pause for a moment to observe the extraordinary manner in which, in the middle of the sixteenth century, "our drama and our dramatic literature rose," as a well-known writer puts it, "with all but unequalled swiftness to the highest perfection to which they have attained." For some five hundred years the only dramatic art in England was to be found in the Miracle and Moral Plays, which were slowly developed in extent and dialogue, as the people gradually acquired intelligence and some interest in things refined. Then during the half-century of the reign of Elizabeth we find an advance in both dramatic and literary art, which is rightly deemed marvellous. This was due to various causes, amongst which may be named the more extended introduction of printing, the cultivation of classical studies in the universities and schools, and the general increase in the political tranquillity and material prosperity of the people. Account for it as we will, the fact remains that during the Elizabethan period the English Drama made a great stride from comparative infancy to a maturity which has certainly never been surpassed in the

history of our dramatic literature, and with which the name of Shakespeare must be inseparably connected.

To complete our sketch of the pre-Shakespearean drama it now remains to mention the earliest plays extant, which may be considered to have originated the various styles used for these productions, and the principal authors concerned in its foundation and early advancement. It may here be observed that the term "Comedy" was, during this period, much more inclusive in its meaning than in modern times: it was synonymous, in fact, with our word "Play." Hamlet, it will be remembered, after he has had the tragedy exhibited before the king and queen, exclaims:—

"For if the king like not the comedy," etc.

The term "tragedy," on the other hand, pertained not only to plays of a tragic nature, but to any serious narrative in verse.

In the earliest specimen of English Comedy which has come down to us we have also the first avowed dramatic imitation in English of the ancients. This was "Ralph Roister Doister," which was probably written before the beginning of Elizabeth's reign: the author was Nicholas Udall, who was a master first at Eton, and then at Westminster school. It was written for the Eton boys to perform, and was admittedly a copy, so far as concerns style, of Plautus and Terence. It was divided into acts and scenes, and had nine male and four female characters, its time of performance being two hours. Another comedy of about the same date, named "Misogonus," had its scene laid in Italy, and was evidently adapted from some Italian play. A third early comedy was "Gammer Gurton's Needle," written by Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells; this was acted at Cambridge in 1566, and is remarkable as the first existing English play that was acted at either University.

The earliest piece which can properly be termed a tragedy was written by Thomas Sackville (afterwards Earl of Dorset), and Thos. Norton, a barrister: it was acted before the Queen at Whitehall, in 1561. It bears two names, "The Tragedy of Gorboduc," or, more correctly, "The Tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex," and its plot is based upon an old British legend: this production is noticeable as being the first English play written in blank verse. The tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," which followed soon after it, is the earliest instance on record of English dramatization of Roman history.

At about this time the dramatic field would seem to have been about equally divided between the later Moral Plays and the earlier "Comedies, tragedies, interludes, and stage plays," as a print of the time has it; soon, however, the former became confined to country places, and ultimately they died out altogether.

The immediate predecessors of Shakespeare did their part in improving the drama, and two of them may be named as having done good work to this end,—Lyly and Marlowe. The former was the originator of that fantastic style of writing and speaking known as

FAUST AND MARGARET IN THE GARDEN.

FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL J. LAURENS.

A scene from the celebrated drama by Goethe.

Euphuism, which became so fashionable in his time; the latter. Christopher Marlowe, was a writer of considerable power, who has been termed, and not unjustly, the father of English dramatic poetry: this title has been given to him in consideration of the excellent service which he did in refining and generally improving the standard of playwriting in his day—he may be said to have prepared the way for his great successor, by his influence on the public taste and appreciative power.

Of the younger contemporaries of Shakespeare it will be sufficient here to mention Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley, and Ford.

To recapitulate: it has been shown that the Drama in England had its origin in religious worship; and that some five centuries elapsed between its production by monkish hands in a tongue "not understanded of the people," and its full and popular development under the prolific and versatile genius of Shakespeare. Its emancipation as a form of art—and especially in conjunction with literature—progressed but slowly during the greater part of this period: at the end of that time, however, its advance towards maturity became most thorough and rapid. The termination of the Elizabethan age marks an epoch in history which will be looked back upon with interest and admiration so long as the English language shall exist, and the period is one at which may fittingly be terminated this short and necessarily slight sketch of the origin and early development of the English Drama.

THE FIVE GREAT DRAMAS.

THE five great dramas of the world are:—"The Book of Job" from the Bible, which is full of pathos and feeling; the Greek play, "Prometheus," by Æschylus; "Hamlet," by Shakespeare; and "The Magic Wonder Worker," by the Spanish dramatist, Calderon; and "Faust," by Goethe. These represent the highest and the newest conception of the spiritual belief of their times. "The Book of Job," which is ordinarily considered a drama, shows the triumph of the spirit over misfortune; "Prometheus" shows triumph of character over circumstance; "Hamlet" shows the ideal pessimist against all conditions; "The Magic Worker" shows the triumph of the spirit over the devil; "Faust" shows the evolution of the soul through the sins of the flesh. All of these are sceptical, or in other words, are the breaking away from the conventional beliefs of the time in which they were written.

THE STAGE AS AN EDUCATOR

THE first mission of dramatic representation, as shown elsewhere in this volume, was an educational one. It was for centuries the medium of religious teaching: from this high position it gradually declined and became a mere amusement, and worse; until it was long looked upon by thousands as an influence for evil instead of for good.

With the dawn of the Twentieth Century, however, has come a revival of the Stage as an Educator. Its value and power as an Educator in Language, Literature, Manners, Morals, Ethics, and Culture, is being recognized and employed in a thousand ways not dreamed of fifty years ago; and the writers of the following papers and brief notes testify to the good results which this revival has brought and is bringing about. To quote the words of W. T. Price from his work on "The Technique of the Drama":

"It teaches wisdom to men that never open a book. It gives the essence of life, and in three hours it speaks volumes. It warns and counsels, teaches justice and keeps alive pity. It celebrates man's liberty and his struggles, and all that is noble wanders into it. It enlists the sympathies to such an extent that the listener is his own poet. It analyzes all motives, withholding nothing, lays bare everything. It is in fact the plainest, the most direct of all forms of teaching. It does not formulate morals in words, but in deeds; and if life, which is the drama, is not a constant mentor, unheeded also in its teachings, what is it?"

DR. HARRY PRATT JUDSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

The theatre for young folks may be exceedingly useful or exceedingly harmful. Properly managed it may be made a vehicle of conveying moral inspiration of great value. I believe that it can be properly handled and know that in many cases it is.

CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH ON A THEATRE FOR THE PEOPLE AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

No one can fail to recognize the great potential influence for education, elevation, and honest diversion contained in the theatre. One of the most important questions of the day is how to influence the theatre so as to strengthen its good tendencies and withhold support where it makes for evil; also how to make the best in the staged drama accessible to the great multitude who cannot pay the prices now charged by leading theatres. The system that has been evolved and described below is gradually answering these questions. If extended, as it may fairly be hoped it will be, there should come into existence a force making potently for the elevation of the drama; the right kind of force also, since it is

ROMEO AND JULIET.

FROM A PAINTING BY CARL BECKER.

the people organized and acting through their representatives to approve and support the good, and, by implication, reject the bad. The movement is yet in its first stages. We shall have to learn by successive experiments, but we hope much from it, both for the advantage of the people and for that of the drama itself.

One who has visited Greece and seen everywhere leaning against the mountain slopes or cut into the hillsides, the terraced theatres where the plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes were given and the citizens gathered not by the hundreds or thousands even, but by the tens of thousands, to receive patriotic and ethical inspiration, cannot but hope that at some time the theatre shall come to its own again and be recognized, not as a place where an idle hour may be passed at the close of a busy day, too often in frivolous or even debasing environment, but where rather, from the highest sources of inspiration and honest delight, may well forth currents that shall refresh and uplift society.

The People's Institute of New York, which was organized in 1897 with the double purpose of providing education in history and social science for the masses of the people and promoting a better mutual understanding between men of differing occupations, has been turning for some time its attention to the theatre.

The story of this work goes back to April 1, 1901, when for the first time a Shakespearean recital was offered under the auspices of The Institute. In a small lecture room of the Cooper Union, seating only some 350, Marshall Darrach gave a recital of "The Merchant of Venice." The audience present filled the room comfortably without crowding it. The satisfaction expressed was such that in the following season a course of six recitals was offered. The course did not proceed far before every inch of standing room was occupied, the door had to be held open, and a confused mass of men and women crowded about it. In the third season the recitals were transferred to the large hall seating 1600, and the experience there was a similar one. By the second season not merely was the hall crowded beyond the point of safety, but a thousand or more were frequently turned away. The ability of Mr. Darrach as a reciter and the wisdom that he used in presenting the essential parts of each play with a breadth of portrayal suited to so large an audience room, yet without undue exaggeration, contributed greatly to the success of this earlier phase of the work.

Holding that the appreciation by the people of Shakespeare had been clearly proved, The People's Institute began to look about for some means of providing staged representations of the plays. There were grave difficulties in the way; no suitable hall available; Cooper Union had never witnessed, at least not in an indefinite period of years, any staged play, though indeed traditions, well authenticated, tell of a time when it was in embryo a Madison Square Garden and all sorts of things took place therein. Just at this time Ben Greet

returned to the city, and offered to place his company in the Cooper Union for two or three recitals, and assume all the financial risks involved. The authorities of the Cooper Union were approached, and very reluctantly assented, insisting, however, that all the various city commissions, police, fire, building, etc., should first be consulted. The People's Institute treasury was nearly empty at the time, and a preliminary step that must be taken was to secure a theatrical license, depositing a fee for six months' permission. Not knowing where to secure this amount, $150, a rather bold scheme was employed which fortunately worked successfully. A letter was sent by messenger to one of the wealthiest men of the city, who was actively interested in the Cooper Union, stating the case and respectfully requesting him to return also by messenger a cheque to meet the expense of the license. The very boldness of the request accomplished the result, and within a brief time the cheque was sent. The process of securing permission from the various city departments proved, however, a very tedious one. In one of the departments there was an apparent purpose to *hold up* The Institute until something in the way of graft was forthcoming. The police department, however, worked from the first in active sympathy, and thirty-six hours before the first performance a messenger was sent from Police Headquarters to this other department with the positive command of the Police Commissioner not to withdraw until the promised and ever-withheld permit had been granted.

The Institute did not know until twenty-four hours before the first performance, whether it would be allowed to proceed, having been informed by the department that blocked the way that, if it ventured to offer a play without having secured the requisite consent, its representatives and the actors would be immediately arrested. The friendly police department telephoned that its messenger had returned with the authorization and the formal permit would be sent later.

The plays were given, and met with great success, especially the matinée, "The Merchant of Venice," offered to the public school children. The prices charged on the two evenings ranged from ten to fifty cents, and on the afternoon for the public school children twenty-five cents. The formal permit to give the plays arrived two weeks later! Immediately thereafter the Trustees of the Cooper Union, regretting their earlier decision, and believing that it was unwise to permit their hall to be used for such purposes, definitely forbade its further employment as a theatre. The management of The Institute had therefore to look elsewhere.

In the spring of 1905 a small dramatic company, giving plays in various settlements, was reorganized, with the assistance of Mr. Franklin H. Sargent, President of The American School of Dramatic Art, and a single recital of "Romeo and Juliet" offered to the public schools. The artistic results were unsatisfactory, and the idea of forming an independent company was abandoned.

The next step taken was to approach theatrical managers, seeking to secure admission for our audiences to their theatres at reduced rates. Managers were at first quite unwilling to lend ear. At last, however, Mr. W. A. Brady offered to experiment with "The Shepherd King," Wright Lorimer playing the title rôle. All the seats reserved for The Institute's audience were sold almost at once; and for the first time in the history of the play, so far as audience was concerned, the success was unqualified. Later in the season a brief series of Shakespearean performances was similarly offered by Mr. George Fawcett, and the results were analogous.

In the following year the work was extended. The Ben Greet company had the co-operation of The Institute for a five weeks' season of Shakespearean performances, and five thousand school children and others purchased seats at reduced rates of fifty and twenty-five cents. The Robert B. Mantell Company, under the management of William A. Brady, gave eight performances under similar conditions, and four thousand seats were sold to our audiences. Ben Chapin, representing Lincoln, in a week's time received two thousand of our auditors. It was at this moment that Miss Maude Adams began to present "Peter Pan" to the delight of young and old. How to secure entrance to that tightly packed theatre was a formidable problem. A letter sent to Miss Adams at the theatre address, containing any such proposition, would surely not reach her. Her private address was secured, and a letter from The Institute accompanied by a number of letters from principals in the public schools expressing the keenest desire to have their pupils see that boy, who did not want to grow up, touched the charming actress's heart. She at once sent directions to the management saying that, if necessary, she would herself meet all the loss incurred, and the management could only yield. As a result, ten thousand seats were purchased, chiefly by school children and teachers, at fifty cents each, where the New York public was paying anywhere from one to two dollars and above for similar seats.

The results of the dramatic work in the season of 1905-1906 became noised abroad in the theatrical world. When The Institute began its work about October first of the next year, demands began to follow each other quite rapidly from theatrical managers to have their plays approved and recommended to The People's Institute audiences. It soon became manifest that a thoroughgoing organization of the department had become imperative. Invitations were therefore sent to the representatives of the public school system, leading members of the clergy, and others, describing the work done, inviting an expression of opinion and support, and stating the purpose of organizing for larger and more permanent results. The outcome is that a General Committee which, when full, will number fifty of New York's most representative citizens, has been formed. This Committee includes to-day the President and other members of the Board of Education,

the Superintendent and a number of Assistant Superintendents and a group of the leading teachers; similarly a number of the most eminent clergymen, the leaders in the settlement movement, Organized Labor, the department stores, and men eminent in literature, music, and dramatic criticism. To these will be added eminent philanthropists. The Executive Committee, twenty in number, is similarly representative. Beside, there are sub-committees on Labor, Music, Co-operation with Managers, etc. . . . .

"Midsummer Night's Dream" was seen by 2,000 of our auditors; "Cymbeline" by 3,400; "The Prince of India" by 5,000; "Pippa Passes" by 600; "Cæsar and Cleopatra" by 3,300; Robert Mantell in Shakespeare, in Brooklyn, by 1,180.

JUDGE BEN. B. LINDSEY, COUNTY COURT, JUVENILE COURT, DENVER, COLORADO.

There is not any question in my mind that the growth of cheap theatres in the cities, and the wonderful attraction they have to children, affords for us a lesson that we must avail ourselves of, to turn this interest in right channels. I know that in some of these cheap theatres they frequently give what they call "An Amateur," and I have known boys of the street to be tremendously enthusiastic over the opportunity thus offered. The difficulty has been generally that it has been offered under very questionable conditions, and in a way that did not permit for the child the best opportunities. I have visited Hull-House in Chicago a number of times, and I have been wonderfully impressed at the interest taken there among the children, cosmopolitan as they are, in the little plays arranged by Miss Addams and her assistants.

At one time in Denver, we had what we called a Sunday afternoon Happy Hour, and I was wonderfully impressed with the latent talent displayed by some of the boys of the street, who frequently improvised their own songs and music, and their little "stunts," and not only the actors but the auditors seemed to obtain a peculiar and unusual delight from these performances. It was a different kind of enthusiastic applause and satisfaction from that witnessed in the ordinary professional theatre. They felt a certain personal and individual interest in the performance that, of course, could not be experienced in the ordinary theatre.

I believe we may recall that there was a time in history when the stage was depended upon as an educator rather than as an entertainer. Perhaps the newspapers and magazines had much to do with the changed conditions that came with their advent, but the fact remains that the stage is a powerful factor in the education of young people. I know from my own experience that it appeals powerfully, especially to that class of children we count neglected children; among

OTHELLO.

FROM A PAINTING BY CARL BECKER.

In Shakespeare's tragedy of the same name.

the foreign element, children whose opportunities have been poor and who generally reside in a quarter of the city considered unfavorable because of bad environment, etc. In my experience nothing has ever seemed to awaken their enthusiasm and interest as that particular work among them which can only be done through the medium of the stage.

I recently attended a meeting of the boys and girls in the Jewish settlement of Denver, and I was amazed at the interest these children took in their little debates and recitations, and what a powerful factor it seemed to be to bring out certain unsuspected qualities in many little (so-called) "ragamuffins of the street."

I have visited all the large industrial schools in this country (generally miscalled reform-schools), and in every one of these institutions, even more than in the public schools, the stage is being utilized as an educational factor. Recently I visited Lancaster, Ohio, where there are over a thousand boys between 10 and 16 or 17 years of age, and also Lansing, Mich., where there are nearly eight hundred boys of similar age. All of these boys, of course, were taken in hand by the State because of the commission of some wrongful act. The fact that they did a bad thing did not necessarily make them bad boys. I know that in each one of these schools I observed that the instructors called particular attention to the work they had done along this line. They spoke of it with the greatest enthusiasm. Its helpful influence among the boys was very evident. Surely, if this kind of work was such a powerful factor for good among the so-called delinquent children, how much more important it was, as it seemed to me, that it should be employed before they became delinquent, and as a means of preventing their delinquency by inspiring them with higher and nobler ideals. Of course, it was only one of many influences for good, but certainly an important one.

A BOSTON EXPERIENCE.

A notable movement has been inaugurated for the benefit of the school children in Boston, where under the auspices of the Education Committee of the Twentieth Century Club an Educational Series of English plays has been given, by arrangement with the lessees of the Castle Square Theatre,—one of the largest in Boston. A sufficient number of subscriptions—one dollar for the entire series of five plays—was guaranteed the theatre for teachers and children in the public schools of Boston and the neighborhood. And the following plays have been given by first-class companies to crowded houses of young scholars of both sexes and their teachers: "Much Ado About Nothing," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," "The Rivals," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," with the happiest result upon the school work,—the plays being taken up as part of the work in English, both before and after the representation.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS ON THE STAGE AS AN EDUCATOR—IN IDEALS.

By any person's ideal of anything we mean the best mental picture of that particular thing which that person is capable of forming. At different periods of his life, a person may have different ideals of the same thing. Very few persons hold throughout a lifetime one unchanging ideal of anything. For example, generally a boy's ideal father, that is, the best mental picture he can form of a father, will be his idea of his own father. It sometimes happens, as the boy grows older, and has added knowledge, that he sees, or thinks he sees, certain habits or points of character in his father that might have been improved. His idea of what the best father should be has thereby changed. His ideal has grown.

The value of an ideal is the strong disposition that we all have to be as much like that ideal as possible, the constant wish we all have to imitate it. If we ever grow to the standard of one of our ideals, we find that our imagination, our power to make a mental picture, has also grown, and we then make another and a better ideal, and begin growing toward that.

The imagination of most grown-up men has a long start ahead of their performance. That is also true of some boys. Most of us are capable of forming a mental picture of a man, so brave, so gentle, so true, so honest, so charitable, so chivalrous, so modest, so unselfish, that if we were to be that man for one week or perhaps one important day, we should do so at considerable immediate loss to our business, although many teachers believe that the perfect practice of all these virtues in daily life would finally result in business success and prosperity.

A brave fireman climbs a ladder and rescues a poor woman and her baby from a burning building. The next morning thousands of men, too fat to climb ladders, and too timid to go into burning buildings, read of the brave deed, and wipe from their eyes the tears of genuine emotional appreciation. The fireman had given their ideal performance of a fireman's duty.

Whenever, anywhere, a brave man willingly sacrifices his life for others, the heart of the whole world throbs one beat quicker. That hero was our representative. He acted as we hope we would have acted had his duty been our own.

Besides having our ideals realized in the occasional conduct of heroes, we have them realized in the theatre by means of the performance of dramas written for that purpose.

The best theatres and the best actors and the most improving dramas for their particular audiences, are in nurseries and attics. A boy with his lead soldiers playing Bunker Hill, or a girl with Mother's apron arranged as a trailing skirt, and playing "Kind lady, come to see," is realizing most completely the most improving ideal he or she is capable of entertaining at that time. When the boy becomes a man, and the girl becomes a woman, business and housekeeping afford

SCENES FROM THE STAGE

1. Scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" II.
2. Julia Marlowe as Salome in "John the Baptist."
3. Blanche Walsh in "Resurrection," by L. Tolstoy.
4. E. H. Sothern as John in "John the Baptist."

fewer opportunities for the realization of their brightest ideals, and they turn to the theatre to see their better dreams made substance.

The most successful and best loved dramas are those that realize in some form or other one of the ideals which most men and most women have already set up in their own hearts for their own guidance. Most good men and most good women have each formed in his or her heart a picture of a man or woman very like himself or herself, remaining, even through considerable difficulty and opposition, true and loyal to a sweetheart or a lover. Even bad men and unfortunate women are often cheered by such a mental picture. The majority of successful dramas are those which have in them a story showing this loyalty and truth between lovers. Loyalty of another kind, perhaps more popular with very young auditors, than the loyalty of lovers, is that between friends. Several successful plays are based upon the loyalty of friends.

Sacrifice of self or self-interest to the benefit or for the protection of another is a third popular exhibit in successful plays. Patriotism or loyalty to one's country or King is a fourth theme fairly popular.

After these plain and simple attachments, come others, such as devotion to an idea, to an abstract principle, or to one of the several virtues. But as the distinct human and personal note gets thinner or less evident in a play, the audiences get thinner and less in evidence in the theatre where the play is given.

It takes some literary education to decide rightly whether a play is well written. It requires some special knowledge of plays to judge truly whether one is well constructed, but any boy or girl of reasonable honesty can listen to a play, and then by looking into his or her own heart tell whether that play has a good subject. The subject of a play is its most important factor.

The greatest dramatists of every time and nation have always written with a feeling if not with a sure knowledge that the theatre was a place for the realization of ideals. The lessons from the plays that have lived, and from those that presumably will live, are always lessons that make the auditors stronger in their resolutions to do right themselves, and more charitable in their judgment of their fellow-men who have apparently done wrong.

Lessons learned in a theatre from a play are more agreeably learned than lessons in other ways and are remembered more vividly. A book speaks to the mind through the eye. A teacher speaks to the mind through the ear. The play in the theatre speaks to the mind through both the eye and the ear, by action and by word, and very often, when the play is accompanied by appropriate music, it speaks through a medium that is neither word nor action, and which, ignoring the reason, goes directly to the emotions, or as we say "to the heart," and the message is thereby three-fold.

The heart learns more quickly than the mind and remembers longer.

F. F. MACKAY: IS THE STAGE AN EDUCATOR?

It is generally conceded that a study of history teaches the philosophy of political economy and social union.

A distinguished statesman once said, "I know of no way of judging the future but by the past."

Shakespeare says, "The purpose of playing, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." We may deduce from this proposition that the stage, when properly guided in the production of properly constructed plays, based upon the principles enunciated by Shakespeare in the above sentence, should be and is an educator.

We may gather from Shakespeare's statement as to the purpose of playing, that he did not contemplate what is now called "the problem drama." Whether such dramas are educational in their last analysis is a question yet to be solved, for it runs into the question of psychology, and the psychology of the human being is affected continuously by impressions from environments. But when a play presents the age and body of the time, by which we understand the manners and customs of the period, we then have a work of reference from which we may deduce precedents worthy of emulation, or faults and defects in manners and customs to be avoided.

The word "education" means a leading out of the human mind in any given direction. A man may be educated in languages; he may be educated in the general philosophy of life, and through his knowledge of the philosophy of life he may deduce a correct system of morals or honesty toward his fellow men. While men are governed largely by impressions from environments, which sometimes control and diminish the force of heredity, they are very apt to be governed and directed by the last impressions made upon the mind.

The stage, at the present time, does not present, in the majority of performances given, a very elevating character of plays. It is true that at the present time more of Shakespeare's plays are occupying the stage than those of any other author, ancient or modern; still they do not occupy a sufficient space in the dramatic season of the United States to control and direct the educational force of which the proper dramatic play is capable.

It is contended that the theatre should be a place of amusement. Against this proposition no reasonable man will protest if the amusement is governed by the principle that in the world of amusement everything is legitimate that entertains and does not demoralize.

Upon this principle one may visit the theatre and witness the play of "Hamlet," or he may go to the circus and witness the tumblings and "jigs" of the clown; but, in either case, he will carry away an impression that is educational in its effect, for it will largely influence, not only his future actions, but his forms of speech. In either case, whether we witness a graceful and truthful portrayal of the thoughts

and philosophy of Shakespeare in the drama of "Hamlet," or whether we look at the tumblings and listen to the jokes of the clown, we find ourselves, after the play is over, quoting the thoughts of one or doing the gymnastics of the other. A happy blending of these two effects might be very efficient in developing the intellectual and the physical forces of the man. The old Roman motto "A sound mind in a sound body" is just as applicable to a healthful condition of society to-day as it was when first uttered.

We have some very clever dramatic authors in America, and there are, no doubt, many clever plays lying upon the shelf and waiting the favorable moment for their production by the authors; but unless the plays are extremely sensational, or made up of very light mental pabulum, the managers of the present day do not think it profitable to produce them. It is true the stage, or the theatre, is not the place for scientific or purely intellectual lectures; but there is no reason why the clever dramatist should not be able to present the virtues and follies of society in such form as to be at once interesting, amusing, and instructive; as he has done in countless instances in the past and will do in the future.

From the very earliest ages the drama has been considered educational, and in the time of Shakespeare even, men and women went to the theatre to listen to the intellectual force presented by Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster, and that class of men. The intellectual force of the litterateurs of that time was largely presented in dramas, for the libraries were not as rich in volumes as they are to-day and people went to the theatre for instruction as well as amusement. Indeed the ancient Greeks and Romans taught their philosophy and their morals largely through the theatre, of which Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes are most notable examples. If, then, the present dramatic authors would comply with the rule laid down by Shakespeare, that "the purpose of playing, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold the mirror up to nature," the patrons of the drama would find cause for reflection. Reflection is the power that holds down and guides perception. So if people could see, as it were, in a mirror a reflection of their society, there might be engendered a power for improving their present and future conduct of life by the lesson of such presentations. A view of their follies might be amusing, and a presentation of their faults might teach them how to improve. This would be educational. A rôle which the stage has often filled, and might do so more often.

OUR STAGE TO-DAY.

By Henry Arthur Jones, M. A. (Harvard).

I DO not think it can be doubted that the theatre, considered as something apart from the drama, has a far tighter hold upon all classes in America than in England; it is much more of an institution, less of an after-dinner entertainment. Its popularity in all the large cities is enormous, and is constantly growing.

It would be interesting to compare the nightly receipts taken to witness plays, as distinct from variety entertainments, in the large cities of America, with the nightly receipts taken to witness plays, as distinct from variety entertainments, in the large cities of England. The result would, I doubt not, be enormously in favor of America. This is, of course, only an outward and visible sign, which may, or may not, be allied to an inward and spiritual grace. But I do not think any impartial observer can doubt that the average American audience has a somewhat different attitude towards a play from that which is characteristic of the average English audience; there is more electricity in the air, more alertness, and what strikes one most of all, the American audience shows no suspicion of ill-temper.

I have been present at one or two first-night failures in New York; the audience were evidently not pleased with the play. Strange to say, they did not boo or hiss! Some of them quietly left the theatre, the others quietly remained to the end, and gave a courteous, but not an enthusiastic, reception to the actors. This customary first-night politeness does not save bad or unpopular plays; but it gives a chance of success to those plays of merit which, amongst the thousand caprices of production, may, for some reason or other, fail to please on the first night. I believe this urbane spirit amongst first-night audiences is of great value to the development of the drama. It allows, and encourages, experiment; and, accordingly, we find, among many other encouraging signs of intellectual advance on the American stage, that plays by writers like Ibsen and Maeterlinck have comparatively long and prosperous runs.

In America, as in England, one great crying need is felt by all who know and can judge what schools of acting mean, by all who have watched the results of such training as is given at the Théâtre Français, such as was given in our old provincial stock companies. I mean the need of a training school, which also gives to actors constant and varied practice before the public. Those who are curious to know what such training means to a dramatic author may be asked to watch carefully the methods and resources, say, of Lionel Brough or of Mrs. Charles Calvert, on the English stage; or, indeed, of any actors who were trained in the old school. In America, as in England, the absence of such a school of training must be appar-

ent to any one who is really acquainted with the very great art of acting. But stock companies are still numerous in outlying American cities, and send valuable recruits to the metropolitan stage. And, further, American actors gain in breadth, if, perhaps, they lose in finish, by having to speak on larger stages.

An interesting experiment, one that may go a little way to counteract the baneful effect on actors of long runs, is that which is sometimes made on the American stage, of interchanging rôles. I had the great delight of watching the original Mrs. Dane in England, and the original Mrs. Dane in America, as they alternated their parts in successive performances. Miss Ashwell's fine and moving performance is admired equally in New York as in London, and she was most enthusiastically received. Miss Margaret Anglin's performance was on rather different lines, but was equally admirable and powerful. America has a fine tragic actress in Margaret Anglin. All her performances show great power and distinction; she shines in comedy as in tragedy. This experiment of alternating rôles is one that might, perhaps, be copied on the London stage; sometimes with conspicuous advantage to one of the actors; sometimes with considerable enlightenment to the audience; sometimes, I think, in bare justice to the author. It might pave the way to another custom that one would like to see introduced: that is, the appearance of a leading actor or actress in modern rôles which have been "created" (to use the quaint phraseology in vogue) by other leading actors and actresses.

We constantly see the great French actresses and actors appearing in modern rôles which have been "created" by other French actors and actresses. To name one instance in a hundred, we were given a chance of seeing Sarah Bernhardt in Françillon almost immediately after it had been "created" by Bartet—recently, we have seen the great Coquelin in a quite secondary part in a modern comedy after it had been "created" by another actor in Paris. What a lesson in acting, and in modesty! I tremble to think what would happen to the English author who would dare to ask an (imaginary) English actor of Coquelin's standing: "Will you please play this quite secondary and quite unsympathetic rôle in my play for a few performances?" Yet how Coquelin scored! A short time ago a revival of a successful English comedy was contemplated; the leading part was offered to a leading English actor, but was refused on the grounds that he could not afford to play the part, as Mr. ——— (another leading English actor) had "created" it. Surely the custom of interchanging parts on the stage could not be other than illuminating.

I have now touched upon the main facts that struck me as an English visitor to the American theatres. But these facts and tendencies of the American theatre are of quite secondary import and significance when compared with the rapid progress of two movements recently started in circles somewhat outside and apart from the general body of the playgoing public. If any one were asked to

name the reason that the French have a national drama and the English have none, he would say: "The French drama is a part of French literature, and is honored as a fine art; the English drama is considered as an amusement pure and simple, is judged on that level, and is not suspected by English playgoers to be a fine art."

In the leading American universities, in Harvard and Yale, the greatest interest is taken in modern drama. Professor Baker at Harvard, and Professor Phelps at Yale, wisely led and encouraged this interest in their students. I believe that the action of Professor Baker and Professor Phelps will have lasting results upon the future national American drama. Already an outside popular supplementary interest has been created. But it is not only in the universities that a serious intellectual inquiry has been raised concerning the modern drama. The action of Professor Baker and Professor Phelps has incidentally aroused a keen interest in the modern drama in all the schools and colleges of America. And this, in its turn, has started a demand for the modern printed drama among the general playgoers of America. Now an interest in the printed drama, a continual study of the modern plays in actual vogue, is our chief security against all kinds of imposture on the stage. This is the second movement that is nascent among American playgoers, their interest in modern printed dramas. It is allied to, it is chiefly derived from, the new interest that has recently been quickened in the American universities.

ORIGIN AND MEANING OF OPERA.

By Charles Knight.

(In Collaboration as Editor, "Arts and Sciences."

AN "opera" (Italian, "a work") is a regular drama set to music, always accompanied by scenic representation, frequently by machinery, and sometimes by dancing. It appears (according to Doni) to have originated at Florence towards the end of the 16th century. The true opera, as found on all the Italian stages, whether in Italy or elsewhere, and as performed in the French language at the Académie Imperiale, admits no speaking; all is recitation or air, etc.; while what is called opera in the national theatres of Germany and England, as well as the French *opéra comique,* is of a mixed kind—partly spoken, partly sung. In Italy the opera is divided into four kinds,—namely, the *sacred,* the *serious,* the *semi-serious,* and the *buffa* or *comic.* In France the division is into the *grand'opéra* and *opéra comique.* In Germany the divisions are more numerous, embracing the *grand opera,* the *serious,* the *tragic,* the *heroic,* the *romantic,* the *allegorical,* the *military melodrama,* the *comic,* and others.

The constituents of an opera, says Rousseau, are the poem, the music,

and the decorations. The poetry addresses itself to the mind, the music to the ear, the painting to the eye; and it is the duty of the three to unite their powers, in order to move and make an impression on the heart. The truth is, that the poetry of an opera has long ceased to be considered otherwise than as a vehicle for music, and, but for the scenery and decorations, the saying of the Abbé Arnaud, that *the Italian opera is a concert, of which the drama is the pretext,* would be applicable to nine in ten of all productions of the kind that have appeared during the last seventy or eighty years.

The moment that the opera appeared out of its native country, and especially when it reached the British shores, it was attacked by a host of critics and wits. Addison and Swift were among the first to level the shafts of ridicule at it, and were followed by Pope, Young, and many others. Addison lived to retract his opinion; for some of the absurdities which the opera in its infant state presented were soon corrected, though certainly enough remained, and must for ever remain, to sanction the objections of those who tried, or may still judge, the melodrama by the cold stubborn laws of unpoetical probability. . . .

That the opera, properly so called, whether Italian or French, is the offspring of the Greek drama,—an opinion that for years past has been gaining ground,—is supported by the most learned and able writers on the subject, and seems likely ere long to be universally adopted. The first that we have met with who has touched on this point is the "philosopher of Malmesbury," Hobbes, who, in a letter to Sir William D'Avenant, says, "There is, besides the grace of style, another cause why the ancient poets chose to write in measured language, which is this: their poems were made at first with intention to have them sung, as well epic as *dramatic* (which custom hath long time been laid aside, but *began to be revived* in part *of late years in Italy*), and could not be made commensurable to the voice or instruments in prose—the ways and motions whereof are so uncertain and undistinguished (like the way and motion of a ship in the sea), as not only to discompose the best composers, but also to disappoint sometimes the most attentive reader, and put him to hunt counter for the sense. It was therefore necessary for poets in those times to compose in verse." This letter is dated Paris, 1650; consequently, written anterior to the establishment of the Académie Royale, or French opera.

Dryden, in the beginning of the preface to his "Albion and Albanius," rather hastily calls the opera "a modern invention, though built upon the foundation of the ethnic worship," and conjectures that it was borrowed from the Spanish Moors; but in a postscript to the same he corrects himself in the following rather awkwardly-expressed manner: "Possibly the Italians went not so far as Spain for the invention of their operas; they might have it in their own country, and that by gathering up the shipwrecks of the Athenian and Roman theatres, which we know were adorned with scenes, music, dances, and machines,

especially the Grecian." The learned Jesuit, Père Menestrier, in his work "Des Représentations en Musique," maintains that the ancient tragedies were chanted. Metastasio, in his "Estratto della Poetica d'Aristotile," expresses a most decided opinion that the Greek and Roman dramas, both tragedies and comedies, were sung, and cites in proof of this numerous classical authorities. Pye, in his "Commentary on the Poetic of Aristotle," while disputing some of the inferences of Metastasio, is obliged, though unwillingly, to acknowledge that the opera "most probably" is "a lineal and legitimate offspring of the Greek tragedy," and that the vastness of the Roman theatre "turned the necessary means of modulating the voice into a real musical accompaniment;" that is to say, the magnitude of the place rendered chanting or recitative unavoidable.

After collating what has been stated by various authors as to the date of its origin, we are persuaded that no regular opera was produced and publicly performed till Ottavia Rinuccini wrote and Jacopo Peri composed the drama of "Euridice" for the nuptials of Henri IV. of France and Mary of Medicis. This was represented in a very splendid manner at Florence, in 1600, and there published in the same year. Dr. Berni tells us ('Hist.' iv. 25) that he was never able to find more than one copy of Peri's "Euridice," which was in the library of the Marchese Rinuccini, a descendant of the poet. Having the good fortune to possess this very rare work, which is now before us, we can corroborate what the musical historian has said of it, that it is printed in score and barred, two very uncommon circumstances at the time of its publication; that the recitative seems to have been not only the model of subsequent composers of early Italian operas, but of the French operas of Lulli; that figures are often placed over the base to indicate the harmony; that the time changes as frequently as in the old French serious operas; and though the word *aria* occurs, it is difficult to distinguish air from recitative by any superiority of melody, except in the choruses. There is no overture to this, but a musical prologue of seven stanzas instead, sung in the character of Tragedy. Peri, in an address to his *readers* (*à lettori*), gives an account of his orchestra, which was placed behind the scenes, and consisted of a harpsichord, a large guitar, a *lira grande* (that is, a *viol da Gamba*, according to Burney), and an arch-lute.

The Bolognese dispute with the Florentines the honour of having first produced a musical drama, but it appears that the "Euridice" was performed in their city the year after it had been produced at Florence. The opera was introduced at Venice in 1637, at Naples in 1646, and at Rome in 1671.

THE ENGLISH STAGE SINCE SHAKESPEARE.

By Lina Wright Berle.

THERE is no artistic and literary form which has a longer history in the development of English letters than the drama, whose origins go back to the days of Chaucer and earlier, and which has been a favorite with the people during all that time. Unlike almost any other art, the drama appeals to the common and uneducated folk, and their verdict has been entirely responsible for the success or failure of every play of which we have record.

It is interesting to note the supposed origins of the drama, before proceeding to the examination of modern English plays. As far as we can discover, English drama has its origin in the various services of the Roman Church, in the Dark Ages. As all Catholics will remember, there is a point in the Easter service where the graduale, so-called, is played, originally a musical phrase or two. But the good fathers conceived the idea of pictoralizing the episode commemorated by that portion of the Mass,—the three Maries at the tomb of Christ,—and accordingly they admitted chosen nuns to the space beside the altar to indicate the three personalities. Sometimes they were given a short phrase to sing; and the step to the introduction of dialogue was easy.

Once dialogue had been admitted in this fashion, they further elaborated the idea, and, as an effective means of teaching an unlettered populace something of the Bible, they adapted the stories of the Old and New Testaments into short plays, in which the stories were acted out by monks or choir boys, trained for the purpose. This proved a great success,—so great, indeed, that the monks grew worried at the spirit in which people were attending church, and banished the plays to the steps of the church instead of within its doors. With that change came a widening of the scope of plays, although they still kept their Biblical character, but with the addition of all sorts of jests and jokes which the sacred building had rendered inadmissible before. This appears to have been the origin of the English drama.

Of course such a relatively simple type of drama could not long persist without becoming affected by other influences; and by the time of Elizabeth it had progressed far beyond the old miracle and morality plays. With the appearance of Shakespeare, the so-called "Golden Age" of English drama begins,—an age in which there were a multitude of playwrights, all presenting entertainment for a public which dearly loved the theatre. Many of them were brilliant men, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Heywood, Dekker, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others.

Since the time of Shakespeare, the theatre has undergone many remarkable changes, has produced many notable and famous dramatists, actors of high distinction, and actresses of personal and historical in-

terest, and has been the battle-field of conflicting parties and factions. It is the purpose of this essay to show in outline some of these vicissitudes, and to show their significance for the drama today.

The age of Shakespeare produced so many plays and so many rival theatres that it was inevitable that there should come a reaction of some sort; and in the early years of the reign of King James it began. Plays were written which dealt less and less with the interests of the normal majority of the people, and increasingly with the unwholesome elements of contemporary society. A period of decadence was on the way. This was the more evident because of the power of the Puritans in the state; and these men and women opposed the stage on religious principles. In 1642 the catastrophe occurred, when the Puritans closed the theatres by law, as a result of their successful war against the king, Charles I, and laid heavy penalties on the representation of plays.

This edict was maintained until the restoration of the Stuart line to the throne in 1660. There were a few private performances, given by persons of rank and influence, but very cautiously and by indirection, called operas, often to conceal their character. Comic interludes also were performed at the great fairs in the country towns; but except for these the drama remained without advance or change. A new generation grew up, to which the earlier drama was a recollection only; and this in itself was a matter for congratulation, as it opened the drama to entirely new influences.

The new influences were of two kinds, those derived from the practice of the French dramatists, and from the attitude of the new court. During his period of exile, Charles II had lived in France, at the court of the Great Louis, and his associates were courtiers of the French type. They loved the drama of their own life, the representations of their own follies and intrigues, and the sly mockery of each other. Accordingly, a new form of drama appeared, designed to please them; for the reopening of the theatres was effected rather to satisfy their desire for amusement than to meet a public demand.

In this new theatre two kinds of plays were notable,—the comedies, of which more later, and the heroic tragedies, so-called, certainly the most surprising set of dramas ever offered to any public. It has been said that the comedies of the time represented the masculine love of biting satire and vulgar mirth, while the heroic plays were comparable to the feminine desire for ideal symbolisms. Be that as it may, the tragedies of the time dealt only with the adventures of much-persecuted heroines, who maintained absurd loyalties in the face of overwhelming danger, and who invariably chose death rather than disobedience. Love and honor was the everlasting contrast; and the usual result was the pitiable death of the beautiful damsel, and the execution of her too-chivalrous cavalier.

Among the dramatists whose reputation was made in this period,

there are some who deserve special mention for their work. Perhaps the foremost is John Dryden, whose poetical career began with Cromwell's government, and who lived until 1700. For eighteen years he was poet laureate, and during this time he wrote many dramas, especially of the heroic type, and one tragedy, which is worthy of mention in the same class with Shakespeare.

It is interesting to notice these plays of Dryden's, for they show the difficulties and distresses which often beset a poet of the time. Only one of the plays, according to his own rather pathetic statement, was "writ to please himself," and that one is the masterpiece above mentioned, the "All for Love; or, The World Well Lost," which treats the story of Antony and Cleopatra. Here, with the same materials available that Shakespeare used, he produced a profoundly moving tragedy, full of passion and fire.

But for the most part he was not so fortunate as this. His plays were written to satisfy the demands of the courtiers, ever anxious for some new play, as we are today, and quickly dissatisfied with what they had seen. We must remember that there was no advertising, as we know it, and that the average run of a play was seldom more than five or six performances at a time, though it might be revived. The audiences were drawn from a limited population and a limited radius, therefore the manager who wished a full house must change frequently.

Dryden's first attempts to deal with this situation were unsuccessful comedies; but he proved himself a popular favorite with "The Indian Queen," a melodramatic spectacle which exploited, for almost the first time, something like modern devices of scenery and costuming. This success was followed up by "The Indian Emperor," which contained more of the same sort.

It may be amusing to sketch the typical course of such a play. Dryden was responsible for a large number of them, ranging from two parts of "The Conquest of Granada" to "Aurengzebe." In the latter play, Aurengzebe, the hero, is the favorite of three sons, whose brothers, anxious to destroy him, contrive to poison his father's mind against him, and to have him sent out to what promises to be certain death in the field of battle. By one of those extraordinary coincidences of such tragedies, he is saved by the chivalry of his foes, after languishing in prison for a time, restores his father's kingdom, and is in the end pitifully slain. There is usually a lovely maiden whose fate is linked with the hero's, and who perishes with him. In another play of Dryden's, the hero, hated by both factions in the State, is poisoned by both; and the scene shows him writhing in the agony induced by drinking two opposite types of poison, as a result of which he lives to confound his enemies. This is in "Don Sebastian," after "All for Love" the most perfect of Dryden's plays, written in blank verse, in contradistinction to the heroic tragedies, in which he used the same rhymed couplet which was to become famous in the hands of Pope.

Of the comic dramatists, it is enough to mention here Etherege, Shadwell, Wycherley and Vanbrugh, whose plays form no very pleasant reading at the present time, though they had a great vogue in their day. Congreve, the most important of them all, wrote with a brilliance which has seldom been equaled, but has suffered from a change of taste on the part of the public.

This change of taste occurred about 1700, and was started by a famous clergyman, Jeremy Collier, who published his attack on the stage in 1699. This was called " Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage," and was followed by other pamphlets attacking the theatre. The whole series of attacks and replies covered about ten years. It was necessary enough, though the reasons which the good divine gave for his ideas were not always sound. In the course of it all, the dramatists were defeated, as they deserved to be. The result of these attacks on the stage is an interesting one, and one which seems out of proportion to the importance of the interests involved.

About 1700 Congreve's last play, "The Way of the World," was produced and was a complete failure, although in the judgment of the discriminating it exhibited his skill in dialogue to a remarkable degree. This cavalier disapproval of his best work angered Congreve; though it was not surprising, as the play is almost entirely lacking in plot, and had none of the qualities which make for popular success. This failure followed close upon the attacks of Collier, in which Congreve found himself bitterly scored, although in the company of many of the most eminent dramatists of his own time and of the earlier time. It is probable that this helped to strengthen him in his determination to give up writing for the theatre altogether; and so complete was his affectation of carelessness for the interests of literary gentlemen, that when Voltaire, temporarily exiled from France, went to see the distinguished author, he repudiated all claim to that distinction, and stated that he did not care to be reminded of those things. He got as good as he gave, however, on that occasion, for Voltaire replied that his only interest in Congreve was as the playwright, and that in the man of fashion he had no concern whatever.

The effect of the attack on the stage was to drive away from it the only capable dramatists which had been produced by the Restoration. Vanbrugh returned to his profession of architecture, after writing half a dozen or so of popular successes in the free and easy manner of the time. Wycherley, though he was still living, had long since been broken in spirit by imprisonment and debt; the field was open for a new group of men.

Out of it all appeared a group of young playwrights, all of whom began careers of great promise, which they did not fulfill, by reason of their early deaths. Otway wrote a number of plays, including one tragedy, "Venice Preserved," which was acted as late as the beginning of the 19th century. Farquhar, whose comedies promised well, both in

humor and in morality, died early, before his talent had really been recognized. In both these instances, following a precedent all too familiar among the Elizabethans, it is clear that the privations of an author's life were largely responsible for their deaths.

There follows a barren period of imitation, repetition, and dullness, in which two names stand out especially pleasantly. Oliver Goldsmith and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, both born in Ireland, contributed distinctive comedy to the drama of our language. Goldsmith wrote but two plays, "The Good-Natured Man" and the ever delightful "She Stoops to Conquer;" but in these two, and more particularly the last, he reached a height of comedy which has kept the plays on the stage even to the present. There is no more rewarding merriment to be found in English than that of Young Marlow, and Miss Hardcastle, who, by allowing herself to be regarded as a serving-maid, "Stoops to Conquer," and wins the heart of her bashful swain.

Equally delightful, though in another fashion, are the comedies with which Sheridan filled in the repertory of his company at Drury Lane Theatre. "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal" have been played time and again, without losing their charm by reason of their age. In a period of undistinguished plays, rightly forgotten, these stand out with especial luster.

The eighteenth century, to which these plays belong, was notable as an age of great actors and actresses. The names of Garrick, Cibber, Nell Gwynne, Mrs. Siddons and Peg Woffington belong to this period, and the tales of their skill are many and various. It was Garrick who, according to rumor, won the heart of a country maiden who watched his acting, strove to lose it at her father's request by acting the drunkard, and lost his own thereby. The chronicles of the time state as a fact the curious prevalence of fainting-fits in the theatre by women overcome by the realism of Mrs. Siddons' art,—a phenomenon which is said to have been infrequent until then.

With the opening of the nineteenth century a new movement makes itself felt in the drama. There had been indications of a change in taste before that time, in the preference shown for plays of a highly sentimental nature. These were the logical forerunners of the nineteenth century romantic drama, which developed more fully on the Continent than in England. The growth of the novel as a literary form had supplanted the drama for the mass of the people, and consequently it is not strange that the romantic plays should be what are called "closet dramas," plays, that is, which are better adapted for reading than for actual performance. In the production of such plays, many of the foremost poets of the early part of the century were engaged.

But before this movement began, the sentimental play had appeared. It came at a time when such novels as the "Tristram Shandy" and "Sentimental Journey" of Lawrence Sterne were in high favor with the

public; when the pit and the boxes alike clamored for plays in which the heroine reproached the hero for his jealousy, or his coldness, or his fickleness, and in which he responded with great show of sensitiveness, —sensibility, as they called it then. There are scenes in the "Rivals" of Sheridan, those between Julia and her lover, Falkland, which were inserted on purpose to satisfy this particular taste. The extent and perversion of the popular feeling on the subject may be inferred from the occurrence of such scenes as those in Sterne, where a traveller stops to moralize on the misfortune of a dead donkey which he observes by the roadside.

It was at this same time, also, that Goethe's novel, "The Sorrows of the Young Werther," achieved its tremendous popularity throughout Europe, both as a novel and in dramatic form—a vogue which was carried to so great an extent that young men committed suicide after the manner of the hero, leaving farewell notes expressing their admiration for the book and their conviction that life was no longer worth living. All this created an atmosphere which was in the last degree unhealthy, and which could have nothing but an unwholesome effect on the drama.

The closet dramas were the work of men filled with the spirit which was to prove the keynote of all literary, artistic, and social development during the next seventy-five years and more. All of them had seen the regenerating influence of the revolutionary spirit in France, and they were full of a whole-hearted enthusiasm for the same sort of advance in their own countries. Many of them lived to outgrow their enthusiasms, but the fervor remained the same. They were led by Byron, that volcanic genius who fired the minds of the youth of his generation by his brilliance and his daring. Under his lead they adopted strange eccentricities of manner, and cultivated a proud and antagonistic bearing toward all the world.

Nevertheless Byron did much to foster the new and vital growth of the drama. Like all the subjects of his verse, his dramas dealt with Titanic struggles, as of "Cain," "Manfred," and the like,—plays of the superman, at odds with the social order. Similarly, Shelley produced a noble sequence, a translation of the Aeschylean "Prometheus Bound," and a play to replace the lost tragedy, "Prometheus Unbound." He also dramatized the tragic story from Italian legend, "The Cenci." These are examples dating from before 1830.

The later poets of the century were not behind these in their dramatic achievement. They had before them the remarkable work of the two greatest German poets, Goethe and Schiller, and like them they undertook serious plays after the Elizabethan model. Browning's "Blot on the Scutcheon," was a play which made marvellous use of poetry for dramatic purpose; and Tennyson was the author of several dramas in verse which are superb examples of the modern poetic drama.

In the work of Tennyson we note the recurrence of the interest in the unfortunate queen, Mary Stuart, which had animated Schiller, and

which was shown in Swinburne's various plays on the same subject, "Mary Stuart," and "Chastelard." Tennyson was aided in his attempt to write historical and poetic dramas by his friendship with Henry Irving, who arranged his play of "Becket" so that it could be presented, and himself took the leading role. Ellen Terry also contributed, for she took the heroine's part in "The Cup," a play founded on an old story of heroism and devotion.

During this middle period of the century Bulwer-Lytton, whose novels, especially "The Last Days of Pompeii," are still the delight of young people, wrote three plays, in which the sentimental tendency of the earlier dramas is still faintly discernible. These were "The Lady of Lyons," "Mademoiselle de la Valliere" and "Richelieu." The last of these is singularly free from the taint, and has been immortalized by the work of the great actors who have found in it a congenial opportunity for the exercise of their gifts. These plays are still remembered by the elder generation of playgoers, who will, if the opportunity is given them, put to rout the innocent enthusiasms of a generation that never saw Booth or the elder Sothern.

An interesting dramatist who represents a transition period is Thos. William Robertson, who died in 1871, after a career in which success came almost too late. It was he who undertook to make comedy out of actual life, with little in the way of the ordinary theatricalisms which had been brought into vogue by the sentimentalists. Most of his plays were remarkable for their skill in technique, their large and wholesome humor, and their sense of character and portrayal of it for the purposes of the stage. Among the favorite plays were "David Garrick," "Society," "Caste" and "School."

The natural transition of the drama was from sentiment to melodrama and farce, and most of the dramatists of our own time began their apprenticeship with such plays. Arthur Wing Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones set out with a group of melodramas to their credit, then passed into farces, and finally into problem plays and sociological plays. Their comedies were influenced, as was all drama of the time, by the brilliant dialogue and sparkling comedy which was the distinguishing feature of Oscar Wilde's plays, "Lady Windermere's Fan," "A Woman of No Importance," and "The Importance of Being Earnest." These, among the cleverest of modern comedies, are delicate satires upon the pretensions of fashionable society, with analysis of its standards and raillery for its follies.

The element of analysis of sociological problems is new with the nineteenth century. It owes its origin to a strikingly different current which swept over European literature and profoundly affected it. The Scandinavian, Ibsen, produced a wholly new type of play,—one that dealt profoundly with the psychological development of character under emotional and moral strain; that showed the hypocrisy of society in undeniable perspective; and that forced otherwise happy-go-lucky

persons to recognize their shortcomings. This form of drama has become the distinctive contribution of the nineteenth century to literature.

It is interesting to name some of the plays whose names are familiar to those who follow the stage at all which show this tendency. John Galsworthy has written several of the most important. "Justice" is a study of the effect of penal servitude on a man's character, and contains an entire act in which the prison is shown, its officers and its inmates alike struggling with a system which denies them the opportunity to reform themselves or achieve the best for their fellows. "Strife" shows the two sides of a great labor-strike, and the contest of wills which underlies the final settlement. Its object is to show in all its details a situation which is summed up by one of the characters at the end, in a sentence, which runs something like this, "They've settled the matter by breaking the two best men in it." "The Pigeon" and "The Mob" show other phases of social conditions.

In the plays of Pinero and Jones the same interest in sociological phenomena appears, though it is directed more specifically to the double standards in matters of personal morality, and to the problems arising from conventional and real standards of morality. One need only mention the names of several of Pinero's more recent plays to show this,—"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Gay Lord Quex," "Iris," "Mid-Channel," "His House in Order,"—all deal with problems of this type. The list is equally comprehensive for Jones, though his interest lies more in the arraignment of society than the individual. "The Liars," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "The Hypocrites," "Michael and His Lost Angel" are examples which show the tendency.

The surprise of the twentieth century, however, belongs to the work of Bernard Shaw, an Irish journalist and dramatist, whose reputation is founded largely on his power of saying clever, startling truths or half-truths which shock the conscience of the public into reaction of some kind. In the list of his plays, there is not one which does not in some fashion stimulate argument, discussion, opposition, in relation to one of the pressing issues of the day. A brief enumeration will show the range of topic: "Major Barbara" deals with the relation between religious theory and practice; "Man and Superman" with the feminist view of life; "Widowers' Houses" with the responsibility for the slum districts; "Mrs. Warren's Profession" with the outcast woman. The list might be extended indefinitely.

In consequence of the brilliancy of Shaw's literary work, there has developed a revival of the satiric comedy, to which class belong his most delicious bits of dramatic irony, "You Never Can Tell," "How He Lied to Her Husband," "Candida," and "The Devil's Disciple." There are many others, less well known, and less pretentious, which might be added.

Shaw is the most vivid example of the "modern" spirit in the drama,

and has served as the model for much of our contemporary literature. The keynote of this modernity is its defiance of all convention, its disregard of tradition, and its revolt against all the restraints of social machinery. Following his lead the younger dramatists have sought to be sparkling, and have succeeded in being reckless in what they say or believe. The Shavian cult permeates the "advanced" writings of the day.

These "advanced writings" have been interested primarily with all sorts of reforms, as I have shown, and their tendency has been away from a genuinely and soundly based dramatic tradition. At the other extreme has been the commercial theatre,—and here lies our greatest cause for shame and regret in the dramatic situation of the present. For the commercial theatre, as a whole, has not kept pace with the best that was being produced by the dramatists. This is due to a variety of causes.

This situation has been one of the factors at work to develop a new influence in the theatre of the present day. Because they have so fully realized the situation affecting the commercial theatres, and understood that the development of a dramatic literature worthy the name could no longer be entrusted to them, groups of earnest folk in various parts of England have established small repertory theatres, or experimental theatres, devoted to the production of work which the commercial theatre can never be persuaded to undertake. This movement has spread to America.

In these little theatres, the experiment has generally proved a successful one. After an initial period of financial dependence, constituencies have grown up which can be relied upon to support the venture, and which have made possible the presentation of drama of a high order of excellence. The names of two or three producers and companies are worth remembering in this connection. Miss A. E. F. Horniman and Granville Barker, in England, have developed their own companies and public with remarkable success; and the Abbey Theatre in Dublin has become world-famous for its achievements.

The work of the Abbey Theatre is particularly interesting, for it is closely associated with the literary renaissance of Ireland. Under the leadership of William Butler Yeats and Lady Gregory, it has been the inspiration for a drama of present-day Ireland, written by Irishmen, and played by those who fully sympathize with Irish character and life. As such it is distinguished for its work. Yeats' "Kathleen ni Houlihan," Synge's "Playboy of the Western World," "Riders to the Sea," and "The Shadow of the Glen" and Lady Gregory's short comedies are significant instances of this new drama.

A study of recent drama would not be complete without mention of the work of Sir James Barrie, whose talent is unique. The plays of Barrie are unlike any that have been written in English, and owe their charm to a quality which one feels to be intimately related to the per-

sonality of their author. They are comedy of a high, delicate kind, so graceful and pointed that one rejoices in their perfection of dialogue, while feeling no uneasiness at their satire. Many of them are written in Scotch dialect, and deal with Scotch characters, whose life Barrie interprets with rare felicity and faithfulness.

In addition to his plays of Scotch and English life, Barrie has created a special world for which thousands of children owe him gratitude. "Peter Pan" is a piece of pure fantasy, a delightful story of a child-fairy, whose life and adventures are delineated most exquisitely. His pranks and antics are shown, and his friendship with the human child Wendy, whom he teaches the secrets of the treetops, and who in return gives what his child-heart craves most, affection. The role of Peter Pan was one of the favorite characters assumed by Maude Adams.

It is fortunate that in recent years the plays of Barrie have become available in published form, and can be read by whomsoever will do so. "Half Hours" contains one-act plays, of which the most delightful is entitled "The Twelve-Pound Look." "What Every Woman Knows" is one of the plays centering around the family affection of a Scotch household, and its attempt to provide for the only daughter in the family. "The Admirable Crichton" is a bit of penetrating but pleasant satire on the social separations between the master and servants in an aristocratic household. One of the most recent plays is "Dear Brutus," in which the contrast between what a man is and what he might be is cleverly brought out. A play of his also deserves mention as being the best of the war-plays,—"The Old Lady Shows Her Medals."

The foregoing represents the English situation, and, in so far as it has been imitated on this side of the Atlantic, it is a creditable one. Unfortunately, however, there has been no comparable growth in either the dramatic appreciation or the literary merit of the native productions. We have been altogether content to copy the poorer aspects of English drama, without originating any of our own. Even the dramatic presentment of one of our great national heroes, Abraham Lincoln, which made the subject of one of the most striking of recent successes, was that of an English poet, John Drinkwater. For ourselves, we have little if any progress to report.

There are, it is true, certain members of the theatrical profession to whom special credit is due for whatever there is at present worthwhile in American drama. Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske has made a consistent effort to promote the production of American plays, by producing annually the work of some new or comparatively obscure writer whose merit she deems worthy of encouragement; and a number of the younger dramatists owe their initial success to her acting. She too has the distinction of being the only American actress to present Ibsen to the American public with any degree of success, as Sothern and Marlowe have been the great interpreters of Shakespeare to the newer generation.

STORIES OF THE STANDARD OPERAS.

By Charles Annesley.

L'Africaine. Opera in 5 acts by Meyerbeer. Text by E. Scribe, translated by Gumpert.

THE first scene is laid in Lisbon. Donna Ines, Admiral Diego's daughter, is to give her hand to Don Pedro, a counsellor of King Emmanuel of Portugal. But she has pledged her faith to Vasco da Gama, who has been sent with Diaz, the navigator, to double the Cape, in order to seek for a new land, containing treasures similar to those discovered by Columbus. Reports have reached Lisbon that the whole fleet has been destroyed, when suddenly Vasco da Gama appears before the assembled council of state.

He eloquently describes the dangers of the unknown seas near the Cape and gives an account of the shipwreck, from which he alone has escaped. He then places his maps before the council, endeavoring to prove that beyond Africa there is another country, yet to be explored and conquered.

Vasco has on his way home picked up a man and a woman of an unknown race. Those slaves, however, stubbornly refuse to betray the name of their country, and a lively debate ensues between the Grand Inquisitor and the younger, more enlightened members of the council, as to the course which should be adopted with Vasco. At last, owing to the irritation caused by his violent reproaches, fanaticism is victorious, and instead of being furnished with a ship to explore those unknown lands, he is thrown into prison, on the plea of his being a heretic, for having maintained the existence of countries which were not mentioned in the Holy Scriptures.

The second act takes place in a cell of the Inquisition, in which Vasco has been languishing for a month past, in the company of the strange slaves Nelusco and Selica. The latter has lost her heart to the proud Portuguese, who saved her and her companion from a slave-ship. But Vasco is only thinking of Ines, and Nelusco, who honors in Selica not only his Queen, but the woman of his love, tried to stab Vasco—the Christian, whom he hates with a deadly hatred. Selica hinders him and rouses the sleeping Vasco, who has been dreaming of and planning his voyage to the unknown country.

Selica now shows him on the map the way to her native isle, and he vows her eternal gratitude. His liberty is indeed near at hand, for hardly has he given his vow than Ines steps in to announce that Vasco is free. She has paid dearly for her lover's deliverance, however, for she has given her hand to Vasco's rival Don Pedro, who, having got all Vasco's plans and maps, is commissioned by government to set out on the voyage of discovery.

Ines has been told that Vasco has forgotten her for Selica the

slave. In order to prove his fidelity, our ungrateful hero immediately presents her with the two slaves, and Don Pedro resolves to make use of them for his exploration.

In the third act we are on board of Don Pedro's ship in the Indian seas. Donna Ines is with her husband and Nelusco has been appointed pilot. Don Alvar, a member of the council and Don Pedro's friend, warns the latter that Nelusco is meditating treason, for they have already lost two ships; but Pedro disregards the warning. A typhoon arises, and Nelusco turns the ship again northward. But Vasco has found means to follow them on a small sailing vessel; he overtakes them and, knowing the spot well where Diaz was shipwrecked, he entreats them to change their course, his only thought being Donna Ines' safety. But Pedro, delighted to have his rival in his power, orders him to be bound and shot. Ines, hearing his voice, invokes her husband's mercy. Just then the tempest breaks out, the vessel strikes upon a rock and the cannibals inhabiting the neighboring country leap on board to liberate their Queen Selica and to massacre the whole crew, in the fulfilment of which intention they are, however, arrested by Selica.

In the following acts Selica resides as Queen on the Isle of Madagascar. The people render her homage, but her priests demand the strangers' lives as a sacrifice to their gods, while the women are condemned to inhale the poisoned perfume of the Manzanillo-tree. —In order to save Vasco, Selica proclaims him her husband and takes Nelusco as witness, swearing to him that if Vasco is sacrificed she will die with him. Nelusco, whose love for his Queen is greater even than his hatred for Vasco, vouches for their being man and wife, and the people now proceed to celebrate the solemn rites of marriage.

Vasco, at last recognizing Selica's great love, and believing Ines dead, once more vows eternal fidelity to her, but alas! hearing the voice of Ines, who is about to be led to death, he turns pale and Selica but too truly divines the reason.

In the fifth act Selica is resolved to put her rival to death. She sends for her, but perceiving Ines' love, her wrath vanishes, her magnanimity soars above her hatred of the Christians, and she orders Nelusco to bring Ines and Vasco on board of a ship about to sail for Portugal.

Selica herself, unable to endure life without her beloved one, proceeds to the Cape, where the Manzanillo-tree spreads his poisonous shade.—Her eyes fastened on the vast ocean and on the white sail of the retiring vessel, she inhales the sweet but deadly perfume of the blossoms, and the returning Nelusco finds her dying, while an unseen chorus consoles her with the thought that in Love's eternal domain all are equal.

Aïda. Grand Romantic Opera in 4 acts by Giuseppe Verdi. Text by Antonio Ghislanzoni. Translated into German by S. Schanz. English version by Kenney.

The scene of action is alternately Memphis and Thebes, and the story belongs to the period when the Pharaohs sat on the throne.

In the first act we see the King's palace at Memphis. Ramphis, the High Priest of Pharaoh, announces to the Egyptian General Radamès that the Ethiopians are in revolt and that the goddess Isis has decided who shall be leader of the army sent out against them. Radamès secretly hopes to be the elected, in order to win the Ethiopian slave Aïda, whom he loves, not knowing that she is a King's daughter.

Enter Amneris, daughter of Pharaoh. She loves Radamès without his knowledge and so does Aïda. Amneris, suspecting this, swears to avenge herself, should her suspicion prove correct.

The King's messenger announces that Amonasro, the Ethiopian King (Aïda's father), is marching to the capital, and that Radamès is chosen to conquer the foe. Radamès goes to the temple to invoke the benediction of the goddess and to receive the sacred arms.

In the second act Amneris, in order to test Aïda's feelings, tells her that Radamès fell in battle, and finds her doubts confirmed by Aïda's terror. Amneris openly threatens her rival, and both hasten to receive the soldiers, who return victorious. In Radamès' suite walks King Amonasro, who has been taken prisoner, disguised as a simple officer. Aïda recognizes her father, and Amonasro telling his conqueror that the Ethiopian King has fallen, implores his clemency. Radamès, seeing Aïda in tears, adds his entreaties to those of the Ethiopian; and Pharaoh decides to set the prisoners free, with the exception of Aïda's father, who is to stay with his daughter. Pharaoh then gives Amneris to Radamès as a recompense for his services.

In the third act Amonasro has discovered the mutual love of his daughter and Radamès and resolves to make use of it. While Amneris prays in the temple that her bridegroom may give his whole heart to her, Amonasro bids his daughter discover the secret of the Egyptian war-plans from her lover. Amonasro hides himself, and Aïda has an interview with Radamès, in which he reveals all to her. She persuades him to fly with her, when Amonasro shows himself, telling him that he has heard all and confessing that he is the Ethiopian King. While they are speaking, Amneris overtakes and denounces them. Amonasro escapes with his daughter, Radamès remains in the land of Ramphis, the High Priest.

In the fourth act Radamès is visited in his cell by Amneris, who promises to save him from the awful death of being buried alive, if he renounces Aïda. But Radamès refuses, though she tells him that Aïda has fled into her country, her father being slain on their flight.

Amneris at length regrets her jealousy and repents, but too late!

Nothing can save Radamès, and she is obliged to see him led into his living tomb. Amneris curses the priests, who close the subterranean vaults with a rock. Radamès, preparing himself for death, discovers Aïda by his side. She has found means to penetrate into his tomb, resolved to die with her lover.

While she sinks into his arms, Amneris prays outside for Radamès' peace and eternal happiness.

BALLO IN MASCHERA. A Lyric Drama in 5 acts by Verdi.
Text by F. M. Piave.

The libretto may be explained shortly, as it is almost identical with Auber's "Masked Ball."

Count Richard, governor of Boston, is adored by the people but hated by the noblemen, who resolve upon his death. He loves Amelia, the wife of his secretary and best friend René, who in vain tries to warn him of the plots of his enemies, but who faithfully watches over his safety.

An old sorceress of negro blood, Ulrica, is to be banished by the decree of the high Judge, but Richard's page Oscar speaks in her favor, and the Count decides to see her himself and test her tricks. He invites his lords to accompany him to the sibyl's dwelling, and orders Oscar to bring him a fisherman's disguise. His enemies, Samuel and Tom, follow him.

The second act shows Ulrica in her cottage seated at a table, conjuring Satan. A crowd of people are around her, amongst them Richard in disguise. A sailor, Sylvan, advances first to hear his fate, and while Ulrica is prophesying that better days await him, Richard slips a roll of gold with a scroll into Sylvan's pocket and so makes the witch's words true. Sylvan, searching in his pockets, finds the gold and reads the inscription on the scroll: "Richard to his dear officer Sylvan," and all break out into loud praises of the clever sibyl.

A short while after a servant announces Amelia, and the sorceress, driving the crowd away, ushers her in, while Richard conceals himself. He listens with delight to the confession of her sinful love to himself, against which she asks for a draught, which might enable her to banish it from her heart. Ulrica advises her to pluck a magic herb at midnight, which grows in the fields where the criminals are executed. Amelia shudders but promises to do as she is bidden, while Richard secretly vows to follow and protect her. Amelia departs and the people flock in again. Richard is the first to ask what is his fate. The sibyl reluctantly tells him that his life is to be destroyed by the first person who shall touch his hand on this very day. Richard vainly offers his hand to the bystanders, they all recoil from him, when suddenly his friend René comes in, and heartily shakes Richard's outstretched hand. This seems to break the spell, for everybody knows René to be the Count's dearest friend, and now believes

the oracle to be false. Nevertheless Ulrica, who only now recognizes the Count, warns him once more against his enemies, but he laughs at her, and shows the sorceress the verdict of her banishment, which however he has cancelled. Full of gratitude Ulrica joins in the universal song of praise, sung by the people to their faithful leader.

The third act opens on the ghostly field where Amelia is to look for the magic herb. She is frozen with horror, believing that she sees a ghost rise before her; Richard now turns up, and breaks out into passionate words, entreating her to acknowledge her love for him. She does so, but implores him at the same time not to approach her, and to remain true to his friend. While they speak René surprises them. He has followed Richard to save him from his enemies, who are waiting to kill him. Richard wraps himself in his friend's cloak, after having taken René's promise to lead the veiled lady to the gates of the town without trying to look at her. René swears, but fate wills it otherwise, for hardly has Richard departed, when the conspirators throng in, and enraged at finding only the friend, try to tear the veil off the lady's face. René guards her with his sword, but Amelia springing between the assailants lets fall her veil, and reveals her face to her husband and to the astonished men, thereby bringing shame and bitter mockery on them both. René, believing himself betrayed by wife and friend, asks the conspirators to meet him in his own house on the following morning, and swears to avenge the supposed treachery.

In the fourth act in his own house René bids his wife prepare herself for death. He disbelieves in her protest of innocence, but at last, touched by her misery, he allows her to take a last farewell of her son. When she is gone, he resolves rather to kill the seducer than his poor weak wife. When the conspirators enter he astonishes them by his knowledge of their dark designs, but they wonder still more, when he offers to join them in their evil purpose. As they do not agree who it shall be that is to kill Richard, René makes his wife draw the lot from a vase on the table. The chosen one is her own husband.—At this moment Oscar enters with an invitation to a masked ball from the court. René accepts, and the conspirators decide to seize the opportunity to put their foe to death. They are to wear blue dominos with red ribbons; their password is "death."

The next scene shows a richly decorated ballroom. René vainly tries to find out the Count's disguise, until it is betrayed to him by the page, who believes that René wants to have some fun with his master. Amelia waylaying Richard implores him to fly, and when he disbelieves her warnings, shows him her face. When he recognizes her, he tenderly takes her hand, and tells her that he too has resolved to conquer his passion, and that he is sending her away to England with her husband. They are taking a last farewell, but alas! fate overtakes Richard in the shape of René, who runs his dagger

through him. The crowd tries to arrest the murderer, but the dying Count waves them back, and with his last breath tells his unhappy friend that his wife is innocent. Drawing forth a document and handing it to René, the unfortunate man reads the Count's order to send them to their native country. Richard pardons his misguided friend and dies with a blessing on his beloved country.

BALLO IN MASCHERA, or GUSTAVUS THE THIRD. Grand Historic Opera in 5 acts by Auber. Text by Scribe.

This opera has had a curious fate, its historical background having excited resistance and given rise to scruples. The murder of a king was not thought a fit subject for an opera, and so the libretto was altered and spoilt.

The Italians simply changed the names and the scene of action; Verdi composed a new opera from the same matter and succeeded admirably; nevertheless Auber's composition is preferred in Germany, Scribe's libretto being by far the better, while the music is original and vivacious, as well as full of pleasant harmony and fine instrumentation.

The scene is laid in Stockholm in the year 1792. Gustavus the Third, King of Sweden, loves the wife of his friend and counsellor Ankarström, and is loved in return, both struggling vainly against this sinful passion. Ankarström has detected a plot against the King's life, and warning him, asks that the traitor be punished, but Gustavus refuses to listen, trusting in his people and in his friend's fidelity. His minister Kaulbart desires him to condemn a sorceress named Arvedson, who is said to be able at will by means of certain herbs and potions to cause persons to love or hate each other. The King refuses to banish the woman unheard and decides to visit her. Ankarström tries to dissuade, but the King insists, and accordingly goes to Arvedson in disguise. During the witch's conjuration Malwina, his lady-love, appears, who seeks help from the sorceress against her forbidden passion. The concealed King hears Arvedson tell her to go at midnight and gather a herb, which grows on the graves of criminals, and triumphant in his knowledge of Malwina's confessed love, Gustavus decides to follow her there.

When she has gone, he mockingly orders the witch to tell him his fortune, and hears from her that he shall be killed by the man who first tenders him his hand. Just then Ankarström, who comes to protect the King against his enemy, enters and they shake hands.

In the third act Malwina meets the King on the dismal spot to which she had been directed; but Ankarström, whose watchful fidelity never suffers him to be far from the King, and who is utterly ignorant of the deception being practised upon him, saves the lovers from further guilt. After a severe conflict with himself, Gustavus consents to fly in his friend's cloak, Ankarström having pledged his honor not to ask the veiled lady's secret, and to conduct her safely

back to the city. This plan is frustrated by the conspirators, who rush in and are about to attack the King. Malwina throws herself between him and the combatants, and the husband then recognizes in the King's companion his own wife. Full of indignation he turns from her and joins the conspirators, promising to be one of them.

He swears to kill his unhappy wife, but not until another has first fallen.

In the fourth act the conspirators have a meeting in Ankarström's house, where they decide to murder the King. The lots being cast, the duty to strike the death-blow falls on Ankarström, and Malwina herself draws the fatal paper. At this moment an invitation to a masked ball is brought by the King's page Oscar, and the conspirators resolve to take advantage of this opportunity for the execution of their design.

In the last act the King, happy to know Malwina safe from discovery, resolves to sacrifice his love to honor and friendship. He is about to give Ankarström the proof of his friendship, by naming him governor of Finland, and the minister is to depart with his wife on the morning after the ball. Meanwhile the King is warned by a missive from an unknown hand not to appear at the ball, but he disregards it. He meets Malwina at the ball. His page, thinking to do the King a service, has betrayed his mask to Ankarström. Malwina warns the prince, but in vain, for while he presents her with the paper which is to send her and her husband to their own beloved country, Ankarström shoots him through the heart. Gustavus dies, pardoning his murderer.

Il Barbiere di Seviglia. Comic Opera in 2 acts by Rossini.

Count Almaviva is enamoured of Rosina, the ward of Doctor Bartolo. She is most jealously guarded by the old man, who wishes to make her his own wife. In vain the Count serenades her; she does not appear, and he must needs invent some other means of obtaining his object. Making the acquaintance of the lighthearted and cunning barber Figaro, the latter advises him to get entrance into Bartolo's house in the guise of a soldier possessing a billet of quartering for his lodging. Rosina herself has not failed to hear the sweet love-songs of the Count, known to her only under the simple name of Lindoro; and with southern passion, and the lightheartedness which characterizes all the persons who figure in this opera, but which is not to be mistaken for frivolity, Rosina loves her nice lover and is willing to be his own. Figaro has told her of Almaviva's love, and in return she gives him a note, which she has written in secret. But the old Doctor is a sly fox, he has seen the inky little finger, and determines to keep his eyes open.

When the Count appears in the guise of a half-drunken dragoon, the Doctor sends Rosina away, and tries to put the soldier out of the house, pretending to have a license against all billets. The Count

resists, and while Bartolo seeks for his license, makes love to Rosina, but after the Doctor's return there arises such an uproar that all the neighbors and finally the guards appear, who counsel the Count to retire for once.

In the second act the Count gains entrance to Bartolo's house as a singing-master, who is deputed to give a lesson instead of the fever-stricken Basilio. Of course the music-lesson is turned into a love-lesson.

When all seems to be going well, the real Maëstro, Basilio, enters and all but frustrates their plans. With gold and promises Figaro bribes him to retreat, and the lovers agree to flee on the coming night.

Almost at the last moment the cunning of Bartolo hinders the projected elopement: he shows a letter, which Rosina has written, and makes Rosina believe that her lover, whom she only knows as Lindoro, in concert with Figaro is betraying her to the Count. Great is her joy, when she detects that Lindoro and Count Almaviva are one and the same person, and that he loves her as truly as ever.—They bribe the old notary, who has been sent for by Bartolo to arrange his own (Bartolo's) wedding with Rosina. Bartolo signs the contract of marriage, with Figaro as witness, and detects too late that he has been duped, and that he has himself united the lovers. At last he submits with pretty good grace to the inevitable, and contents himself with Rosina's dowry, which the Count generously transfers to him.

La Bohème. Adapted from Henry Murger's "Vie de Bohème." Music by Giacomo Puccini.

The first act opens in a garret in Paris, in about 1830, and shows us Rudolph the painter and Marcel the poet, from whose Bohemian mode of life the opera derives its name, at work. Alas! there is no fire in the grate, and the cold is so intense that Marcel is about to break up a chair for firewood.

Rudolph prevents him and kindles a fire with his manuscript instead, crying: "My drama shall warm us." The second act of the manuscript follows the first one, by the blaze of which the artists joyfully warm their half-frozen hands. The paper is quickly burnt to ashes, but before they have time to lament this fact the door is opened by two boys bringing food, fuel, wine, and even money. Schaunard, a musician, brings up the rear, to whom neither Marcel nor Rudolph pays the least attention.

It seems that an Englishman engaged Schaunard to sing to his parrot till it dies, but after three days Schaunard becomes so heartily sick of his task that he poisons the bird and runs away.

He suggests that they all go out for supper, it being Christmas Eve. They decide to drink some of the wine first, but they are interrupted by the landlord, who demands his quarter's rent. He soon imbibes so much of the wine that he becomes intoxicated and corre-

spondingly jovial.—After joking him about his love adventures he finds himself standing outside the door in pitch darkness. The others meanwhile prepare to go out to supper, with the exception of Rudolph, who remains behind to finish a manuscript article.

A pretty young girl soon knocks, carrying a candle and a key. He begs her to come in and be seated, and she swoons while refusing. He revives her with some wine, and she goes off with her relighted candlestick, but forgets her key, which she has dropped in her swoom, and for which she at once comes back. A draught blows out the candle and Rudolph keeps the key, while pretending to look for it.—Suddenly he clasps the girl's hand and he and she exchange confidences, while confessing their love for each other.

When Rudolph's friends call him he invites Mimi, who is a flower girl, to accompany him.

The second act takes place before the well-known Café Momus in the Quartier Latin, where Rudolph and Mimi join Schaunard and Marcel.

Rudolph has bought her a pink bonnet and introduces her to his friends, the fourth of whom is Colline the Philosopher.

The party eat and drink amid the noise and bustle of the fair, when Marcel suddenly sees his old love Musette, gorgeously arrayed and leaning upon the arm of an old man. Marcel turns pale, while his friends make fun of the fantastic couple, much to Musette's anger. She at once begins to make overtures to Marcel, who feigns utter indifference.—Musette's old admirer orders supper, in the hope of pacifying her, while she addresses Marcel in fond whispers. The others watch the scene with amusement, but Rudolph devotes all his attentions to Mimi. Musette suddenly complains that her shoes hurt her and sends her aged lover off for another pair. Then she proceeds to make friends with Marcel. When the waiter brings the bill, Musette tells him that the old gentleman will settle for everything after his return.

The party profits by the approach of the patrol, who causes a turmoil, in the midst of which they all escape. Alcindor, the old admirer, finds only two bills awaiting him, when he returns with the new shoes. Musette has been carried away shoeless by her old friend.

The third scene takes place on the outskirts of Paris called "Barrière de l'Enfer" (The Toll Gate of Hell). To the left there is a tavern, over which hangs Marcel's picture "The Crossing of the Red Sea," as a signboard. The day is breaking, the customhouse officials are still sleeping around the fire, but the scavengers coming from Chantilly soon awake them.

The gate is opened to admit milk-women, carters, peasants with baskets, and finally Mimi.

She looks wretched and is at once seized with a terrible fit of coughing. As soon as she can speak, she asks the name of the tavern, where she knows Marcel is working. When he emerges from the inn

she implores his help, saying Rudolph is killing her by his insane jealousy. Marcel promises to intervene, and when Rudolph comes out of the tavern Mimi hides behind the trees.

She hears Rudolph say she is doomed to die, and coughs and sobs so violently that her presence is revealed.

Rudolph remorsefully takes the poor weak creature in his arms, and they decide to make it up.

Their reconciliation is interrupted by Marcel, who is upbraiding Musette. This flighty damsel has one lover after another, although she really loves Marcel alone.

The fourth and last scene takes us back to the garret, where Marcel and Rudolph are alone, Musette and Mimi having left them. They each kiss mementos of their lady-loves when Schaunard appears with bread and herring. Gayety is soon restored and a regular frolic takes place. Musette enters in a state of great agitation, to say that Mimi, who is in the last stage of consumption, is there and wants to see Rudolph once more. The latter carries her on the little bed. As there is nothing in the house with which to revive her, Musette decides to sell her earrings in order to procure medicines, a doctor, and a muff, for which Mimi longs.

Schaunard also goes out, so that the lovers are left alone.—A touching scene follows, when Rudolph shows Mimi the pink bonnet he has cherished all the time. Musette and Marcel soon return with medicines and a muff, upon which Mimi sinks into the sleep from which there is no awakening with a sweet smile of satisfaction.

Die Fledermaus (The Bat). A Comic Operetta in 3 acts by Meilhac and Halévy. Music by Johann Strauss.

A serenade, which is listened to by Adèle, Rosalind Eisenstein's maid, but is intended for her mistress, begins the first act. Adèle has just received an invitation from her sister Ida to a grand entertainment to be given by a Russian prince, Orlofsky by name. She is longing to accept it, and attempts to get leave of absence for the evening from her mistress, when the latter enters, by telling her that an aunt of hers is ill, and wishes to see her. Rosalind, however, refuses to let Adèle go out, and the maid disappears, pouting. While Rosalind is alone, her former singing master and admirer Alfred suddenly turns up. He it was who had been serenading her, and Rosalind, succumbing to her old weakness for tenors, promises to let Alfred return later, when her husband is not at home. Herr Eisenstein, a banker, has just been sentenced to five days' imprisonment, a misfortune which his hot temper has brought upon him. The sentence has been prolonged to eight days through the stupidity of his lawyer, Dr. Blind, who follows Eisenstein on to the stage. The banker finally turns Dr. Blind out of the house, after upbraiding him violently.—Rosalind tries to console Eisenstein, and finally decides to see what a good supper will do towards soothing his ruffled

spirits. While she is thus occupied Eisenstein's friend Dr. Falck appears, bringing his unlucky friend an invitation to an elegant soirée which Prince Orlofsky is about to give.—Eisenstein is quite ready to enjoy himself before going to prison, and when Rosalind re-enters, she finds her husband in excellent spirits. He does not, however, partake of the delicious supper she sets before him with any great zest. But he takes a tender, although almost joyful, leave of his wife, after donning his best dress suit. Rosalind then gives Adèle leave to go out, much to the maid's surprise. After Adèle has gone, Alfred again puts in an appearance. Rosalind only wishes to hear him sing again, and is both shocked and frightened when Alfred goes into Herr Eisenstein's dressing-room, and returns clad in the banker's dressing-gown and cap. The tenor then proceeds to partake of what is left of the supper, and makes himself altogether at home. But a sudden ring at the door announces the arrival of Franck, the governor of the prison, who has come with a cab to fetch Eisenstein. Rosalind is so terrified at being found *tête-à-tête* with Alfred, that she introduces him as her husband. After a tender farewell, Alfred good-naturedly follows the governor to prison.

The second act opens in the garden of a café, where the guests of Prince Orlofsky are assembled. Adèle enters, dressed in her mistress's best gown, and looking very smart. Eisenstein, who is also present, at once recognizes her, as well as his wife's finery. But Adèle and the whole party pretend to be very indignant at his mistaking a fine lady for a maid. Prince Orlofsky proceeds to make Eisenstein most uncomfortable, by telling him that Dr. Falck has promised to afford him great amusement, by playing some practical joke at Eisenstein's expense. The last guest who enters is Rosalind, whom nobody recognizes, because she is masked. Dr. Falck introduced her as a Hungarian countess, who has consented to be present at the soirée only on condition that her incognito be respected. She catches just a glimpse of Eisenstein, who is flirting violently with Adèle instead of being in prison, and determines to punish him. Noticing the magnificent attire and fine form of the supposed countess, Eisenstein at once devotes himself to the newcomer. He even counts her heart-beats with the aid of a watch which he keeps for that purpose, without, however, giving it away as he always promises to do. But Rosalind suddenly takes possession of the watch, and slips away with it.—The whole party finally assembles at supper, where Eisenstein becomes very jovial, and tells how he once attended a masquerade ball with his friend Falck, who was disguised as a bat. Eisenstein, it appears, induced his friend to drink so heavily that he fell asleep in the street, where Eisenstein left him. Falck did not wake up till morning, when he had to go home amid the jeers of a street crowd, by whom he was nicknamed "Dr. Fledermaus."—Eisenstein's story creates much amusement, but Dr. Falck only smiles, saying, he who laughs last, laughs best.

After a champagne supper and some dancing, Eisenstein remembers, when the clock strikes six, that he ought to be in prison. Both he and Dr. Falck take a merry leave of the boisterous party.

The third act begins with Franck's return to his own room, where he is received by the jailer.—Frosch has taken advantage of his master's absence to get drunk, while Franck himself has likewise become somewhat intoxicated. He grows drowsy while recalling the incidents of Prince Orlofsky's fête, and finally falls fast asleep.

Adèle and her sister Ida interrupt his slumbers, in order to ask the supposed marquis to use his influence in the former's behalf. Adèle confesses that she is in reality a lady's maid, but tries to convince Franck, the supposed marquis, and her sister (who is a ballet dancer), of her talents by showing them what she can do in that line.—A loud ring soon puts an end to the performance. While the jailer conducts Adèle and Ida to No. 13, Eisenstein arrives and gives himself up. Franck and he are much surprised to find themselves face to face with each other in prison, after each had been led to suppose the other a marquis, at the fête. They are naturally much amused to learn each other's identity. Meanwhile Dr. Blind enters, to undertake the defence of the impostor Eisenstein. He turns out to be the genuine Eisenstein, who again turns Blind out of door, and possesses himself of his cap and gown and of his spectacles, in which he interviews his double.—Alfred has been brought in from his cell, when Rosalind also enters, carrying her husband's watch, and prepared for revenge. Both Alfred and she alternately state their grievances to the supposed lawyer, who quite loses his temper, when he learns of Alfred's *tête-à-tête* with his wife, and how completely she has fooled him. Throwing off his disguise, he reveals his identity, only to be reviled by his wife for his treachery. He in turn vows to revenge himself on Rosalind and on her admirer, but the entrance of Dr. Falck, followed by all the guests who were at Prince Orlofsky's fête, clears up matters for all concerned. While making fun of the discomfited Eisenstein, he explains that the whole thing is a huge practical joke of his invention which he has played on Eisenstein in return for the trick Eisenstein played on him years ago, which he related at the fête. All the guests had been bidden to the fête by Dr. Falck with the consent of the prince in order to deceive Eisenstein. The latter, when convinced of his wife's innocence, embraces her. All toast one another in champagne, which they declare to be the King of Wines.

Carmen. Opera in 4 acts by Georges Bizet.

Carmen, the heroine, is a Spanish gypsy, fickle and wayward, but endowed with all the wild graces of her nation. She is adored by her people, and so it is not to be wondered at that she has many of the stronger sex at her feet. She is betrothed to Don José, a brigadier of the Spanish army; of course he is one out of many; she

soon grows tired of him, and awakens his jealousy by a thousand caprices and cruelties.

Don José has another bride, sweet and lovely Micaëla, waiting for him at home, but she is forgotten as soon as he sees the proud gypsy.

Micaëla seeks him out, bringing to him the portrait and the benediction of his mother, aye, even her kiss, which she gives him with blushes. His tenderness is gone, however, so far as Micaëla is concerned, as soon as he casts one look into the lustrous eyes of Carmen. This passionate creature has involved herself in a quarrel and wounded one of her companions, a laborer in a cigarette manufactory. She is to be taken to prison, but Don José lets her off, promising to meet her in the evening at an inn kept by a man named Lillas Pastia, where they are to dance the Seguedilla.

In the second act we find them there together, with the whole band of gypsies. Don José, more and more infatuated by Carmen's charms, is willing to join the vagabonds, who are at the same time smugglers. He accompanies them in a dangerous enterprise of this kind, but no sooner has he submitted to sacrifice love and honor for the gypsy than she begins to tire of his attentions. José has pangs of conscience, he belongs to another sphere of society and his feelings are of a softer kind than those of nature's unruly child. She transfers her affections to a bullfighter named Escamillo, another of her suitors, who returns her love more passionately. A quarrel ensues between the two rivals. Escamillo's knife breaks and he is about to be killed by Don José, when Carmen intervenes, holding back his arm. Don José, seeing that she has duped him, now becomes her deadly foe, filled with undying hatred and longing for revenge.

Micaëla, the tender-hearted maiden, who follows him everywhere like a guardian-angel, reminds him of his lonely mother, everybody advises him to let the fickle Carmen alone,—Carmen who never loved the same man for more than six weeks. But in vain, till Micaëla tells him of the dying mother asking incessantly for her son; then at last he consents to go with her, but not without wild imprecations on his rival and his faithless love.

In the fourth act we find ourselves in Madrid. There is to be a bullfight; Escamillo, its hero, has invited the whole company to be present in the circus.

Don José appears there too, trying for the last time to regain his bride. Carmen, though warned by a fellow gypsy, Frasquita, knows no fear. She meets her old lover outside the arena, where he tries hard to touch her heart. He kneels at her feet, vowing never to forsake her and to be one of her own people, but Carmen, though wayward, is neither a coward nor a liar, and boldly declares that her affections are given to the bullfighter, whose triumphs are borne to their ears on the shouts of the multitude. Almost beside himself with love and rage José seizes her hand and attempts to drag her away, but she escapes from him, and throwing the ring, José's gift,

at his feet, rushes to the door of the arena.—He overtakes her, however, and just as the trumpets announce Escamillo's victory, in a perfect fury of despair he stabs her through the heart, and the victorious bullfighter finds his beautiful bride a corpse.

Cavalleria Rusticana (Sicilian Rustic Chivalry). Opera in 1 act by Pietro Mascagni. Text after Verga's drama of the same name by Targioni-Tozzetti and Menasci.

The following are the very simple facts of the story, which takes place in a Sicilian village.

Turridu, a young peasant, has loved and wooed Lola before entering military service. At his return he finds the flighty damsel married to the wealthy carrier Alfio, who glories in his pretty wife and treats her very well.—Turridu tries to console himself with another young peasant-girl, Santuzza, who loves him ardently, and to whom he has promised marriage.

The opera only begins at this point.

Lola, the coquette, however, cannot bear to know that her former sweetheart should love another woman. She flirts with him, and before the curtain has been raised after the overture, Turridu's love-song is heard for Lola, who grants him a rendezvous in her own house.

This excites Santuzza's wildest jealousy. She complains to Turridu's mother, who vainly tries to soothe her. Then she has a last interview with Turridu, who is just entering the church. She reproaches him first with his treachery, then implores him not to forsake her and leave her dishonored.

But Turridu remains deaf to all entreaty, and flings her from him. At last, half mad through her lover's stubbornness, Santuzza betrays him and Lola to Alfio, warning the latter that his wife has proved false.—After church Alfio and Turridu meet in mother Lucia's tavern. —Alfio refusing to drink of Turridu's wine, the latter divines that the husband knows all. The men and women leave while the two adversaries after Sicilian custom embrace each other, Alfio biting Turridu in the ear, which indicates mortal challenge.—Turridu, deeply repenting his folly, as well as his falsehood towards poor Santuzza, recommends her to his mother.—He hurries into the garden, where Alfio expects him;—a few minutes later his death is announced by the peasants, and Santuzza falls back in a dead swoon; with which the curtain closes over the tragedy.

Cosi fan Tutte. Comic Opera in 2 acts by Mozart. Text by Da Ponte, newly arranged by L. Schneider and Ed. Devrient.

Don Fernando and Don Alvar are betrothed to two Andalusian ladies, Rosaura and Isabella.

They loudly praise their ladies' fidelity, when an old bachelor, named Onofrio, pretends that their sweethearts are not better than

other women and accessible to temptation. The lovers agree to make the trial and promise to do everything which Onofrio dictates. Thereupon they announce to the ladies that they are ordered to Havannah with their regiment, and after a tender leave-taking, they depart to appear again in another guise, as officers of a strange regiment. Onofrio has won the ladies-maid, Dolores, to aid in the furtherance of his schemes and the officers enter, beginning at once to make love to Isabella and Rosaura, but each, as was before agreed, to the other's affianced.

Of course the ladies reject them, and the lovers begin to triumph, when Onofrio prompts them to try another temptation. The strangers, mad with love, pretend to drink poison in the young ladies' presence. Of course these tenderhearted maidens are much aggrieved; they call Dolores, who bids her mistresses hold the patients in their arms; then coming disguised as a physician, she gives them an antidote. By this clumsy subterfuge they excite the ladies' pity and are nearly successful in their foolish endeavors, when Dolores, pitying the cruelly tested women, reveals the whole plot to them.

Isabella and Rosaura now resolve to enter into the play. They accept the disguised suitors, and even consent to a marriage. Dolores appears in the shape of a notary, without being recognized by the men. The marriage contract is signed, and the lovers disappear to return in their true characters, full of righteous contempt. Isabella and Rosaura make believe to be conscience-stricken, and for a long while torment and deceive their angry bridegrooms. But at last they grow tired of teasing, they present the disguised Dolores, and they put their lovers to shame by showing that all was a farce. Of course the gentlemen humbly ask their pardon, and old Onofrio is obliged to own himself beaten.

The Cid. A Lyric Drama in 3 acts. Text and Music by Peter Cornelius.

The scene is laid in Burgos in Castile in the year 1064. The first act opens with a large concourse of people, assembled to celebrate Ruy Diaz' victory over the Moors.

In the midst of their rejoicings a funeral march announces Chimene, Countess of Lozan, whose father has been slain by Diaz. While she wildly invokes the King's help against the hero the latter enters, enthusiastically greeted by the people, who adore in him their deliverer from the sword of the infidels.

He justifies himself before King Fernando, relating with quiet dignity how he killed Count Lozan in open duel to avenge his old father, whose honor the Count had grossly attacked. Nevertheless he is ready to defend himself against anybody who is willing to fight for Donna Chimene, and for this purpose he throws down his glove, which is taken up by Alvar Farnez, his friend and companion in arms, who is madly in love with Chimene.—While they are preparing for the duel the Bishop Luyn Calvo, an uncle of Diaz, intervenes, en-

treating his nephew to desist from further bloodshed and to surrender his sword Tizona into his the priest's hands. After a hard struggle with himself the hero, who secretly loves Chimene, yields, and hands his sword to Calvo, who at once offers it to Chimene-thereby giving the defenceless hero into her hands.

Exultingly she swears to take vengeance on Diaz, who stands motionless, looking down with mounful dignity on the woman whom he loves and who seems to hate him so bitterly.

In the midst of this scene the war cry is heard. The enemy has again broken into the country and has already taken and burnt the fortress of Belforad. All crowd round Diaz, beseeching him to save them. While he stands mute and deprived of his invincible sword, Chimene, mastering her own grief at the sight of her country's distress, lays down Tizona at Fernando's feet. Ruy Diaz now receives his sword back from the hands of the King, and brandishing it high above his head he leads the warriors forth to freedom or death.

The second act takes place in Chimene's castle. Her women try to beguile their mistress's sorrow by songs, and when they see her soothed to quiet, they retire noiselessly. But hardly does she find herself alone than pain and grief overcome her again. She longs to avenge her father's death on Diaz, and yet deep in her heart there is a feeling of great admiration for him. In vain she wrestles with her feelings, invoking the Almighty's help to do what is right. In this mood Alvar finds her and once more assures her of his devotion and repeats that he will fight with Diaz as soon as the country is freed from the enemy. He leaves her, and night sets in, and in the darkness Diaz steals in, for he cannot resist his heart's desire to see Chimene once more before the battle. In the uncertain rays of the moonlight she at first mistakes him for her father's ghost, but when he pronounces her name she recognizes him, and violently motions him away, but he falls on his knee and pours out his hopeless love, At last his passion overcomes all obstacles; she forgives him, and at his entreaty she calls him by his name, saying: "Ruy Diaz, be victorious!" Full of joy he blesses her and goes to join his men, who are heard in the distance calling him to lead them to battle.

The third act is played once more in Burgos.

Diaz has been victorious; the whole army of captives defiles before the throne, and a rejoicing assemblage of nobles and people does homage to the King. Even the Moorish Kings bend the knee voluntarily; they have been unfortunate, but they have been conquered by the greatest hero of the world; they are conquered by "the Cid"! When the King asks them what the name means, they tell him that its signification is "Master"; full of enthusiasm all around adopt this name for their hero. The Cid will be Diaz' title henceforth, immortal as his glorious star!

The people loudly call for Diaz to appear, but are told that immediately after the battle Alvar had sent the hero a challenge. At the

same time Alvar enters unhurt, and Chimene, who stands near the King with her women ready to greet the victor, grows white and faint, believing that Diaz has been killed by Alvar. She impetuously interrupts the latter, who begins to relate the events, and unable to control her feelings any longer she pours out her long pent-up love for Diaz, at the same time bewailing the slain hero and swearing faithfulness to his memory unto death.—"He lives," cries Alvar, and at this moment the Cid, as we must now call him, appears, stormily hailed by great and small.

Deeply moved he lays down his victorious sword at the feet of his King, who embraces him, pronouncing him Sire of Saldaja, Cardenja, and Belforad. Then he leads him to his lady, who sinks into his arms supremely happy. The Bishop blesses the noble pair, and all join in his prayer that love may guide them through life and death.

LA DAME BLANCHE. Comic Opera in 3 acts by Boieldieu. Text by Scribe.

The scene is laid in Scotland, the subject being taken from Walter Scott's romance, "Guy Mannering."

George Brown, the hero of the opera, a young lieutenant in the English service, visits Scotland. He is hospitably received by a tenant of the late Count Avenel, who has been dead for some years. When he arrives the baptism of the tenant's youngest child is just being celebrated, and seeing that they lack a godfather, he good-naturedly consents to take the vacant place.

Seeing the old castle of the Avenels, he asks for its history, and the young wife Jenny tells him that according to the traditions of the place it is haunted by a ghost, as is the case in almost every old castle. This apparition is called the "White Lady," but unlike other ghosts she is good, protecting her sex against fickle men. All the people around believe firmly in her and pretend to have seen her themselves. In the castle there exists a statue which bears the name of this benevolent genius, and in it the old Lord has hidden treasures. His steward Gaveston, a rogue, who has taken away the only son of the Count in the child's earliest days, brings the castle with all its acres to public sale, hoping to gain it for himself.

He has a charming ward, named Anna. It is she who sometimes plays the part of the White Lady. She has summoned the young tenant Dickson, who is sincerely devoted to her, into the castle, and the young man, though full of fear, yet dare not disobey the ghostly commands.

George Brown, thirsting for a good adventure, and disbelieving in the ghost story, declares that he will go in Dickson's place.

In the second act George, who has found entrance into the castle, calls for the White Lady, who appears in the shape of Anna. She believes that Dickson is before her and she reveals her secret to him, imploring his help against her false guardian Gaveston, who means to rob the true and only heir of his property. She knows that the

missing son of the Avenels is living, and she has given a promise to the dying Countess to defend his rights against the rapacious Gaveston. George gives his hand to the pretended ghost in token of fidelity, and the warm and soft hand which clasps his awakes tender feelings in him. On the following morning Dickson and his wife, Jenny, are full of curiosity about George's visit, but he does not breathe a word of his secret.

The sale of the castle, as previously announced, is to begin, and Dickson has been empowered beforehand by all the neighboring farmers to bid the highest price, in order not to let it fall into the hands of the hateful Gaveston. They bid higher and higher, but at length Dickson stops, unable to go farther. Gaveston feels assured of his triumph, when George Brown, recalling his vow to the White Lady, advances boldly, bidding one thousand pounds more. Anna is beside him, in the shape of the spectre, and George obediently bids on, till the castle is his for the price of three hundred thousand pounds. Gaveston, in a perfect fury, swears to avenge himself on the adventurer, who is to pay the sum in the afternoon. Should he prove unable to do so, he shall be put into prison. George, who firmly believes in the help of his genius, is quietly confident, and meanwhile makes an inspection of the castle. Wandering through the vast rooms, dim recollections arise in him, and hearing the minstrel's song of the Avenels, he all at once remembers and finishes the romance, which he heard in his childhood.

The afternoon comes and with it Mac-Irton, the justice of peace. He wants the money, and George begs to await the White Lady, who promised her help. Anna appears, bringing the treasure of the Avenels hidden in the statue, and with it some documents, which prove the just claims of Edwin, Count Avenel. This long-lost Count she recognizes in George Brown, whose identity with the playmate of her youth she had found out the night before. Gaveston approaches full of wrath to tear aside the ghost's white veil, and sees his own ward, Anna.

The happy owner of castle and country holds firm to the promise which he gave the White Lady, and offers hand and heart to the faithful Anna, who has loved him from her childhood.

Delila. An Opera in 3 acts by Ferdinand Lemaire. With Music by Camille Saint-Saëns. German translation by Richard Pohl.

The libretto is a biblical one; the scene is laid in Gaza, in Palestine, 1,150 years before Christ.

In the first act, the Israelites, groaning under the yoke of the Philistines, pray to God for deliverance. They are derided and insulted by Abi Melech, satrap of Gaza, but Samson, unable longer to endure the blasphemy hurled by the Heathen against the God of Israel, rises up in mighty wrath, and so inspires his brethren that

they suddenly take up arms, and precipitating themselves on their unsuspecting oppressors, first slay Abi Melech and then rout the whole army of the Philistines.

The High Priest of the heathen god Dagon, finding his friend slain, vows to be avenged upon the Israelites, but he is deserted by all his companions, who flee before Samson's wrath.

In the next scene the Israelites return victorious and are greeted with triumphant songs and offerings of flowers. Even the Philistine Delila, the rose of Sharon, receives them with her maidens, and pays homage to the hero Samson.

Delila had enthralled him once before, and again her beauty causes him very nearly to forget his people and his duty; but an aged Israelite implores him not to listen any more to the arts and wiles of the enchantress.

In the second act, Delila has an interview with the High Priest, whom she promises to avenge her people by winning Samson's love once more.

She proudly refuses the reward which the High Priest offers her, for it is her bitter hatred against the hero, who once loved and then forsook her, which prompts her to ruin him and to force from him by every means in her power the secret of his strength.

When the High Priest has left her, Samson comes down the steep mountain path, drawn to Delila's house against his will. She receives him with the greatest tenderness, and once more her beauty and her tears assert their power over him, so that he sinks at her feet and falters out his love for her. But in vain, she tries to lure his secret from him. At last she leaves with words of contempt and scorn and enters the house. This proves his undoing. Goaded beyond earthly power he rushes after her and seals his fate. After a while the Philistines surround the house and Delila herself delivers her unfortunate lover, whom she has deprived of his strength by cutting off his locks, into the hands of his foes.

In the third act we find Samson in prison. Bereft of his eyesight he has to turn the heavy mill. From the outside the wailings and reproaches of his Israelite brethren are heard, who have again been subjugated by their foes. Bitterly repentant, Samson implores God to take his life as the price of his people's deliverance.

In the last scene he is led away to Dagon's temple, there to be present at the festival of the Philistines, celebrated with great pomp in honor of their victory.

On the conclusion, after an exquisite ballet, Delila presents a golden cup to the blind hero, and insults and jeers at him for having been fool enough to believe in her love for him, the enemy of her country. Samson maintains silence, but when they order him to sacrifice at Dagon's shrine, he whispers to the child, who is guiding him, to lead him to the pillars of the temple.

This being done he loudly invokes the God of Israel, and seizing

the pillars tears them down with mighty crash, burying the Philistines under the ruins of the temple.

LE DOMINO NOIR. Comic Opera in 3 acts by Auber. Text by Scribe.

The scene is laid in Madrid in the last century.

The Queen of Spain gives a masqued ball, at which our heroine, Angela, is present, accompanied by her companion, Brigitta. There she is seen by Horatio di Massarena, a young nobleman, who had met her a year before at one of these balls and fell in love with her, without knowing her.

This time he detains her, but is again unable to discover her real name, and confessing his love for her he receives the answer that she can be no more than a friend to him. Massarena detains her so long that the clock strikes the midnight hour as Angela prepares to seek her companion. Massarena confesses to having removed Brigitta under some pretext, and Angela in despair cries out that she is lost. She is in reality a member of a convent, and destined to be Lady-Abbess, though she has not yet taken the vows. She is very highly connected, and has secretly helped Massarena to advance in his career as a diplomatist.—Great is her anxiety to return to her convent after midnight, but she declines all escort, and walking alone through the streets, she comes by chance into the house of Count Juliano, a gentleman of somewhat uncertain character, and Massarena's friend. Juliano is just giving a supper to his gay friends, and Angela bribes his housekeeper, Claudia, to keep her for the night. She appears before the guests disguised as an Arragonian waiting-maid, and charms them all, and particularly Massarena, with her grace and coquetry. But as the young gentlemen begin to be insolent, she disappears, feeling herself in danger of being recognized. Massarena, discovering in her the charming black domino, is very unhappy to see her in such company.—Meanwhile Angela succeeds in getting the keys of the convent from Gil-Perez, the porter, who had also left his post, seduced by his love of gormandizing, and had come to pay court to Claudia. Angela troubles his conscience and frightens him with her black mask, and flies. When she has gone, the housekeeper confesses that her pretended Arragonian was a stranger, by all appearance a noble lady, who sought refuge in Juliano's house.

In the third act Angela reaches the convent, but not without having had some more adventures. Through Brigitta's cleverness her absence has not been discovered. At length the day has come when she is to be made Lady-Abbess and she is arrayed in the attire suited to her future high office, when Massarena is announced to her.—He comes to ask to be relieved from a marriage with Ursula, Lord Elfort's daughter, who is destined for him, and who is also an inmate of the convent, but whom he cannot love. Notwithstanding her disguise he recognizes his beloved domino, who, happily for both, is released by the Queen from her high mission and permitted to choose a

husband.—Of course it is no other than the happy Massarena; while Ursula is consoled by being made Lady-Abbess, a position which well suits her ambitious temper.

DON JUAN. Opera in 2 acts by Mozart. Text by Da Ponte.

The hero, spoilt by fortune and blasé, is ever growing more reckless. He even dares to attack the virtue of Donna Anna, one of the first ladies of a city in Spain, of which her father, an old Spanish Grandee, as noble and as strict in virtue as Don Juan is oversatiated and frivolous, is governor. The old father, coming forward to help his beloved daughter, with drawn dagger attacks Don Juan, who, compelled to defend himself, has the misfortune to stab his assailant.

Donna Anna, a lady not only noble and virtuous, but proud and high-spirited, vows to avenge her father's death. Though betrothed to a nobleman named Octavio, she will never know any peace until her father, of whose death she feels herself the innocent cause, is avenged. Her only hope is death, and in that she offers the liveliest contrast to her betrothed, who shows himself a gentleman of good temper and qualities, but of a mind too weak for his lady's high-flown courage and truly tragic character. Though Octavio wants to avenge Donna Anna's father, he would do it only to please her. His one aim is marriage with her. Her passionate feelings he does not understand.

Don Juan, pursued not only by Donna Anna, but also by his own neglected bride, Donna Elvira, tries to forget himself in debauches and extravagances. His servant Leporello, in every manner the real counterpart of his master, is his aider and abettor. A more witty, a more amusing figure does not exist. His fine sarcasm brings Don Juan's character into bold relief; they complement and explain each other.

But Don Juan, passing from one extravagance to another, sinks deeper; everything he tries begins to fail him, and his doom approaches.—He begins to amuse himself with Zerlina, the young bride of a peasant named Masetto, but each time, when he seems all but successful in his aim of seducing the little coquette, his enemies, who have united themselves against him, interfere and present a new foe in the person of the bridegroom, the plump and rustic Masetto. At last Don Juan is obliged to take refuge from the hatred of his pursuers. His flight brings him to the grave of the dead governor, in whose memory a life-size statue has been erected in his own park. Excited to the highest pitch and almost beside himself, Don Juan even mocks the dead; he invites him to a supper. The statue moves its head in acceptance of the dreadful invitation of the murderer.

Towards evening Donna Elvira comes to see him, willing to pardon everything if only her lover will repent. She fears for him and for his fate; she does not ask for his love, but only for the repentance of his follies, but all is in vain. The half-drunken Don Juan laughs

at her, and so she leaves him alone. Then the ghostly guest, the statue of the governor, enters. He too tries to move his host's conscience; he fain would save him in the last hour. Don Juan remains deaf to those warnings of a better self, and so he incurs his doom. The statue vanishes, the earth opens, and the demons of hell devour Don Juan and his splendid palace.

Don Pasquale. Comic Opera in 3 acts by Donizetti. Text done after Ser Marcantonio by Salvatore Gammerano.

The wealthy old bachelor Don Pasquale desires to marry his only nephew to a rich and noble lady, but, finding a hindrance in Ernesto's love for another, decides to punish his headstrong nephew by entering himself into marriage and thus disinheriting Ernesto.

His physician Malatesta, Ernesto's friend, pretends to have discovered a suitable partner for him in the person of his (Malatesta's) sister, an "Ingénue," educated in a convent and utterly ignorant of the ways of the world.

Don Pasquale maliciously communicates his intentions to the young widow Norina, telling her to distrust Malatesta. The latter, however, has been beforehand with him, and easily persuades Norina to play the part of his (Malatesta's) sister, and to endeavor, by the beauty of her person and the modesty of her demeanor, to gain the old man's affections. Should she succeed in doing so, Don Pasquale and Norina are to go through a mock form of marriage,—a notary, in the person of a cousin, named Carlo, has already been gained for the purpose,—after which Norina, by her obstinacy, extravagance, capriciousness, and coquetry, is to make the old man repent of his infatuation and ready to comply with their wishes.

Urged on by her love for Ernesto, Norina consents to play the part assigned to her, and the charming simplicity of her manners, her modesty and loveliness so captivate the old man that he falls into the trap and makes her an offer of his hand. The marriage takes place, and one witness failing to appear, Ernesto, who happens to be near, and who is aware of the plot, is requested to take his place.—Besides appointing Norina heiress of half his wealth, Don Pasquale at once makes her absolute mistress of his fortune. Having succeeded in attaining her aim, Norina throws aside her mask, and by her self-will, prodigality, and waywardness, drives her would-be husband to despair. She squanders his money, visits the theatre on the very day of their marriage, ignoring the presence of her husband in such a manner that he wishes himself in his grave, or rid of the termagant, who has destroyed the peace of his life.—The climax is reached on his discovery among the accounts, all giving proof of his wife's reckless extravagance, a billet-doux pleading for a clandestine meeting in his own garden. Malatesta is summoned and cannot help feeling remorse on beholding the wan and haggard appearance of his friend. He recommends prudence, advises Don Pasquale to assist,

himself unseen, at the proposed interview, and then to drive the guilty wife from the house. The jealous husband, though frankly confessing the folly he had committed in taking so young a wife, at first refuses to listen to Malatesta's counsel, and determines to surprise the lovers and have them brought before the judge. Finally, however, he suffers himself to be dissuaded and leaves the matter in Malatesta's hands.

In the last scene the lovers meet, but Ernesto escapes on his uncle's approach, who is sorely disappointed at having to listen to the bitter reproaches of his supposed wife, instead of being able to turn her out of doors.

Meanwhile, Malatesta arrives, summons Ernesto, and in his uncle's name gives his (Don Pasquale's) consent to Ernesto's marriage with Norina, promising her a splendid dowry.

Don Pasquale's wife, true to the part she has undertaken to play, of course opposes this arrangement; and Don Pasquale, too happy to be able to thwart his wife, hastens to give his consent, telling Ernesto to fetch his bride. His dismay on discovering that his own wife, whom he has only known under the name of Sophronia, and his nephew's bride are one and the same person, may be easily imagined. —His rage and disappointment are, however, somewhat diminished by the reflection that he will no longer have to suffer from the whims of the young wife who had inveigled him into the ill-assorted marriage, and he at length consents, giving the happy couple his blessing.

Les Dragons de Villars (The Bell of the Hermit). Comic Opera in 3 acts by Louis Aimé Maillart. Text after the French by G. Ernst.

The scene is laid in a French mountain-village near the frontier of Savoy towards the close of the war in the Cevennes in 1704.

In the first act peasant women in the service of Thibaut, a rich country Squire, are collecting fruit. Georgette, Thibaut's young wife, controls their work. In compliance with a general request she treats them to a favorite provençal song, in which a young girl, forgetting her first vows, made to a young soldier, gives her hand to another suitor. She is interrupted by the sound of trumpets. Thibaut, hurrying up in great distress, asks the women to hide themselves at once, because soldiers are marching into the village. He conceals his own wife in the pigeon house. A detachment of dragoons arrive, and Belamy, their corporal, asks for food and wine at Thibaut's house. He learns that there is nothing to be had and in particular that all the women have fled, fearing the unprincipled soldiers of King Louis XIV., sent to persecute the poor Huguenots or Camisards, who are hiding in the mountains,—further that the "Dragons de Villars" are said to be an especially wild and dissolute set.

Belamy is greatly disgusted, and after having had his dinner and a sleep in Thibaut's own bed, decides to march on. The Squire gladly offers to accompany the soldiers to St. Gratien's grotto near the

hermitage, where they have orders to search for the Huguenot refugees.

While Belamy is sleeping, Thibaut calls his servant Silvain and scolds him because, though his best servant, he has now repeatedly been absent overlong on his errands; finally he orders him to saddle the mules.

Stammering, Silvian owns that they have gone astray in the mountains, but that he is sure of their being found in due time. While Thibaut expresses his fear that they may be stolen by the fugitives, Rose Friquet, an orphan-girl, brings the mules, riding on the back of one of them. Thibaut loads her with reproaches, but Silvain thanks her warmly, and though she mockingly repudiates his thanks, he discovers that she has taken the mules in order not to let the provost into Silvain's secret. The fact is that Silvain carries food every day to the refugees, and Rose Friquet, the poor goat-keeper, who is despised and supposed to be wicked and malicious, protects him in her poor way, because he once intercepted a stone which was meant for her head.

While the soldiers are dining, Belamy, who has found Georgette's bonnet, demands an explanation.

Thibaut, confused, finds a pretext for going out, but Rose betrays to Belamy first the wine-cellar and then Georgette's hiding-place. The young wife cries for help and Rose runs in to fetch Thibaut. Belamy is delighted with the pretty Georgette, but she tells him rather anxiously that all the wives of the village must needs remain entirely true to their husbands, for the hermit of St. Gratien, though dead for two hundred years, is keeping rigid watch, and betrays every case of infidelity by ringing a little bell, which is heard far and wide.

Belamy is somewhat desirous to try the experiment with Georgette, and asks her to accompany him to the hermitage instead of her husband.

After having found the other women in the village, the soldiers, to Thibaut's great vexation, decide to stay and amuse themselves. Silvain rejoices, and after a secret sign from Rose resolves to warn the refugees in the evening.

In the second act Rose and Silvain meet near St. Gratien. Rose, after telling him that all the paths are occupied by sentries, promises to show him a way for the refugees which she and her goat alone know. Silvain, thanking her warmly, endeavors to induce her to care more for her outward appearance, praising her pretty features. Rose is delighted to hear for the first time that she is pretty, and the duet ensuing is one of the most charming things in the opera. Silvain promises to be her friend henceforth, and then leaves in order to seek the Camisards. After this Thibaut appears seeking his wife, whom he has seen going away with Belamy. Finding Rose he imagines he has mistaken her for his wife, but she laughingly corrects him, and he proceeds to search for Georgette. Belamy now comes and courts

Thibaut's wife. But Rose, seeing them, resolves to free the path for the others.—No sooner has Belamy tried to snatch a kiss from his companion than Rose draws the rope of the hermit's bell, and she repeats the proceeding until Georgette takes flight, while Thibaut rushes up at the sound of the bell. Belamy reassures him, intimating that the bell may have rung for Rose (though it never rings for girls), and accompanies him to the village. But he soon returns to look for the supposed hermit who has played him this trick and finds Rose instead, who does not perceive him.—To his great surprise, Silvain comes up with the whole troop of refugees, leading the aged clergyman, who had been a father to him in his childhood. Silvain presents Rose to them as their deliverer and vows to make her his wife.—Rose leads them to the secret path, while Silvain returns to the village, leaving Belamy triumphant at his discovery.

In the third act we find the people on the following morning speaking of nothing but Silvain's wedding with Rose and of the hermit's bell. Nobody knows who has been the culprit, but Thibaut slyly calculates that the hermit has rung beforehand when Rose the bride kissed the dragoon. Having learned that the soldiers had been commanded to saddle their horses in the midst of the dancing the night before, and that Belamy, sure of his prey, has come back, he believes that Rose has betrayed the poor Camisards in order to win the price set on their heads and this opinion he now communicates to Silvain.

To keep Belamy away from Georgette, the sly Squire has conducted him to the wine-cellar, and the officer, now half-drunk, admits having had a rendezvous with Rose.—When Thibaut has retired, Belamy again kisses Georgette, and lo, the bell does not ring this time!

Meanwhile, Rose comes down the hill, neatly clad and glowing with joy and pride, and Georgette, disregarding Thibaut's reproofs, offers her the wedding-garland. The whole village is assembled to see the wedding, but Silvain appears with dark brow and when Rose radiantly greets him, he pushes her back fiercely, believing that she betrayed the refugees, who are, as he has heard, caught. Rose is too proud to defend herself, but when Georgette tries to console her she silently draws from her bosom a paper containing the information that the refugees have safely crossed the frontier.—Great is Silvain's shame and heartfelt his repentance.—Suddenly Belamy enters, beside himself with rage, for his prey has escaped and he has lost his patent as lieutenant together with the remuneration of two hundred pistoles, and he at once orders Silvain to be shot. But Rose bravely defends her lover, threatening to reveal the dragoon's neglect of duty. When, therefore, Belamy's superior appears to hear the important news of which the messenger told him, his corporal is only able to stammer out that nothing in particular has happened; and so, after all, Georgette is saved from discovery and Rose becomes Silvain's happy bride.

THE DUSK OF THE GODS.* Third Day of the Nibelungen Ring by Wagner.

The third day opens with a prelude in which we see three Norns weaving the world's fate. When the cord breaks, they fly; the dawn of another world is upon them.

In the first act Siegfried bids Brünnhilde farewell. His active soul thirsts for deeds, and Brünnhilde, having taught him all she knows, does not detain him. He gives her the fatal ring in token of remembrance, confiding her to the care of Loge. Then we are transported to the Giebichung's hall on the Rhine. Gunther and his sister Gutrune sit there together with their gloomy half-brother Hagen. The latter advises his brother to marry, telling him of the beautiful woman guarded by the flames. When he has sufficiently excited Gunther's longing, he suggests that, as Siegfried is the only one able to gain Brünnhilde, Gunther should attach him to his person by giving him Gutrune as wife. This is to be achieved by a draught which has the power of causing oblivion. Whoever drinks it forgets that ever a woman has existed beside the one who has tended the potion. Hagen well knows of Siegfried's union with Brünnhilde, but Gunther and Gutrune are both ignorant of it.

Siegfried arrives and is heartily welcomed. All turns out as Hagen has foretold. By the fatal potion Siegfried falls passionately in love with Gutrune so that he completely forgets Brünnhilde. He swears blood-brothership to Gunther, and promises to win Brünnhilde for him. Then the two depart on their errand.

Meanwhile the Walkyrie Waltraute comes to Brünnhilde and beseeches her to render Siegfried's ring to the Rhine-daughters in order to save the Gods from destruction. Brünnhilde refuses to part with the token of her husband's love; and hardly has Waltraute departed than fate overtakes her in the person of Siegfried, who ventures through the flames in Gunther's shape. She vainly struggles against him, he snatches the ring from her, and so she is conquered. Siegfried holds vigil through the night, his sword separating him and the woman he wooed; and in the early dawn he leads her away to her bridegroom, who takes Siegfried's place unawares.

In the second act Alberich appears to Hagen. He tells his son of the story of the ring and bids him kill Siegfried and recover the stolen treasure for its owner.—Siegfried appears announcing Gunther's and Brünnhilde's arrival. The bridal pair are received by all their men, but the joy is soon damped by Brünnhilde recognizing in the bridegroom of Gutrune her own husband. Siegfried does not know her, but she discovers her ring on his hand and asserting that Gunther won it from her this hero is obliged to acknowledge the shameful rôle he played.—Though Siegfried swears that his sword Nothung guarded him from any contact with Gunther's bride, Brünnhilde responds in a most startling manner, and both swear on Hagen's spear that it may pierce them should their words prove

* See also The Rhinegold, Siegfried, and The Walkyrie.

false. All this makes a dreadful impression on the weak mind of Gunther.

When Siegfried has withdrawn in high spirits with his bride Gutrune, Hagen hoping to gain the ring offers to avenge Brünnhilde on the faithless Siegfried. Brünnhilde, in her deadly wrath, betrays to him the only vulnerable spot beneath Siegfried's shoulder. Gunther consents reluctantly to their schemes.

The third act opens with a scene on the Rhine. The Rhine-daughters try to persuade Siegfried to render them the ring. He is about to throw it into the water when they warn him of the evil which will befall him should he refuse their request. This awakens his pride, and laughing he turns from them, he the fearless hero. His fellow-hunters overtake him, and while he relates to them the story of his life Hagen mixes a herb with his wine, which enables him to remember all he has forgotten. Hagen then treacherously drives his spear into Siegfried's back, killing him. He dies with Brünnhilde's praise on his lips. The funeral march, which here follows, is one of the most beautiful ever written. When the dead hero is brought to the Giebichung's hall, Gutrune bewails him loudly. A dispute arises between Hagen and Gunther about the ring, which ends by Hagen slaying Gunther. But, lo, when Hagen tries to strip the ring off the dead hand the fingers close themselves and the hand raises itself, bearing testimony against the murderer. Brünnhilde appears to mourn for the dead; she drives away Gutrune, who sees too late that under the influence of the fatal draught Siegfried forgot his lawful wife whom she now recognizes in Brünnhilde. The latter, taking a long farewell of her dead husband, orders a funeral pile to be erected. As soon as Siegfried's body is placed on it, she lights it with a firebrand, and when it is in full blaze she mounts her faithful steed, leaping with it into the flames.

When the fire sinks the Rhine-daughters are seen to snatch the ring, which is now purified from its curse by Brünnhilde's death.

Hagen, trying to wrench it from them, is drawn into the waves and so dies.

A dusky light, like that of a new dawn, spreads over heaven, and through a mist Walhalla, with all the Gods sleeping peacefully, may be perceived.

Ernani. A Melodramatic Opera in 4 parts. Taken from Victor Hugo's Drama of the same name. Text by F. Maria Piave. Music by Giuseppe Verdi.

Ernani, an Italian rebel of obscure parentage, is the accepted lover of Donna Elvira, the high-born niece of Don Ruy Gomez de Silva, Grandee of Spain.

Donna Elvira is also coveted by Don Carlos, King of Spain, and by her old uncle Silva, who is about to wed her, much against her will.

Ernani comes to Silva's castle in the garb of a pilgrim and finds

the King in Donna Elvira's room trying to lure her away. Here they are surprised by de Silva, who, failing to recognize his sovereign, challenges both men to mortal combat.—When he recognizes the King in one of his foes he is in despair and humbly craves his pardon, which is granted to him.—At the same time Don Carlos sends Ernani away on a distant errand, hoping to rid himself of him once for all; but Donna Elvira vows to kill herself rather than belong either to the King or to her uncle, and promises unwavering constancy to her lover Ernani.

Nevertheless, the second act shows Elvira on the eve of her wedding with her uncle, de Silva.

Ernani, once more proclaimed an outlaw, seeks refuge in de Silva's castle, again disguised as a pilgrim. But when Ernani hears of Donna Elvira's approaching marriage with de Silva, he reveals his identity and offers his head to the old man, telling him that his life is forfeited and that a reward is offered for his capture. De Silva is too generous to betray his rival; he orders the gates of the castle to be barred at once.—While this is being done Ernani violently reproaches Elvira for having played him false. She answers that she has been led to believe him dead, and dissolved in tears they embrace tenderly. Thus they are surprised by de Silva, who, though for the time being bound by the laws of hospitality, swears to destroy Ernani wherever he may find him.

For the moment, however, he conceals his foe so well that Don Carlos' followers cannot find him. Though the King threatens to take the old man's life, the nobleman remains true to his word and even makes the greatest sacrifice by delivering Elvira as a hostage into the King's hands.

Left alone, he opens Ernani's hiding-place and challenges him to fight, but when the latter proves to him that Don Carlos is his rival and wants to seduce Elvira, de Silva's wrath turns against the King.

He accepts Ernani's offer to help him in frustating the King's designs, but at the same time he reminds him that his life is forfeited.—Ernani declares himself satisfied and gives de Silva a bugle, the sound of which is to proclaim that the hour of reckoning between the two foes has come.

The third act takes place at Aix-la-Chapelle.

The King has heard of the conspiracy against his life. While the conspirators assemble in the Imperial Vaults he is concealed behind the monument of Charlemagne, and frustrates their designs by advancing from his hiding-place and proclaiming himself Emperor.

At the same moment the people rush in and do homage to Charles V.—Ernani surrenders to his foes, but Elvira implores the Emperor's pardon, which is granted; and Charles crowns his gracious act by uniting the lovers and creating Ernani Duke of Segorbia.

Both Elvira and Ernani go to Seville to celebrate their nuptials. But in the midst of their bliss Ernani hears the sound of his bugle

and de Silva appears and claims his rival's life. In vain the lovers implore his mercy; de Silva is inexorable, and relentlessly gives Ernani the choice between a poisoned draught and a dagger. Seizing the latter Ernani stabs himself, while Donna Elvira sinks senseless beside his corpse, leaving the aged de Silva to enjoy his revenge alone.

FIDELIO. Opera in 2 acts by L. van Beethoven.

Florestan, a Spanish nobleman, has dared to blame Don Pizarro, the governor of the state prison, a man as cruel as he is powerful. Pizarro has thus become Florestan's deadly foe, he has seized him secretly and thrown him into a dreadful dungeon, reporting his death to the Minister.

But this poor prisoner has a wife, Leonore, who is as courageous as she is faithful. She never believes in the false reports, but disguising herself in male attire, resolves not to rest until she has found her husband.

In this disguise we find her in the first act: she has contrived to get entrance into the fortress where she supposes her husband imprisoned, and by her gentle and courteous behavior and readiness for service of all kinds has won not only the heart of Rocco, the jailer, but that of his daughter Marcelline, who falls in love with the gentle youth and neglects her former lover Jaquino. Fidelio persuades Rocco to let her help him in his office with the prisoners. Quivering with mingled hope and fear she opens the prison gates to let the state prisoners out into the court, where they may for once have air and sunshine.

But seek as she may she cannot find her husband, and in silent despair she deems herself baffled.

Meanwhile, Pizarro has received a letter from Sevilla announcing the Minister's forthcoming visit to the fortress. Pizarro, frightened at the consequences of such a call, resolves to silence Florestan for ever. He orders the jailer to kill him, but the old man will not burden his soul with a murder and refuses firmly. Then Pizarro himself determines to kill Florestan, and summons Rocco to dig a grave in the dungeon in order to hide all traces of the crime.

Rocco, already looking upon the gentle and diligent Fidelio as his future son-in-law, confides to him his dreadful secret, and with fearful forebodings she entreats him to accept her help in the heavy work. Pizarro gives his permission, Rocco being too old and feeble to do the work quickly enough if alone; Pizarro has been rendered furious by the indulgence granted to the prisoners at Fidelio's entreaty, but a feeling of triumph overcomes every other when he sees Rocco depart for the dungeon with his assistant.

Here we find poor Florestan chained to a stone; he is wasted to a skeleton as his food has been reduced in quantity week by week by the cruel orders of his tormentor. He is gradually losing his reason; he has visions and in each one beholds his beloved wife.

When Leonore recognizes him she well-nigh faints, but with a superhuman effort of strength she rallies and begins her work. She has a piece of bread with her which she gives to the prisoner and with it the remainder of Rocco's wine. Rocco, mild at heart, pities his victim sincerely, but he dares not act against the orders of his superior, fearing to lose his position or even his life.

While Leonore refreshes the sick man, Rocco gives a sign to Pizarro that the work is done, and bids Fidelio leave; but she only hides herself behind a stone pillar, waiting with deadly fear for the coming event and decides to save her husband or to die with him.

Pizarro enters, secretly resolved to kill not only his foe but also both witnesses of his crime. He will not kill Florestan, however, without letting him know who his assailant is. So he loudly shouts his own much-feared name, but while he raises his dagger Leonore throws herself between him and Florestan, shielding the latter with her breast. Pizarro, stupefied like Florestan, loses his presence of mind. Leonore profits by it and presents a pistol at him, with which she threatens his life should he attempt another attack. At this critical moment the trumpets sound, announcing the arrival of the Minister, and Pizarro, in impotent wrath, is compelled to retreat. They are all summoned before the Minister, who is shocked at seeing his old friend Florestan in this sad state, but not the less delighted with and full of reverence for the noble courage of Leonore.

Pizarro is conducted away in chains; and the faithful wife with her own hands removes the fetters which still bind the husband for whom she has just won freedom and happiness.

Marcelline, feeling inclined to be ashamed of her mistake, returns to her simple and faithful lover, Jaquino.

La Figlia del Reggimento. Comic Opera in 2 acts by Gaëtano Donizetti. Text by St. George and Bayard.

The scene in the first act is laid near Bologna in the year 1815; the second act in the castle of the Marchesa di Maggiorivoglio.

Mary, a vivandière, has been found and educated by a French sergeant, named Sulpice, and, therefore, belongs in a sense to his regiment, which is on a campaign in Italy. She is called the "daughter" of the regiment which has adopted her, and she has grown up a bright and merry girl, full of pluck and spirit, the pet and delight of the whole regiment.

Tonio, a young Swiss, who has fallen in love with Mary, is believed by the grenadiers to be a spy, and is about to be hanged. But Mary, knowing that he has only come to see her, tells them that he lately saved her life when she was in danger of falling over a precipice.

This changes everything and, on his expressing a desire to become one of them, the grenadiers suffer the Swiss to enlist into their company. After the soldiers' departure he confesses his love to Mary, who returns it heartily. The soldiers agree to give their

consent, when the Marchesa di Maggiorivoglio appears, and by a letter once affixed to the foundling Mary, addressed to a Marchesa of the same name and carefully kept by Sulpice, it is proved that Mary is the Marchesa's niece. Of course this noble lady refuses her consent to a marriage with the low-born Swiss and claims Mary from her guardian. With tears and laments Mary takes leave of her regiment and her lover, who at once decides to follow her. But he has enlisted as a soldier and is forbidden to leave the ranks. Sulpice and his whole regiment curse the Marchesa, who thus carries away their joy.

In the second act Mary is in her aunt's castle. She has masters of every kind for her education in order to become a lady *comme il faut,* but she cannot forget her freedom and her dear soldiers, and instead of singing solfeggios and cavatinas, she is caught warbling her "Rataplan" to the Marchesa's grief and sorrow. Nor can she cease to think of Tonio, and only after a great struggle has she been induced to promise her hand to a nobleman, when she suddenly hears the well-beloved sound of drums and trumpets. It is her own regiment with Tonio as their leader, for he has been made an officer on account of his courage and brave behavior. Hoping that his altered position may turn the Marchesa's heart in his favor, he again asks for Mary, but his suit is once more rejected. Then he proposes flight, but the Marchesa, detecting his plan, reveals to Mary that she is not her niece, but her own daughter, born in early wedlock with an officer far beneath her in rank, who soon after died in battle. This fact she has concealed from her family, but as it is now evident that she has closer ties with Mary, the poor girl dares not disobey her, and, though broken-hearted, consents to renounce Tonio.

The Marchesa invites a large company of guests to celebrate her daughter's betrothal to the son of a neighboring duchess. But Mary's faithful grenadiers suddenly appear to rescue her from those hateful ties, and astonish the whole company by their recital of Mary's early history. The obedient maiden, however, submissive to her fate, is about to sign the marriage contract when at last the Marchesa, touched by her obedience and her sufferings, conquers her own pride and consents to the union of her daughter with Tonio. Sulpice and his soldiers burst out into loud shouts of approbation, and the high-born guests retire silently and disgusted.

Der Fliegende Holländer (The Flying Dutchman).
Romantic Opera in 3 acts by Wagner.

The Flying Dutchman is a sort of Wandering Jew, condemned to sail forever on the seas until he has found a woman whose love to him is faithful unto death.

In the first act we find ourselves on the high seas. Daland, a Norwegian skipper, has met with several misfortunes on his way home,

and is compelled to anchor on a deserted shore. There he finds the Flying Dutchman, who vainly roves from sea to sea to find death and with it peace. His only hope is Doomsday. He has never found a maiden faithful to him, and he knows not how often and how long he has vainly tried to be released from his doom. Once, every seven years, he is allowed to go on shore and take a wife. This time has now come again, and hearing from Daland that he has a daughter, sweet and pure, he begins to hope once more, and offers all his wealth to the father for a shelter under the Norwegian's roof and for the hand of his daughter Senta.—Daland is only too glad to accept for his child what to him seems an immense fortune, and so they sail home together.

In the second act we find Senta in the spinning-room. The servants of the house are together spinning and singing. Senta is amongst them, but her wheel does not turn; she is dreamily regarding an old picture. It is that of the Flying Dutchman, whose legend so deeply touches her that she has grown to love its hero without having in reality seen him.

Senta has a wooer already in the person of Erick the hunter, but she does not care much for him. With deep feeling she sings to the spinning maidens the ballad of the doomed man as she has heard it from Mary, her nurse:

An old captain wanted to sail round the Cape of Good Hope, and as the wind was against him, he swore a terrible oath that he never would leave off trying. The devil heard him and doomed him to sail on to eternity, but God's angel had pity on him and showed him how he could find deliverance through a wife faithful unto the grave.

All the maidens pray to God to let the maiden be found at last, when Senta ecstatically exclaims: "I will be his wife!" At this moment her father's ship is announced. Senta is about to run away to welcome him, but is detained by Erick, who tries to win her for himself. She answers evasively; then Daland enters and with him a dark and gloomy stranger. Senta stands spellbound: she recognizes the hero of her picture. The Dutchman is not less impressed, seeing in her the angel of his dreams and as it were his deliverer; and so, meeting by the guidance of a superior power, they seem created for each other, and Senta, accepting the offer of his hand, swears to him eternal fidelity.

In the third act we see the Flying Dutchman's ship; everybody recognizes it by its black mast and its blood-red sail. The Norwegian sailors call loudly to the mariners of the strange ship, but nothing stirs, everything seems dead and haunted. At last the unearthly inhabitants of the Dutch ship awake; they are old and gray and wrinkled, all doomed to the fate of their captain. They begin a wild and gloomy song, which sends a chill into the hearts of the stout Norwegians.

Meanwhile, Erick, beholding in Senta the betrothed of the Dutch-

man, is in despair. Imploring her to turn back, he calls up old memories and at last charges her with infidelity to him.

As soon as the Dutchman hears this accusation he turns from Senta, feeling that he is again lost. But Senta will not break her faith. Seeing the Dutchman fly from her, ready to sail away, she swiftly runs after him and throws herself from the cliff into the waves.

By this sacrifice the spell is broken, the ghostly ship sinks for ever into the ocean, and an angel bears the poor wanderer to eternal rest, where he is re-united to the bride who has proved faithful unto death.

FRA DIAVOLO. Comic Opera in 3 acts by Auber. Text by Scribe.

The scene is laid at Terracina in Italy. Fra Diavolo is a celebrated and much-feared chief of brigands. The Roman court of justice has set a price of 10,000 piastres on his head. In the first act we meet with the Roman soldiers, who undertake to win the money. Their captain Lorenzo has a double aim in trying to catch the brigand. He is Zerline's lover, but having no money, Zerline's father Matteo, the owner of a hotel, threatens to give her to a rich farmer's son. Meanwhile Fra Diavolo has forced his society on a rich English lord, Cookburn by name, who is on his wedding-tour with his fair young wife Pamella. Lord Cookburn looks jealously at Fra Diavolo, though he does not recognize in him a brigand. The English are robbed by Diavolo's band. Disgusted with the insecurity of "la bella Italia" they reach the inn at Terracina, where the dragoons, hearing the account of this new robbery, believe that it was Fra Diavolo with his band, and at once decide to pursue him.

Shortly afterwards Fra Diavolo arrives at the inn disguised as the Marquis of San Marco, under which name the English lord has already made his acquaintance. He is not enchanted by the arrival of this Marquis; he fears a new flirtation with his own fair wife. Pamella wears most valuable diamonds, and these strike the eye of Fra Diavolo.

He sees that the English have been clever enough to conceal the greater part of their wealth and resolves to put himself speedily into possession of it.

He is flirting desperately with Pamella and looking tenderly at the pretty Zerline when the soldiers return, having captured twenty of the brigands and retaken the greater part of Lord Cookburn's money and jewels. Lorenzo, the captain of the dragoons, is rewarded by the magnanimous Lord with 10,000 lire, and may now hope to win Zerline's hand. But Fra Diavolo vows to avenge the death of his comrades on Lorenzo.

In the second act he conceals himself behind the curtains in Zerline's sleeping-room, and during the night he admits his two companions Beppo and Giacomo. Zerline enters and is about to retire

to rest after praying to the Holy Virgin for protection.—During her sleep Giacomo is to stab her, while the two others are to rob the English Milord.

But Zerline's prayer and her innocence touch even the robbers: the deed is delayed, and this delay brings Lorenzo upon them. Fra Diavolo's two companions hide themselves, and the false Marquis alone is found in Zerline's room. He assures Lorenzo that he had a rendezvous with his bride, and at the same time whispers into Milord's ear that he came by appointment with Milady, showing her portrait, of which he had robbed her the day before, as proof. The consequence of these lies is a challenge from Lorenzo, and a meeting with Diavolo is fixed. The latter is full of triumphant glee; he has arranged a deep-laid plan with the surviving members of his band and hopes to ensnare not only Lorenzo but his whole company. Ordinarily Diavolo is a noble brigand; he never troubles women, and he loads poor people with gifts, taking the gold out of rich men's purses only, but now he is full of ire and his one thought is of vengeance.

Finally he is betrayed by the carelessness of his own helpmates. Beppo and Giacomo, seeing Zerline, recognize in her their fair prey of the evening before and betray themselves by repeating some of the words which she had given utterance to. Zerline, hearing them, is now able to comprehend the wicked plot which was woven to destroy her happiness. The two banditti are captured and compelled to lure their captain into a trap. Diavolo appears, not in his disguise as a Marquis, but in his own well-known dress with the red plume waving from his bonnet, and being assured by Beppo that all is secure, is easily captured. Now all the false imputations are cleared up. Milord is reconciled to his wife and Lorenzo obtains the hand of the lovely Zerline.

Der Freischütz. Romantic Opera in 3 acts by C. M. von Weber. Text by Friedrich Kind.

A young huntsman, Max, is in love with Agathe, daughter of Cuno, the chief-ranger of Prince Ottocar of Bohemia. Max wooes her, but their union depends on a master-shot which he is to deliver on the following morning.

During a village festival he has all day been unlucky in shooting, and we see him, full of anger and sorrow, being mocked at by peasants more lucky than he.

His comrade, Caspar, one of the ranger's older huntsmen, is his evil genius. He has sold himself to the devil, is a gloomy, mysterious fellow, and hopes to save his soul by delivering some other victim to the demon. He wants to tempt Max to try enchanted bullets, to be obtained at the cross-roads during the midnight hour by drawing a magic circle with a bloody sword and invoking the name of the mysterious huntsman. Father Cuno, hearing him, drives him away, begging Max to think of his bride and to pray to God for success.

But Max cannot forget the railleries of the peasants; he broods over his misfortunes and when he is well-nigh despairing, Caspar, who meanwhile calls Samiel (the devil in person) to help, encourages him to take refuge in stimulants. He tries to intoxicate the unhappy lover by pouring drops from a phial into his wine. When Max has grown more and more excited, Caspar begins to tell him of nature's secret powers, which might help him. Max first struggles against the evil influence, but when Caspar, handing him his gun, lets him shoot an eagle soaring high in the air, his huntsman's heart is elated and he wishes to become possessed of such a bullet. Caspar tells him that they are enchanted and persuades him to a meeting in the Wolf's-glen at midnight, where the bullets may be moulded.

In the second act Agathe is with her cousin Aennchen. Agathe is the true Germain maiden, serious and thoughtful almost to melancholy. She presents a marked contrast to her gay and light-hearted cousin, who tries to brighten Agathe with fun and frolic. They adorn themselves with roses which Agathe received from a holy hermit who blessed her, but warned her of impending evil. So Agathe is full of dread forebodings, and after Aennchen's departure she fervently prays to Heaven for her beloved. When she sees him come to her through the forest with flowers on his hat, her fears vanish and she greets him joyously. But Max only answers hurriedly that, having killed a stag in the Wolf's-glen, he is obliged to return there. Agathe, filled with terror at the mention of this ill-famed name, wants to keep him back, but ere she can detain him he has fled. With hurried steps Max approaches the Wolf's-glen, where Caspar is already occupied in forming circles of black stones, in the midst of which he places a skull, an eagle's wing, a crucible, and a bullet-mould. Caspar then calls on Samiel, invoking him to allow him a few more years on earth. To-morrow is the day appointed for Satan to take his soul, but Caspar promises to surrender Max in exchange. Samiel, who appears through the cleft of a rock, agrees to let him have six of the fatal balls, reserving only the seventh for himself.

Caspar then proceeds to make the bullets, Max only looking on, stunned and remorseful at what he sees. His mother's spirit appears to him, but he is already under the influence of the charm; he cannot move. The proceeding goes forward amid hellish noise. A hurricane arises, flames and devilish forms flicker about, wild and horrible creatures rush by and others follow in hot pursuit. The noise grows worse, the earth seems to quake, until at length after Caspar's reiterated invocations Samiel shows himself at the word "seven." Max and Caspar both make the sign of the cross, and fall on their knees more dead than alive.

In the third act we find Agathe waiting for her bridesmaids. She is perturbed and sad, having had frightful dreams and not knowing what has become of Max. Aennchen consoles her, diverting her

with a merry song, until the bridesmaids enter, bringing flowers and gifts. They then prepare to crown her with the bridal wreath, when, lo, instead of the myrtle there lies in the box a wreath of white roses, the ornament of the dead.

Meanwhile everybody is assembled on the lawn near Prince Ottocar's tent to be present at the firing of the master-shot. The Prince points out to Max a white dove as an object at which to aim. At this critical moment Agathe appears, crying out: "Don't shoot, Max, I am the white dove!" But it was too late; Max has fired, and Agathe sinks down at the same time as Caspar, who has been waiting behind a tree and who now falls heavily to the ground, while the dove flies away unhurt. Everybody believes that Max has shot his bride, but she is only in a swoon; the bullet has really killed the villain Caspar. It was the seventh, the direction of which Samiel reserved for himself, and Satan, having no power over the pious maiden, directed it on Caspar, already forfeited to him. Max confesses his sin with deep remorse. The Prince scornfully bids him leave his dominions for ever. But Agathe prays for him, and at last the Prince follows the hermit's advice, giving the unhappy youth a year of probation, during which to prove his repentance and grow worthy of his virtuous bride.

Friend Fritz. A Lyric Comedy in 3 acts by Pietro Mascagni. Text after Erckmann-Chartrian's novel of the same name.

Fritz Kobus, a well-to-do landowner, receives the felicitations of his friends on his fortieth birthday. At the same time his old friend Rabbi David, as consummate a match-maker as Fritz is an inveterate bachelor, receives from the latter a loan of 1,200 francs which is to enable a poor girl to marry her lover. Fritz gives it very graciously, congratulating himself that he is free from Hymen's bonds.

He treats his friends to a hearty dinner in which Susel, his tenant's daughter, who comes to present her landlord with a nosegay of violets, joins. Fritz makes her sit beside him, and for the first time remarks the growing loveliness of the young maiden. While they are feasting a gypsy, Seppel, plays a serenade in honor of the birthday, which makes a deep impression on fair Susel. When the latter has departed the joviality of the company increases. Hanczo and Friedrich, two friends, laughingly prophesy to the indignant Fritz that he will soon be married, and David even makes a bet which, should he prove right, will make him owner of one of his friend's vineyards. At the end of the first act a procession of orphans hail the landlord as their benefactor.

In the second act we find our friend Fritz as guest in the house of his tenant. Susel is sedulously engaged in selecting flowers and cherries for her landlord, who, coming down into the garden, is presented by her with flowers. Soon she mounts a ladder, and plucking cherries, throws them to Fritz, who is uncertain which are the sweeter,

the maiden's red lips or the ripe cherries which she offers him. In the midst of their enjoyment the sound of bells and cracking of whips are heard; Fritz's friends enter. He soon takes them off for a walk, only old David stays behind with Susel, pleading fatigue. Taking occasion of her presenting him with a drink of fresh water, he makes her tell him the old story of Isaac and Rebecca, and is quite satisfied to guess at the state of her feelings by the manner in which she relates the simple story. On Fritz's return he archly communicates to him that he has found a suitable husband for Susel, and that he has her father's consent. The disgust and fright which Fritz experiences at this news reveal to him something of his own feelings for the charming maiden. He decides to return home at once, and does not even take farewell of Susel, who weeps in bitter disappointment.

In the third act Fritz, at home again, can find no peace anywhere. When David tells him that Susel's marriage is a decided fact he breaks out, and in his passion downright forbids the marriage. At this moment Susel appears, bringing her landlord a basket of fruit. She looks pale and sad, and when Fritz sarcastically asks her whether she comes to invite him to her wedding, she bursts into tears. Then the real state of her heart is revealed to him, and with passionate avowal of his own love *amico* Fritz takes her to his heart. So David wins his wager, which, however, he settles on Susel as a dowry, promising at the same time to procure wives before long for the two friends standing by.

The Two Grenadiers. Comic Opera in 3 acts by Albert Lortzing. Text adapted from the French.

The scene takes place in a little country town, where we find Busch, a wealthy inn-keeper, making preparations for the arrival of his only son. The young man had entered a Grenadier regiment at the age of sixteen, ten years before, so the joyful event of his home-coming is looked forward to with pleasure by his father and sister Suschen, but with anxiety by a friend of hers, Caroline, to whom young Busch had been affianced before joining his regiment.

Enter two young Grenadiers from the regiment on leave, the younger of whom falls in love with Suschen at first sight. However, as the elder Grenadier, Schwarzbart, dolefully remarks, they are both almost penniless, and he reflects how he can possibly help them in their need. His meditations are interrupted by the arrival of the landlord, who, seeing the two knapsacks and recognizing one of them as that of his son, naturally supposes the owner to be his offspring, in which belief he is confirmed by Schwarzbart, who is induced to practise this deceit, partly by the desire of getting a good dinner and the means of quenching his insatiable thirst, partly by the hope of something turning up in favor of his companion in arms, Wilhelm. As a matter of fact the knapsack does not belong to Wilhelm at all.

On leaving the inn at which the banquet following the wedding of one of their comrades had been held, the knapsacks had inadvertently been exchanged much to Wilhelm's dismay, his own containing a lottery ticket which, as he has just learnt, had won a great prize. The supposed son is of course received with every demonstration of affection by his fond parent, but, though submitting with a very good grace to the endearments of his supposed sister—the maiden with whom he has fallen in love so suddenly,—he resolutely declines being hugged and made much of by the old landlord, this double part being entirely distasteful to his straightforward nature. Nor does his affianced bride, the daughter of the bailiff, fare any better, his affections being placed elsewhere, and their bewilderment is only somewhat appeased by Schwarzbart's explanation that his comrade suffers occasionally from weakness of the brain.

In the next act Peter, a youth of marvellous stupidity and cousin of the bailiff, presents himself in a woeful plight, to which he has been reduced by some soldiers at the same wedding festivities, and shortly after Gustav, the real son, appears on the scene. He is a manly fellow, full of tender thoughts for his home. Great is, therefore, his surprise at finding himself repulsed by his own father, who, not recognizing him, believes him to be an impostor. All the young man's protestations are of no avail, for in his knapsack are found the papers of a certain Wilhelm Stark for whom he is now mistaken.—When silly Peter perceives him he believes him to be the Grenadier who had so ill-treated him at the wedding, though in reality it was Schwarzbart. Gustav is shut up in a large garden-house of his father's; the small town lacking a prison.

In the third act the Magistrate has found out that Wilhelm's papers prove him to be the bailiff's son, being the offspring of his first love,—who had been with a clergyman, and who, after the death of the bailiff's wife, is vainly sought for by his father. Of course this changes everything for the prisoner, who is suddenly accosted graciously by his gruff guardian Barsch, and does not know what to make of his mysterious hints.

Meanwhile Caroline's heart has spoken for the stranger who had addressed her so courteously and chivalrously; she feels that, far from being an impostor, he is a loyal and true-hearted young fellow and, therefore, decides to liberate him. At the same time enters Wilhelm with Schwarzbart seeking Suschen; Peter slips in for the same reason, seeking her, for Suschen is to be his bride. Gustav (the prisoner), hearing footsteps, blows out the candle in order to save Caroline from being recognized, and so they all run about in the dark, playing hide-and-seek in an infinitely droll manner. At last the bailiff, having heard that his son has been found, comes up with the inn-keeper.—The whole mystery is cleared up, and both sons embrace their respective fathers and their brides.

Hansel and Gretel. A Fairy Tale in 3 pictures by Adelheid Wette. Music by Engelbert Humperdinck.

The first act represents the miserable little hut of a broom-maker. Hansel is occupied in binding brooms, Gretel is knitting and singing old nursery-songs, such as "Susy, dear Susy, what rattles in the straw?" Both children are very hungry, and wait impatiently for the arrival of their parents. Hansel is particularly bad-tempered, but the merry and practical Gretel, finding some milk in a pot, soon soothes his ruffled feelings by the promise of a nice rice-pap in the evening. Forgetting work and hunger, they begin to dance and frolic until they roll on the ground together. At this moment their mother enters, and seeing the children idle her wrath is kindled, and she rushes at them with the intention of giving them a sound whipping. Alas! instead of Hansel she strikes the pot and upsets the milk. The mother's vexation cools and only sorrow remains, but she quickly puts a little basket into Gretel's hands and drives the children away, bidding them look for strawberries in the woods. Then, sinking on a chair utterly exhausted, she falls asleep. She is awakened by her husband, who comes in singing and very gay. She sees that he has had a drop too much and is about to reproach him, but the words die on her lips when she sees him unfold his treasure, consisting of eggs, bread, butter, and coffee. He tells her that he has been very fortunate at the church-ale (Kirmes), and bids her prepare supper at once. Alas! the pot is broken, and the mother relates that finding the children idle anger got the better of her and the pot was smashed to pieces. He good-naturedly laughs at her discomfiture, but his merriment is changed to grief when he hears that their children are still in the forest, perhaps even near the Ilsenstein, where the wicked fairy lives who entices children in order to bake and devour them. This thought so alarms the parents that they rush off to seek the children in the forest.

The second act is laid near the ill-famed Ilsenstein. Hansel has filled his basket with strawberries and Gretel is winding a garland of red hips, with which Hansel crowns her. He presents her also with a bunch of wild flowers and playfully does homage to this queen of the woods. Gretel, enjoying the play, pops one berry after another into her brother's mouth; then they both eat while listening to the cuckoo. Before they are aware of it they have eaten the whole contents of the basket and observe with terror that it has grown too dark either to look for a fresh supply or to find their way home. Gretel begins to weep and to call for her parents, but Hansel, rallying his courage, takes her in his arms and soothes her until they both grow sleepy. The dustman comes, throwing his dust into their eyes, but before their lids close they say their evening prayer; then they fall asleep and the fourteen guardian angels, whose protection they invoked. are seen stepping down the heavenly ladder to guard their sleep.

In the third act the morning dawns. Crystal drops are showered on the children by the angel of the dew; Gretel opens her eyes first and wakes her brother with a song. They are still entranced by the beautiful angel-dream they have had, when suddenly their attention is aroused by the sight of a little house made entirely of cake and sugar. Approaching it on tiptoe they begin to break off little bits, but a voice within calls out "Tip tap, tip tap, who raps at my house?" "The wind, the wind, the heavenly child," they answer, continuing to eat and to laugh, nothing daunted. But the door opens softly and out glides the witch, who quickly throws a rope around Hansel's throat. Urging the children to enter her house she tells her name, Rosina Sweet-tooth. The frightened children try to escape, but the fairy raises her staff and by a magic charm keeps them spell-bound. She imprisons Hansel in a small stable with a lattice-door and gives him almonds and currants to eat, then turning to Gretel, who has stood rooted to the spot, she breaks the charm with a juniper bough and compels her to enter the house and make herself useful.

Believing Hansel to be asleep she turns to the oven and kindles the fire, then breaking into wild glee she seizes a broom and rides on it round the house singing, Gretel all the while observing her keenly. Tired with her exertions the witch awakes Hansel and bids him show his finger, at which command Hansel stretches out a small piece of wood. Seeing him so thin the witch calls for more food, and while she turns her back Gretel quickly takes up the juniper bough and, speaking the formula, disenchants her brother. Meanwhile, the witch, turning to the oven, tells Gretel to creep into it in order to see if the honey cakes are ready, but the little girl, affecting stupidity, begs her to show how she is to get in. The witch impatiently bends forward and at the same moment Gretel assisted by Hansel, who has escaped from his prison, pushes her into the hot oven and slams the iron door. —The wicked witch burns to ashes, while the oven cracks and roars and finally falls to pieces. With astonishment the brother and sister see a long row of children, from whom the honey crust has fallen off, standing stiff and stark. Gretel tenderly caresses one of them, who opens his eyes and smiles. She now touches them all, and Hansel, seizing the juniper bough, works the charm and recalls them to new life. The cake-children thank them warmly, and they all proceed to inspect the treasures of the house, when Hansel hears their parents calling them. Great is the joy of father and mother at finding their beloved ones safe and in the possession of a sweet little house. The old sorceress is drawn out of the ruins of the oven in form of an immense honey-cake, whereupon they all thank Heaven for having so visibly helped and protected them.

HOFFMANN'S TALES. A Fantastic Opera in 3 acts by Jules Barbier.
Music by Jacques Offenbach.

The first scene, a prologue, is laid in Luther's famous wine-cellar in Nuremberg.

The hero of the opera, Hoffmann himself, is there, drinking with a number of gay young students, his friends. He is in a despondent mood, and when urged by his companions to tell them the reason of his depression he declares himself ready to relate the story of his three love adventures, while his friends sit round a bowl of flaming strong punch.

Now the scene changes and the curtain rises on the first act. We find Hoffmann in Spalanzani's house. This man is a famous physiologist, and Hoffmann has entered his house as his pupil in order to make the acquaintance of the professor's beautiful daughter Olympia, whom he has seen at a distance.

This daughter is nothing more than an automaton that has been manufactured by Spalanzani and his friend, the wizard Coppelius. This doll can sing, dance, and speak like a human being. Spalanzani hopes to become rich by means of this clever work of art. As half of Olympia (this is the doll's name) belongs to Coppelius, Spalanzani buys her from him, paying him by a draft on the Jew Elias, though he knows him to be bankrupt.— Hoffmann has been persuaded by Coppelius to purchase a pair of spectacles, through which he looks at Olympia, and taking her for a lovely, living maiden, falls violently in love with her.

Spalanzani now gives a grand entertainment at which he presents his daughter Olympia (the automaton), who surprises everybody by her loveliness and fine singing.—Hoffmann is completely bewitched, and as soon as he finds himself alone with her he makes her an ardent declaration of love and is not at all discouraged by her sitting stock-still and only answering from time to time a dry little "ja, ja." At last he tries to embrace her, but as soon as he touches her she rises and trips away.

Hoffmann's friend Niklas finds him in the seventh heaven of rapture and vainly endeavors to enlighten him as to the reason of the beauty's stiffness and heartlessness.

When the dancing begins Hoffmann engages Olympia and they dance on, always faster and faster until Hoffmann sinks down in a swoon, his spectacles being broken by the fall. Olympia spins on alone as fast as ever and presently dances out of the room, Cochenille vainly trying to stop her. Coppelius now enters in a fury, having found out that Spalanzani's draft on Elias is worthless. He rushes to the room into which Olympia has vanished, and when Hoffmann revives he hears a frightful sound of breaking and smashing, and Spalanzani bursts in with the news that Coppelius has broken his valuable automaton. Thus Hoffmann learns that he has been in love with a senseless doll. The guests, who now enter, shout with

laughter at his confusion, while Spalanzani and Coppelius load each other with abuse.

The second act takes place in Giulietta's palace in Venice. Everything breathes joy and love.—Both Niklas and Hoffmann are courting the beautiful lady. Niklas warns his friend against her, but Hoffmann only laughs at the idea that he is likely to love a courtezan. The latter is entirely in the hand of the wizard Dapertutto, who acts towards Hoffmann as an evil spirit under three different names in each of his three love affairs. Giulietta has already stolen for him the shadow of her former lover Schlemihl; now Dapertutto wounds her vanity by telling her that Hoffman has spoken disdainfully of her, and makes her promise to win the young man's love and by that means to make him give her his reflection from a looking-glass.

She succeeds easily, and there ensues a charming love-duet during which they are surprised by the jealous Schlemihl. Giulietta tells Hoffmann that her former lover has the key of her apartments in his pocket, she then departs leaving the two lovers and Dapertutto alone. When Hoffman peremptorily demands the key from Schlemihl the latter refuses to give it up. The result is a duel, for which Dapertutto offers Hoffmann his sword.

After a few passes Schlemihl is killed and Dapertutto disappears. A few moments afterwards Giulietta's gondola passes before the balcony and Hoffmann sees her leaning on Dapertutto's arm singing a mocking farewell to the poor deserted lover.

The third act takes place in Rath Krespel's house. His daughter Antonia has inherited her mother's gift of a beautiful voice, but, alas! also her tendency to consumption. The greatest joy of her life is singing, which, however, her father has forbidden, knowing this exertion to be fatal to his darling.

She is engaged to be married to Hoffmann, but Krespel is averse to the marriage, seeing in it another danger for his daughter's health, as Hoffman is musical and encourages Antonia to sing. Krespel has forbidden his servant Franz to let anybody see Antonia while he goes out of the house, but Franz, who is very deaf, misunderstands his master's orders and joyously welcomes his mistress's suitor. A delicate love-scene follows, during which Antonia shows her lover that her voice is as fine as ever. When they hear Krespel returning Antonia retires to her own room, but Hoffmann hides himself in an alcove, determined to learn why Antonia is so closely hidden from the world.

Immediately after the father's return Doctor Mirakel enters; Krespel is mortally afraid of this mysterious man, as he believes him to have killed his wife by his drugs and that now he aims at his daughter's life.

This Mirakel is a demon who acts as in the two former instances as Hoffmann's evil genius.—From the conversation of the two men Hoffmann learns the secret of his bride's dangerous inheritance, and when

Mirakel has at last been driven out of the room and Krespel has left it too, the lovers both come back again. Hoffmann by earnest entreaty succeeds in gaining Antonia's promise never to sing any more. But when he has left, Mirakel returns and by invoking the spirit of her mother he goads her on to break her promise. She begins to sing and he urges her on, until she sinks back exhausted. It is thus that her father and her lover find her, and after a few sweet words of farewell she dies in their arms.

The Epilogue takes us back to Luther's cellar, where Hoffmann's companions are still sitting over their punch, the steam of which forms clouds over their heads, while they thank their poor, heartbroken friend for his three stories with ringing cheers.

LES HUGUENOTS. Grand Opera in 5 acts by Giacomo Meyerbeer. Text by Scribe.

The scene is laid in France at the time of the bloody persecutions of the Protestants or Huguenots by the Catholics. The Duke of Medicis has apparently made peace with Admiral Coligny, the greatest and most famous of the Huguenots, and we are introduced into the castle of Count Nevers, where the Catholic noblemen receive Raoul de Nangis, a Protestant, who has lately been promoted to the rank of captain. During their meal they speak of love and its pleasures and everybody is called on to give the name of his sweetheart. Raoul begins by telling them that once when taking a walk he surprised a band of students molesting a lady in a litter. He rescued her and, as she graciously thanked him for his gallant service, he thought her more beautiful than any maiden he had ever before seen. His heart burnt with love for her, though he did not know her name. While Raoul drinks with the noblemen, Marcel, his old servant, warns him of the danger of doing so.

Marcel is a strict old Protestant and sings a ballad of the Huguenots to the young people, a song wild and fanatic. They laugh at his impotent wrath, when a lady is announced to Count Nevers, in whom Raoul recognizes the lady of his dreams.

Of course he believes her false and bad, while as a matter of fact she only comes to beseech Nevers, her destined bridegroom, to set her free. Nevers does so, though not without pain. When he returns to his companions he conceals the result of the interview and presently Urbain, a page, enters with a little note for Raoul de Nangis in which he is ordered to attend a lady, unknown to him. The others recognize the seal of Queen Margarita of Valois, and finding him so worthy at once seek to gain his friendship.

In the second act we find Raoul with the beautiful Queen, who is trying to reconcile the Catholics with the Protestants. To this end the Queen has resolved to unite Raoul with Valentine, her lady of honor and daughter of the Count of St. Bris, a staunch Catholic. Valentine tells her heart's secret to her mistress, for to her it was that

Raoul brought assistance, and she loves him. The noble Raoul, seeing Margarita's beauty and kindness, vows himself her knight, when suddenly the whole court enters to render her homage. Recognizing her at last to be the Queen, Raoul is all the more willing to fulfil her wishes and offers his hand in reconciliation to the proud St. Bris, promising to wed his daughter. But when he perceives in her the unknown lady whom he believes to be so unworthy he takes back his word. All are surprised, and the offended father vows bloody vengeance.

In the third act Marcel brings a challenge to St. Bris, which the latter accepts, but Maurevert, a fanatical Catholic nobleman, tells him of other ways in which to annihilate his foe. Valentine, though deadly offended with her lover, resolves to save him. Seeing Marcel she bids him tell his master not to meet his enemy alone. Meanwhile Raoul is already on the spot, and so is St. Bris with four witnesses. While they fight, a quarrel arises between the Catholic and the Protestant citizens, which is stopped by Queen Margarita. The enemies accuse each other, and when the Queen is in doubt as to whom she shall believe Valentine appears to bear witness. Then Raoul hears that her interview with Nevers had been but a farewell, sought for but to loosen forever the ties which her father had formed for her against her will; but the knowledge of his error comes too late, for St. Bris has once more promised his daughter to Nevers, who at this moment arrives with many guests, invited for the wedding. The presence of the Queen preserves peace between the different parties, but Raoul leaves the spot with death in his heart.

In the fourth act the dreadful night of St. Bartholomew is already beginning.

We find Valentine in her room despairing. Raoul comes to take a last farewell, but almost immediately St. Bris enters with a party of Catholics and Raoul is obliged to hide in the adjoining room. There he hears the whole conspiracy for the destruction of the Protestants, beginning with their leader, Admiral Coligny. The Catholics all assent to this diabolical plot; Nevers alone refuses to soil his honor and swears only to fight in open battle. The others, fearing treason, decide to bind and keep him prisoner until the next morning. Raoul prepares to save his brethren or die with them. Vain are Valentine's entreaties; though she confesses to her love for him, he yet leaves her, though with a great effort, to follow the path of duty.

In the last act Raoul rushes pale and bloody into the hall where Queen Margarita sits with her husband Henry of Navarre, surrounded by the court.

He tells them of the terrific events which are going on outside and beseeches their help. It is too late, however; Coligny has already fallen and with him most of the Huguenots.

Raoul meets Valentine once more; she promises to save him if he

will go over to her faith. But Marcel reminds him of his oath, and Valentine, seeing that nothing can move her lover's fortitude and firmness, decides to remain with him. She accepts his creed and so they meet death together: Valentine falling by the side of her deadly wounded lover, both praising God with their last breath.

Iphigenia in Aulis. Grand Opera in 3 acts by Gluck. Text of the original rearranged by R. Wagner.

This opera may be called the first part of the tragedy, and Iphigenia in Tauris very beautifully completes it. The music is sure to be highly relished by a cultivated hearer, characterized as it is by a simplicity which often rises into grandeur and nobility of utterance.

The first scene represents Agamemnon rent by a conflict between his duty and his fatherly love; the former of which demands the sacrifice of his daughter, for only then will a favorable wind conduct the Greeks safely to Ilion. Kalchas, the High Priest of Artemis, appears to announce her dreadful sentence. Alone with the King, Kalchas vainly tries to induce the unhappy father to consent to the sacrifice.

Meanwhile, Iphigenia, who has not received Agamemnon's message which ought to have prevented her undertaking the fatal journey, arrives with her mother Klytemnestra. They are received with joy by the people. Agamemnon secretly informs his spouse that Achilles, Iphigenia's betrothed, has proved unworthy of her and that she is to return to Argos at once.—Iphigenia gives way to her feelings. Achilles appears, the lovers are soon reconciled and prepare to celebrate their nuptials.

In the second act Iphigenia is adorned for her wedding and Achilles comes to lead her to the altar when Arkas, Agamemnon's messenger, informs them that death awaits Iphigenia.

Klytemnestra in despair appeals to Achilles and the bridegroom swears to protect Iphigenia. She alone is resigned in the belief that it is her father's will that she should face this dreadful duty. Achilles reproaches Agamemnon wildly and leaves the unhappy father a prey to mental torture. At last he decides to send Arkas at once to Mykene with mother and daughter and to hide them there until the wrath of the goddess be appeased. But it is too late.

In the third act the people assemble before the Royal tent and with much shouting and noise demand the sacrifice. Achilles in vain implores Iphigenia to follow him. She is ready to be sacrificed, while he determines to kill any one who dares touch his bride. Klytemnestra then tries everything in her power to save her. She offers herself in her daughter's stead, and finding it of no avail, at last sinks down in a swoon. The daughter, having bade her an eternal farewell, with quiet dignity allows herself to be led to the altar. When her mother awakes she rages in impotent fury; then she hears the people's hymn to the goddess, and rushes out to die with her child.—The scene

changes.—The High Priest at the altar of Artemis is ready to pierce the innocent victim. A great tumult arises: Achilles with his native Thessalians makes his way through the crowd in order to save Iphigenia, who loudly invokes the help of the goddess. But at this moment a loud thunder peal arrests the contending parties, and when the mist, which has blinded all, has passed, Artemis herself is seen in a cloud with Iphigenia kneeling before her.

The goddess announces that it is Iphigenia's high mind which she demands and not her blood; she wishes to take her into a foreign land, where she may be her priestess and atone for the sins of the blood of Atreus.

A wind favorable to the fleet has risen, and the people filled with gratitude and admiration behold the vanishing cloud and praise the goddess.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS. Opera in 4 acts by Gluck. Text by Guillard.

The libretto follows pretty exactly the Greek original.

Iphigenia, King Agamemnon's daughter, who has been saved by the goddess Diana (or Artemis) from death at the altar of Aulis, has been carried in a cloud to Tauris, where she is compelled to be High Priestess in the temple of the barbarous Scythians. There we find her after having performed her cruel service for fifteen years.—Human sacrifices are required, but more than once she has saved a poor stranger from this awful lot.

Iphigenia is much troubled by a dream, in which she saw her father deadly wounded by her mother and herself about to kill her brother Orestes. She bewails her fate in having at the behest of Thoas, King of the Scythians, to sacrifice two strangers who have been thrown on his shores. Orestes and his friend Pylades, for these are the strangers, are led to death loaded with chains.

Iphigenia, hearing that they are her countrymen, resolves to save at least one of them in order to send him home to her sister Electra. She does not know her brother Orestes, who, having slain his mother, has fled, pursued by the furies, but an inner voice makes her choose him as a messenger to Greece. A lively dispute arises between the two friends; at last Orestes prevails upon Iphigenia to spare his friend by threatening to destroy himself with his own hands, his life being a burden to him. Iphigenia reluctantly complies with his request, giving the message for her sister to Pylades.

In the third act Iphigenia vainly tries to steel her heart against her victim. At last she seizes the knife, but Orestes' cry, "So you also were pierced by the sacrificial steel, O my sister Iphigenia!" arrests her; the knife falls from her hands and there ensues a touching scene of recognition.

Meanwhile Thoas, who has heard that one of the strangers was about to depart, enters the temple with his bodyguard, and, though Iphigenia tells him that Orestes is her brother and entreats him to

spare Agamemnon's son, Thoas determines to sacrifice him and his sister Iphigenia as well. But his evil designs are frustrated by Pylades, who, returning with several of his countrymen, stabs the King of Tauris. The goddess Diana herself appears and, helping the Greeks in their fight, gains for them the victory. Diana declares herself appeased by Orestes' repentance and allows him to return to Mykene with his sister, his friend, and all his followers.

LA JUIVE (THE JEWESS). Grand Opera in 5 acts by Halévy.
Text by Eugène Scribe.

The scene of action is laid in Constance, in the year 1414, during the Council.

In the first act the opening of the Council is celebrated with great pomp.

The Catholics, having gained a victory over the Hussites, Huss is to be burnt, and the Jews, equally disliked, are oppressed and put down still more than before. All the shops are closed, only Eleazar, a rich Jewish jeweller, has kept his open and is, therefore, about to be imprisoned and put to death when Cardinal de Brogni intervenes and saves the Jew and his daughter Recha from the people's fury. The Cardinal has a secret liking for Eleazar, though he once banished him from Rome. He hopes to gain news from him of his daughter, who was lost in early childhood. But Eleazar hates the Cardinal bitterly. When the mob is dispersed Prince Leopold, the Imperial Commander-in-Chief, approaches Recha. Under the assumed name of Samuel he has gained her affections, and she begs him to be present at a religious feast which is to take place that evening at her father's house. The act closes with a splendid procession of the Emperor and all his dignitaries. Ruggiero, the chief judge in Constance, seeing the hated Jew and his daughter amongst the spectators, is about to seize them once more, when Prince Leopold steps between and delivers them, to Recha's great astonishment.

In the second act we are introduced to a great assembly of Jews, men and women, assisting at a religious ceremony. Samuel is there with them. The holy act is, however, interrupted by the Emperor's niece Princess Eudora, who comes to purchase a golden chain which once belonged to the Emperor Constantin and which she destines for her bridegroom Prince Leopold. Eleazar is to bring it himself on the following day. Samuel, overhearing this, is full of trouble. When the assembly is broken up and all have gone he returns once more to Recha and, finding her alone, confesses that he is a Christian. Love prevails over Recha's filial devotion and she consents to fly with her lover, but they are surprised by Eleazar. Hearing of Samuel's falseness he first swears vengeance, but, mollified by his daughter's entreaties, he only bids him marry Recha. Samuel refuses and has to leave, the father cursing him, Recha bewailing her lover's falseness.

In the third act we assist at the Imperial banquet. Eleazar brings the chain and is accompanied by Recha, who at once recognizes in Eudora's bridegroom her lover Samuel. She denounces the traitor, accusing him of living in unlawful wedlock with a Jewess, a crime which is punishable by death.

Leopold (alias Samuel) is outlawed, the Cardinal Brogni pronounces the anathema upon all three, and they are put into prison.

In the fourth act Eudora visits Recha in prison and by her prayers not only overcomes Recha's hate but persuades her to save Leopold by declaring him innocent. Recha, in her noble-mindedness, pardons Leopold and Eudora and resolves to die alone.

Meanwhile the Cardinal has an interview with Eleazar, who tells him that he knows the Jew who once saved the Cardinal's little daughter from the flames. Brogni vainly entreats him to reveal the name. He promises to save Recha should Eleazar be willing to abjure his faith, but the latter remains firm, fully prepared to die.

In the fifth act we hear the clamors of the people, who furiously demand the Jew's death.

Ruggiero announces to father and daughter the verdict of death by fire. Leopold is set free through Recha's testimony. When in view of the funeral pile Eleazar asks Recha if she would prefer to live in joy and splendor and to accept the Christian faith, but she firmly answers in the negative. Then she is led on to death, and she is just plunged into the glowing furnace when Eleazar, pointing to her, informs the Cardinal that the poor victim is his long-lost daughter; then Eleazar follows Recha into the flames, while Brogni falls back senseless.

LOHENGRIN. Romantic Opera in 3 acts by Richard Wagner.

The scene is laid near Antwerp where "Heinrich der Vogler," King of Germany, is just levying troops amongst his vassals of Brabant to repulse the Hungarian invaders. The King finds the people in a state of great commotion, for Count Frederick Telramund accuses Elsa of Brabant of having killed her young brother Godfrey, heir to the Duke of Brabant, who died a short time before, leaving his children to the care of Telramund. Elsa was to be Telramund's wife, but he wedded Ortrud of Friesland and now claims the deserted Duchy of Brabant.

As Elsa declares her innocence, not knowing what has become of her brother, who was taken from her during her sleep, the King resolves to decide by a tourney in which the whole matter shall be left to the judgment of God. Telramund, sure of his rights, is willing to fight with any champion who may defend Elsa. All the noblemen of Brabant refuse to do so and even the King, though struck by Elsa's innocent appearance, does not want to oppose his valiant and trustworthy warrior.

Elsa alone is calm, she trusts in the help of the heavenly knight,

who has appeared to her in a dream, and publicly declares her intention of offering to her defender the crown and her hand. While she prays there arrives a knight in silver armor; a swan draws his boat. He lands, Elsa recognizes the knight of her dream, and he at once offers to fight for the accused maiden on two conditions: first, that she shall become his wife; and second, that she never will ask for his name and his descent.

Elsa solemnly promises and the combat begins. The strange knight is victorious, and Telramund, whose life the stranger spares, is with his wife Ortrud outlawed.

The latter is a sorceress; she has deceived her husband, who really believes in the murder of Godfrey, while as a matter of fact she has abducted the child. In the second act we see her at the door of the Ducal palace, where preparations for the wedding are already being made. She plans vengeance. Her husband, full of remorse and feeling that his wife has led him on to a shameful deed, curses her as the cause of his dishonor. She derides him and rouses his pride by calling him a coward. Then she pacifies him with the assurance that she will induce Elsa to break her promise and ask for the name of her husband, being sure that then all the power of this mysterious champion will vanish.

When Elsa steps on the balcony to confide her happiness to the stars, she hears her name spoken in accents so sad that her tender heart is moved. Ortrud bewails her lot, invoking Elsa's pity. The Princess opens her door, urging the false woman to share her palace and her fortune. Ortrud at once tries to sow distrust in Elsa's innocent heart.

As the morning dawns a rich procession of men and women throng to the Münster where Elsa is to be united to her protector. Telramund tries vainly to accuse the stranger; he is pushed back and silenced. As Elsa is about to enter the church Ortrud steps forward, claiming the right of precedence. Elsa, frightened, repents too late having protected her. Ortrud upbraids her with not even having asked her husband's name and descent. All are taken aback, but Elsa defends her husband, winning everybody by her quiet dignity.

She turns to Lohengrin for protection, but, alas! the venom rankles in her heart.

When they are all returning from church Telramund once more steps forth, accusing Lohengrin and demanding from the King to know the stranger's name. Lohengrin declares that his name may not be told excepting his wife asks. Elsa is in great trouble, but once more her love conquers and she does not put the fatal question.

But in the third act, when the two lovers are alone, she knows no rest. Although her husband asks her to trust him, she fears that he may once leave her as mysteriously as he came and at last she cannot refrain from asking the luckless question. From this moment all happiness is lost to her. Telramund enters to slay his enemy,

but Lohengrin, taking his sword, kills him with one stroke. Then he leads Elsa before the King and loudly announces his secret. He tells the astounded hearers that he is the Keeper of the Holy-Grail. Sacred and invulnerable to the villain, a defender of right and virtue, he may stay with mankind as long as his name is unknown. But now he is obliged to reveal it. He is Lohengrin, son of Percival, King of the Grail, and is now compelled to leave his wife and return to his home. The swan appears, from whose neck Lohengrin takes a golden ring, giving it to Elsa together with his sword and golden horn.

Just as Lohengrin is about to depart Ortrud appears triumphantly declaring that it was she who changed young Godfrey into a swan and that Lohengrin would have freed him too had Elsa not mistrusted her husband.—Lohengrin, hearing this, sends a fervent prayer to Heaven, and loosening the swan's golden chain the animal dips under water and in his stead rises Godfrey, the lawful heir of Brabant. A white dove descends to draw the boat in which Lohengrin glides away and Elsa falls senseless in her brother's arms.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. Tragic Opera in 3 acts by Gaëtano Donizetti. Text from Scott's romance by Salvatore Cammerano.

Henry Ashton, Lord of Lammermoor, has discovered that his sister Lucia loves his mortal enemy Sir Edgardo of Ravenswood. He confides to Lucia's tutor Raymond that he is lost if Lucia does not marry another suitor of his (her brother's) choice.

Lucia and Edgardo meet in the park. Edgardo tells her that he is about to leave Scotland for France in the service of his country. He wishes to be reconciled to his enemy Lord Ashton, for, though the latter has done him all kinds of evil, though he has slain his father and burnt his castle, Edgardo is willing to sacrifice his oath of vengeance to his love for Lucia. But the lady, full of evil forebodings, entreats him to wait and swears eternal fidelity to him. After having bound himself by a solemn oath he leaves her half-distracted with grief.

In the second act Lord Ashton shows a forged letter to his sister, which goes to prove that her lover is false. Her brother now presses her more and more to wed his friend Arthur, Lord Bucklaw, declaring that he and his party are lost and that Arthur alone can save him from the executioner's axe. At last, when even her tutor Raymond beseeches her to forget Edgardo and, like the others, believes him to be faithless, Lucia consents to the sacrifice. The wedding takes place in great haste, but just as Lucia has finished signing the marriage contract, Edgardo enters to claim her as his own.

With grief and unbounded passion he now sees in his bride a traitress, and tearing his ring of betrothal from her finger he throws it at her feet.

Henry, Arthur, and Raymond order the raving lover to leave the castle, and the act closes in the midst of confusion and despair.

The third act opens with Raymond's announcement that Lucia has lost her reason and has killed her husband in the bridal room. Lucia herself enters to confirm his awful news; she is still in bridal attire, and in her demented condition believes that Arthur will presently appear for the nuptial ceremony. Everybody is full of pity for her, and her brother repents his harshness too late, alas!—Lucia is fast dying, and Eliza leads her away amid the lamentations of all present.

Edgardo, hearing of these things while wandering amid the tombs of his ancestors, resolves to see Lucia once more. When dying she asks for him, but he comes too late. The funeral bells toll, and he stabs himself, praying to be united to his bride in heaven.

Lucrezia Borgia. A Tragic Opera in 3 acts by Donizetti. Text by Felice Romani after Victor Hugo's drama.

The heroine, whose part is by far the best and most interesting, is the celebrated murderess and poisoner Lucrezia Borgia. At the same time she gives evidence, in her dealings with her son Gennaro, of possessing a very tender and motherly heart, and the songs, in which she pours out her love for him, are really fine as well as touching.

Lucrezia, wife of Don Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, goes to Venice in disguise to see the son of her first marriage, Gennaro. In his earliest youth he was given to a fisherman, who brought him up as his own son.—Gennaro feels himself attracted towards the strange and beautiful woman who visits him, but hearing from his companions, who recognize and charge her with all sorts of crimes, that she is Lucrezia Borgia, he abhors her. Don Alfonso, not knowing the existence of this son of an early marriage, is jealous, and when Gennaro comes to Ferrara and in order to prove his hatred of the Borgias tears off Lucrezia's name and scutcheon from the palace-gates, Rustighello, the Duke's confidant, is ordered to imprison him. Lucrezia, hearing from her servant Gubella of the outrage to her name and honor, complains to the Duke, who promises immediate punishment of the malefactor.

Gennaro enters, and terror-stricken Lucrezia recognizes her son. Vainly does she implore the Duke to spare the youth. With exquisite cruelty he forces her to hand the poisoned golden cup to the culprit herself, and, departing, bids her accompany her prisoner to the door. This order gives her an opportunity to administer an antidote by which she saves Gennaro's life, and she implores him to fly. But Gennaro does not immediately follow her advice, being induced by his friend Orsini to assist at a grand festival at Prince Negroni's.

Unhappily all those young men, who formerly reproached and offended Lucrezia so mortally in presence of her son, are assembled there by Lucrezia's orders. She has mixed their wine with poison, and herself appears to announce their death. Horror-stricken she

sees Gennaro, who was not invited, among them. He has partaken of the wine like the others, but on her offering him an antidote he refuses to take it; its quantity is insufficient for his friends, and he threatens to kill the murderess. Then she reveals the secret of his birth to him, but he only turns from this mother, for whom he had vainly longed his whole life, and dies. The Duke, coming up to witness his wife's horrible victory, finds all either dead or dying, and Lucrezia herself expires, stricken down by deadly remorse and pain.

THE MACCABEES. Opera in 3 acts by Anton Rubinstein. Text by Mosenthal, taken from Otto Ludwig's drama of the same name.

The hero is the famous warrior of the Old Testament. The scene takes place one hundred and sixty years before Christ, partly at Modin, a city in the mountains of Judah, and partly in Jerusalem and its environs.

The first act shows Leah with three of her sons, Eleazar, Joarim, and Benjamin. Eleazar is envious of Judah, the eldest son, whose courage and strength are on everybody's lips, but his mother consoles him by a prophecy that Eleazar shall one day be High Priest and King of the Jews.

The fête of the sheep-shearing is being celebrated and Noëmi, Judah's wife, approaches Leah with garlands of flowers asking for her benediction. But she is repulsed by her mother-in-law, who is too proud to recognize the low-born maid as her equal and slights her son Judah for his love. She tries to incite him into rebellion against the Syrians, when Jojakim, a priest, appears. He announces the death of Osias, High Priest of Zion, and calls one of Leah's sons to the important office.—As Judah feels no vocation for such a burden, Eleazar, his mother's favorite, is chosen, and so Leah sees her dream already fulfilled. They are about to depart when the approaching army of the Syrians is announced. Terror seizes the people as Gorgias, the leader of the enemy, marches up with his soldiers and loudly proclaims that the Jews are to erect an altar to Pallas Athene, to whom they must pray henceforth. Leah seeks to inflame Eleazar's spirit, but his courage fails him. The altar is soon erected, and as Gorgias sternly orders that sacrifices are to be offered to the goddess, Boas, Noëmi's father, is found willing to bow to the enemy's commands. But the measure is full, Judah steps forth, and striking Boas, the traitor to their faith, dead, loudly praises Jehovah. He calls his people to arms and repulses the Syrians, and Leah, recognizing her son's greatness, gives him her benediction.

The second act represents a deep ravine near Emmaus; the enemy is beaten and Judah is resolved to drive him from Zion's walls, but Jojakim warns him not to profane the coming Sabbath.

Judah tries to overrule the priests and to excite the people, but he is not heard and the enemy is able to kill the psalm-singing soldiers like lambs.

The next scene shows us Eleazar with Cleopatra, daughter of King Antiochus of Syria.

They love each other, and Eleazar consents to forsake his religion for her, while she promises to make him King of Jerusalem.

In the next scene Leah in the city of Modin is greeted with acclamations of joy, when Simei, a relative of the slain Boas, appears to bewail Judah's defeat. Other fugitives coming up confirm his narrative of the massacre.—Leah hears that Judah fled and that Antiochus approaches conducted by her son Eleazar. She curses the apostate.—She has still two younger sons, but the Israelites take them from her to give as hostages to King Antiochus. Leah is bound to a cypress tree by her own people, who attribute their misfortunes to her and to her sons. Only Noëmi, the despised daughter-in-law, remains to liberate the miserable mother, and together they resolve to ask the tyrant's pardon for the sons.

In the third act we find Judah, alone and unrecognized, in the deserted streets of Jerusalem. Hearing the prayers of the people that Judah may be sent to them, he steps forth and tells them who he is, and all sink at his feet swearing to fight with him to the death. While Judah prays to God for a sign of grace, Noëmi comes with the dreadful news of the events at Modin, which still further rouses the anger and courage of the Israelites. Meanwhile Leah has succeeded in penetrating into Antiochus' presence to beg the lives of her children from him. Eleazar, Gorgias, and Cleopatra join their prayers to those of the poor mother, and at last Antiochus consents, and the two boys are led into the room.

But the King only grants their liberty on condition that they renounce their faith. They are to be burnt alive should they abide by their heresy. The mother's heart is full of agony, but the children's noble courage prevails. They are prepared to die for their God, but the unhappy mother is not even allowed to share their death. When Eleazar sees his brothers' firmness, his conscience awakens, and notwithstanding Cleopatra's entreaties he joins them on their way to death. The hymns of the youthful martyrs are heard, but with the sound of their voices there suddenly mingles that of a growing tumult. Antiochus falls, shot through the heart, and the Israelites rush in, headed by Judah, putting the Syrians to flight. Leah sees her people's victory, but the trial has been too great; she sinks back lifeless. Judah is proclaimed King of Zion, but he humbly bends his head, giving all glory to the Almighty God.

The Magic Flute (Die Zauberflöte.) Opera in 2 acts by Mozart. Text by Schikaneder.

Prince Tamino, a youth as valiant as he is noble and virtuous, is implored by the Queen of Night to save her daughter, whom the old and sage High Priest Sarastro has taken from her by force. The bereaved mother pours forth her woe in heart-melting sounds and

promises everything to the rescuer of her child. Tamino is filled with ardent desire to serve her.—On his way he meets the gay Papageno, who at once agrees to share the Prince's adventures. Papageno is the gay element in the opera; always cheerful and in high spirits, his ever-ready tongue plays him many a funny trick. So we see him once with a lock on his mouth by way of punishment for his idle prating. As he promises never to tell a lie any more, the lock is taken away by the three Ladies of the Queen of Night. These Ladies present Tamino with a golden flute, giving at the same time an instrument made with little silver bells to Papageno, both of which are to help them in times of danger. The Queen of Night even sends with them three boy angels. These are to point out to them the ways and means by which they may attain their purpose.

Now the young and beautiful Princess Pamina is pursued by declarations of love from a negro servant of Sarastro. Papageno comes to her rescue, frightening the negro Monostatos with his feathery dress. Papageno, on the other hand, fears the negro on account of his blackness, believing him to be the devil in person. Papageno escapes with Pamina, but the negro overtakes him with his servants. Then Papageno shakes his bells and, lo! all forgetting their wrath, forthwith begin to dance.

Meanwhile Tamino reaches Sarastro's castle and at once asks for the High Priest, poor Pamina's bitter enemy. The Under Priests do not allow him to enter, but explain that their Master Sarastro is as good as he is sage, and that he always acts for the best. They assure Tamino that the Princess lives and is in no danger. Full of thanks the Prince begins to play on his flute; and just then he hears Papageno's bells. At this juncture Sarastro appears, the wise Master before whom they all bow. He punishes the wicked negro; but Tamino and his Pamina are not to be united without first having given ample proof of their love and constancy. Tamino determines to undergo whatever trials may await him, but the Queen of Night, knowing all, sends her three Ladies to deter Tamino and his comrade from their purpose. But all temptation is gallantly set aside; they have given a promise to Sarastro which they will keep.

Even the Queen of Night herself is unable to weaken their strength of purpose; temptations of every kind overtake them, but Tamino remains firm. He is finally initiated into the mysteries of the goddess Isis.

In the interval Pamina deems Tamino faithless. She would fain die, but the three celestial youths console her by assuring her that Tamino's love is true and that he passes through the most severe trials solely on her behalf.

On hearing this Pamina at once asks to share in the trials, and so they walk together through fire and water, protected by the golden flute as well as by their courage and constancy. They come out purified and happy.

Papageno, having lost his companion, has grown quite melancholy and longs for the little wife that was promised to him and shown to him only for a few moments. He resolves at last to end his life by hanging himself, when the celestial youths appear, reminding him of his bells. He begins to shake them, and Papagena appears in feathery dress, the very counterpart of himself. All might now be well were it not that the Queen of Night, a somewhat unreasonable lady, broods vengeance. She accepts the negro Monostatos as her avenger and promises to give him her daughter. But already Sarastro has done his work: Tamino is united to his Pamina, and before the sunny light of truth everything else vanishes and sinks back into night.

MANON. Opera in 4 acts by J. Massenet. Text by Henry Meilhac and Philippe Gille.

The subject of this opera is based on Prévost's famous novel "Manon Lescaut."

The scene is laid in France in 1721.

The first act takes place in the courtyard of a large inn at Amiens.

Several young cavaliers are amusing themselves by paying attentions to three pretty ladies. They impatiently call upon their host to bring dinner, and at last it is brought to them in great state.

While they are dining in the large saloon above, the stage-coach arrives with a great number of travellers; amongst them is young Manon, a country girl of sixteen; this is her first journey, which, alas! is to end in a convent, an arrangement made by her parents who think her taste for worldly pleasures is greater than it should be. She is expected by her cousin Lescaut, a Garde du Corps, and while he is looking for her luggage, the young beauty is accosted by Guillot-Marfontaine, an old roué and rich farmer, who annoys her with his equivocal speeches and offers her a seat in his carriage. He is quickly driven away by Lescaut on his return; the young man is, however, enticed away by his comrades to play a game of cards, for which purpose he leaves his cousin a second time. Before long another cavalier approaches Manon; this time it is the Chevalier de Grieux, a young nobleman, whose good looks and charming manners please the young girl much better. They quickly fall in love with each other, and when de Grieux offers to take her to Paris, Manon gladly consents, thankful to escape the convent. Remembering Guillot's offer she proposes to make use of the farmer's carriage, and they drive gaily off just before Lescaut returns to look for his cousin. When this worthy soldier hears that the fugitives have gone off in Guillot's carriage, he abuses the farmer with great fury and swears that he will not rest until he shall have found his little cousin.

The second act takes place in a poorly-furnished apartment in Paris.

De Grieux is about to write to his father, whom he hopes to reconcile to his purpose of marrying Manon by telling him of the girl's beauty,

of her youth and innocence. They are interrupted by the entrance of Lescaut, who, accompanied by de Brétigny, another victim of Manon's charms, comes to avenge the honor of the family. While Grieux takes Lescaut aside and pacifies him by showing him the letter he has just written, de Brétigny tells Manon that her lover will be kidnapped this very evening by his father's orders. Manon protests warmly against this act of tyranny, but de Brétigny warns her that her interference would only bring greater harm to both of them, while riches, honors, and liberty will be hers if she lets things take their course.

Manon, who on the one hand sincerely loves de Grieux while on the other hand she has a longing for all the good things of this world, is very unhappy but allows herself to be tempted. When de Grieux leaves her to post his letter she takes a most tender farewell of the little table at which they have so often sat, of the one glass from which they both drank, and of all the objects around. De Grieux, finding her in tears, tries to console her by picturing the future of his dreams, a little cottage in the wood where they are to live for ever happy and contented. A loud knock interrupts them; Manon, knowing what will happen, tries to detain him, but he tears himself from her and, opening the door, is at once seized and carried off.

The third act opens on the promenade Cour-la-Reine in Paris, a scene of merry-making where all the buying, selling, and amusements of a great fair are going on.

The pretty ladies of the first act, Yavotte, Poussette, and Rosette, are being entertained by new lovers, while rich old Guillot looks in vain for a sweetheart.

Manon, who appears on de Brétigny's arm, is the queen of the festival. She has stifled the pangs of conscience which had troubled her when she left de Grieux, and her passion for jewels and riches is as insatiable as ever. Guillot, who hears that de Brétigny has refused to comply with her last wish, which is to order the ballet of the grand opera to dance in the open market-place for her own amusement, rushes off to pay for this whim himself, hoping thereby to gain the young lady's favor.

Manon slowly wanders about in search of new and pretty things to buy, while Brétigny suddenly finds himself face to face with the old Count de Grieux. When he asks for news of his son the Count tells him that the young man has renounced the world and become an Abbé and is a famous preacher at Saint Sulpice. He cuts de Brétigny's expressions of astonishment short by telling him that this turn of things is due to de Brétigny's own conduct, meaning that the latter had done a bad turn to his friend by crossing his path in relation to a certain pretty young lady. De Brétigny, indicating his lady-love by a gesture, says, "That is Manon," and the Count, perceiving her beauty, quite understands his son's infatuation.

But Manon's quick ears have also caught bits of the conversation, and beckoning to her lover she sends him away to buy a golden bracelet for her. She then approaches the Count and asks if his son has quite overcome his passion for the lady who, she says, was a friend of hers. The old man acknowledges that his son had had a hard struggle with his love and grief, but adds "One must try and forget," and Manon repeats the words and falls into a fit of sad musing.

Meanwhile Guillot has succeeded in bringing the ballet-dancers, who perform a beautiful gavotte and other dances. When these are ended he turns to Manon in hope of a word of praise, but the wilful beauty only turns from him to order her carriage, which is to take her to Saint Sulpice, saying lightly to Guillot that she has not cared to look at the ballet after all.

The next scene takes place in the parlor of the seminary in Saint Sulpice. A crowd of ladies has assembled to praise the new Abbé's fine preaching. They at last disperse when the young Abbé enters with downcast eyes. He is warmly greeted by his father, who has followed him. The father at first tries to persuade him to give up his newly chosen vocation before he finally takes the vows, but, seeing him determined, the Count hands him over his mother's inheritance of 30,000 livres and then bids him good-bye. The young man retires to find strength and forgetfulness in prayer.

When he returns to the parlor he finds Manon. She has also prayed fervently that God would pardon her and help her to win back her lover's heart. A passionate scene ensues in which Manon implores his forgiveness and is at last successful. De Grieux opens his arms to her and abandons his vocation.

The fourth act opens in the luxurious drawing-rooms of a great Paris hotel. Games of hazard and lively conversation are going on everywhere. Manon, arriving with de Grieux, is joyously greeted by her old friends. She coaxes her lover to try his luck at play and is seconded by her cousin Lescaut, himself an inveterate gambler, who intimates that fortune always favors a beginner. Guillot offers to play with de Grieux, and truly fortune favors him. After a few turns, in which Guillot loses heavily, the latter rises, accusing his partner of false play.

The Chevalier, full of wrath, is about to strike him, but the others hold him back and Guillot escapes, vowing vengeance. He soon returns with the police headed by the old Count de Grieux, to whom he denounces young de Grieux as a gambler and a cheat and points out Manon as his accomplice. Old Count de Grieux allows his son to be arrested, telling him he will soon be released. Poor Manon is seized by the guards, though all the spectators, touched by her youth and beauty, beg for her release. The old Count says she only gets her deserts.

The last scene takes place on the high road leading to Havre. Cousin Lescaut meets de Grieux, whom he had promised to try to save

Manon from penal servitude by effecting her escape. Unfortunately the soldiers he employed had meanly deserted him, on hearing which de Grieux violently upbraids him. Lescaut pacifies the desperate nobleman by saying that he has thought of other means of rescuing Manon. Soon the wagons conveying the convicts to their destination are heard approaching. One of these wagons stops. Lescaut, accosting one of the soldiers in charge, hears that Manon is inside, dying. He begs that he may be allowed to take a last farewell of his little cousin, and bribing the man with money he succeeds in getting Manon out of the wagon, promising to bring her to the nearest village in due time.

Manon, sadly changed, totters forward and finds herself clasped in her lover's arms. For a little while the two forget all their woes in the joy of being together; Manon deeply repents of her sins and follies and humbly craves his pardon, while he covers her wan face with kisses. Then he tries to raise her, imploring her to fly with him, but, alas! release has come too late, she sinks back and expires in her lover's embrace.

MARGUERITE (or FAUST). Opera in 5 acts by Charles Gounod.

Faust, a celebrated old Doctor, is consumed by an insatiable thirst for knowledge, but, having already lived through a long life devoted to the acquirement of learning and to hard work as a scholar, without having his soul-hunger appreciably relieved, is dissatisfied and in his disappointment wishes to be released from this life which has grown to be a burden to him. At this moment Mephistopheles, the incarnation of the Evil One, appears and persuades him to try life in a new shape. The old and learned Doctor has only known it in theory, Mephisto will now show it to him in practice and in all the splendor of youth and freshness. Faust agrees and Mephisto endows him with youth and beauty. In this guise he sees earth anew. It is Easter time, when all is budding and aglow with freshness and young life, and on such a bright spring day he first sees Margaretha and at once offers her his arm.

But this lovely maiden, pure and innocent, and well-guarded by a jealous brother named Valentin, refuses his company somewhat sharply.—Nevertheless she cannot help seeing the grace and good bearing of the fine cavalier, and the simple village maiden is inwardly pleased with his flattery. A bad fate wills it that her brother Valentin, who is a soldier, has to leave on active service and after giving many good advices and warnings for his beautiful sister's welfare, he goes, and so Mephisto is able to introduce Faust to the unprotected girl by means of a message which he is supposed to have received for an old aunt of Margaretha's, "Frau Marthe Schwertlein." This old gossip, hearing from Mephisto that her husband has been killed in battle, lends a willing ear to the flatteries of the cunning Devil; and Margaretha is left to Faust, who wins her by his love and

easy manners. She is only a simple maiden, knowing nothing of the world's ways and wiles, and she accepts her lover's precious gifts with childish delight.

By and by her brother Valentin returns victorious from the war, but, alas! too late! He challenges his sister's seducer; Mephisto, however, directs Faust's sword and the faithful brother is, much against Faust's own will, slain, cursing his sister with his last breath.

Now Margaretha awakes to the awful reality of her situation and she shrinks from her brother's murderer. Everybody shuns her, and she finds herself alone and forsaken. In despair she seeks refuge in church, but her own conscience is not silenced; it accuses her more loudly than all the pious songs and prayers. Persecuted by evil spirits, forsaken and forlorn, Margaretha's reason gives way and she drowns her new-born child.

Meanwhile Mephisto has done everything to stifle in Faust the pangs of conscience. Faust never wills the evil, he loves Margaretha sincerely, but the bad spirit urges him onward. He shows him all the joys and splendors of earth, and antiquity in its most perfect form in the person of Helena, but in the midst of all his orgies Faust sees Margaretha. He beholds her, pale, unlike her former self, in the white dress of the condemned, with a blood-red circle round the neck. Then he knows no rest, he feels that she is in danger and he bids Mephisto save her.

Margaretha has actually been thrown into prison for her deed of madness and now the executioner's axe awaits her. She sits on the damp straw, rocking a bundle which she takes for her baby, and across her poor, wrecked brain there flit once more pictures of all the scenes of her short-lived happiness. Then Faust enters with Mephisto and tries to persuade her to escape with them. But she instinctively shrinks from her lover, loudly imploring God's and the Saints' pardon. God has mercy on her, for, just as the bells are tolling for her execution, she expires, and her soul is carried to Heaven by angels, there to pray for her erring lover. Mephisto disappears into the earth.

MARTHA. Comic Opera in 4 acts by Flotow. Text by W. Friedrich.

Lady Harriet Durham, tired of the pleasures and splendors of Court, determines to seek elsewhere for a pastime, and hoping to find it in a sphere different from her own, disguises herself and her confidant Nancy as peasant girls, in which garb they visit the Fair at Richmond accompanied by Lord Tristan, who is hopelessly enamoured of Lady Harriet and unwillingly complies with her wish to escort them to the adventure in the attire of a peasant.—They join the servant girls who are there to seek employment and are hired by a tenant Plumkett and his foster-brother Lionel, a youth of somewhat extraordinary behavior, his air being noble and melancholy and much

too refined for a country squire, while the other, though somewhat rough, is frank and jolly in his manner.

The disguised ladies take the handsel from them without knowing that they are bound by it, until the sheriff arrives to confirm the bargain. Now the joke becomes reality and they hear that they are actually hired as servants for a whole year.

Notwithstanding Lord Tristan's protestations the ladies are carried off by their masters, who know them under the names of Martha and Julia.

In the second act we find the ladies in the company of the tenants, who set them instantly to work. Of course they are totally ignorant of household work, and as their wheels will not go round Plumkett shows them how to spin. In his rough but kind way he always commands and turns to Nancy, with whom he falls in love, but Lionel only asks softly when he wishes anything done. He has lost his heart to Lady Harriet and declares his love to her. Though she is pleased by his gentle behavior, she is by no means willing to accept a country squire and wounds him by mockery. Meanwhile Plumkett has sought Nancy for the same purpose, but she hides herself and at last the girls are sent to bed very anxious and perplexed at the turn their adventure has taken. But Lord Tristan comes to their rescue in a coach and they take flight, vainly pursued by the tenants.—Plumkett swears to catch and punish them, but Lionel sinks into deep melancholy from which nothing can arouse him.

In the third act we meet them at a Court hunt, where they recognize their hired servants in two of the lady hunters. They assert their right, but the Ladies disown them haughtily, and when Lionel, whose reason almost gives way under the burden of grief and shame which overwhelms him at thinking himself deceived by Martha, tells the whole story to the astonished Court, the Ladies pronounce him insane and Lord Tristan sends him to prison for his insolence, notwithstanding Lady Harriet and Nancy's prayer for his pardon.

Lionel gives a ring to Plumkett, asking him to show it to the Queen, his dying father having told him that it would protect him from every danger.

In the fourth act Lady Harriet feels remorse for the sad consequences of her haughtiness. She visits the prisoner to crave his pardon. She tells him that she has herself carried his ring to the Queen and that he has been recognized by it as Lord Derby's son, once banished from Court but whose innocence is now proved.

Then the proud Lady offers hand and heart to Lionel, but he rejects her, believing himself duped. Lady Harriet, however, who loves Lionel, resolves to win him against his will. She disappears, and dressing herself and Nancy in the former peasant's attire she goes once more to the Fair at Richmond, where Lionel is also brought by his friend Plumkett. He sees his beloved Martha advance towards him, promising to renounce all splendors and live only for him; then

his melancholy vanishes, and he weds her, his name and possessions being restored to him, while Plumkett obtains the hand of pretty Nancy, alias Julia.

THE MASTER-SINGERS OF NÜREMBERG. Opera in 3 acts by Wagner.

In the first act we see St. Catharine's church in Nüremberg, where Divine Service is being celebrated in preparation for St. John's Day. Eva, the lovely daughter of Master Pogner the jeweller, sees the young knight Walter Stolzing, who has fallen in love with Eva and who has sold his castle in Franconia to become a citizen of Nüremberg. She tells him that her hand is promised to the winner of the prize for a master-song, to be sung on the following morning.

We are now called to witness one of those ancient customs still sometimes practised in old German towns. The master-singers appear and the apprentices prepare everything needful for them. Walter asks one of them, called David, an apprentice of Sachs, what he will have to do in order to compete for the prize. He has not learnt poetry as a profession like those worthy workmen, and David vainly tries to initiate him into their old-fashioned rhyming. Walter leaves him, determined to win the prize after his own fashion.

Pogner appears with Beckmesser the clerk, whom he wishes to have as son-in-law. Beckmesser is so infatuated that he does not doubt of his success. Meanwhile Walter comes up to them, entreating them to admit him into their corporation as a master-singer.

Pogner consents, but Beckmesser grumbles, not at all liking to have a nobleman among them.—When all are assembled, Pogner declares his intention of giving his daughter to the winner of the master-song on the day of St. John's festival and all applaud his resolution. Eva herself may refuse him, but never is she to wed another than a crowned master-singer. Sachs, who loves Eva as his own child, seeks to change her father's resolution, at the same time proposing to let the people choose in the matter of the prize, but he is silenced by his colleagues. They now want to know where Walter has learnt the art of poetry and song, and as he designates Walter von der Vogelweide and the birds of the forest, they shrug their shoulders.

He begins at once to give a proof of his art, praising Spring in a song thrilling with melody. Beckmesser interrupts him; he has marked the rhymes on the black tablet, but they are new and unintelligible to this dry verse-maker, and he will not let them pass. The others share his opinion; only Hans Sachs differs from them, remarking that Walter's song, though new and not after the old use and wont rules of Nüremberg, is justified all the same, and so Walter is allowed to finish it, which he does with a bold mockery of the vain poets, comparing them to crows oversounding a singing bird. Sachs alone feels that Walter is a true poet.

In the second act David the apprentice tells Magdalene, Eva's nurse, that the new singer did not succeed, at which she is honestly

grieved, preferring the gallant younker for her mistress to the old and ridiculous clerk. The old maid loves David; she provides him with food and sweets, and many are the railleries which he has to suffer from his companions in consequence.

The evening coming on we see Sachs in his open workshop; Eva, his darling, is in confidential talk with him. She is anxious about to-morrow, and rather than wed Beckmesser she would marry Sachs, whom she loves and honors as a father. Sachs is a widower, but he rightly sees through her schemes and resolves to help the lovers.

It has now grown quite dark and Walter comes to see Eva, but they have not sat long together when the sounds of a lute are heard.

It is Beckmesser trying to serenade Eva, but Sachs interrupts him by singing himself and thus excites Beckmesser's wrath and despair. At last a window opens and Beckmesser, taking Magdalene for Eva, addresses her in louder and louder tones, Sachs all the time beating the measure on a shoe. The neighboring windows open, there is a general alarm, and David, seeing Magdalene at the window apparently listening to Beckmesser, steals behind this unfortunate minstrel and begins to slap him. In the uproar which now follows Walter vainly tries to escape from his refuge under the lime-tree, but Sachs comes to his rescue and takes him into his own workshop, while he pushes Eva unseen into her father's house, the door of which has just been opened by Pogner.

In the third act we find Sachs in his room. Walter enters, thanking him heartily for the night's shelter. Sachs kindly shows him the rules of poetry, encouraging him to try his luck once more. Walter begins and quite charms Sachs with his love-song. After they have left the room, Beckmesser enters and, reading the poetry which Sachs wrote down, violently charges the shoemaker with wooing Eva himself. Sachs denies it and allows Beckmesser to keep the paper. The latter, who has vainly ransacked his brains for a new song, is full of joy, hoping to win the prize with it.

When he is gone Eva slips in to fetch her shoes and she sees Walter stepping out of his dormitory in brilliant armor. He has found a third stanza to his song, which he at once produces.—They all proceed to the place where the festival is to be held and Beckmesser is the first to try his fortunes, which he does by singing the stolen song. He sadly muddles both melody and words, and being laughed at, he charges Sachs with treachery, but Sachs quietly denies the authorship, pushing forward Walter, who now sings his stanzas inspired by love and poetry. No need to say that he wins the hearers' hearts as he has won those of Eva and Sachs, and that Pogner does not deny him his beloved daughter's hand.

MIGNON. Opera in 3 acts by Ambroise Thomas. Text by Michel Carré and Jules Barbier.

The first two acts take place in Germany.

Lothario, a half-demented old man poorly clad as a wandering minstrel, seeks his lost daughter Sperata. Mignon comes with a band of gypsies, who abuse her because she refuses to dance. Lothario advances to protect her, but Jarno, the chief of the troop, only scorns him, until a student, Wilhelm Meister, steps forth and rescues her, a young actress named Philine compensating the gypsy for his loss by giving him all her loose cash. Mignon, grateful for the rescue, falls in love with Wilhelm and wants to follow and serve him, but the young man, though delighted with her loveliness and humility, is not aware of her love. Nevertheless he takes her with him. He is of good family, but by a whim just now stays with a troop of comedians, to whom he takes his protégée. The coquette Philine loves Wilhelm and has completely enthralled him by her arts and graces. She awakes bitter jealousy in Mignon, who tries to drown herself but is hindered by the sweet strains of Lothario's harp which appeal to the noble feelings of her nature. The latter always keeps near her, watching over the lovely child. He instinctively feels himself attracted towards her; she recalls his lost daughter to him and he sees her as abandoned and lonely as himself. Mignon, hearing how celebrated Philine is, wishes that the palace, within which Philine plays, might be struck by lightning, and Lothario at once executes her wish by setting the house on fire.

While the guests rush into the garden, Philine orders Mignon to fetch her nosegay, the same flowers which the thoughtless youth offered to his mistress Philine. Mignon, reproaching herself for her sinful wish, at once flies into the burning house, and only afterwards does her friend Laërtes perceive that the theatre has caught fire too. Everybody thinks Mignon lost, but Wilhelm, rushing into the flames, is happy enough to rescue her.

The third act carries us to Italy, where the sick Mignon has been brought. Wilhelm, having discovered her love, which she reveals in her delirium, vows to live only for her. Lothario, no longer a minstrel, receives them as the owner of the palace, from which he had been absent since the loss of his daughter. While he shows Mignon the relics of the past, a scarf and a bracelet of corals are suddenly recognized by her. She begins to remember her infantine prayers, she recognizes the hall with the marble statues and her mother's picture on the wall.—With rapture Lothario embraces his long-lost Sperata. But Mignon's jealous love has found out that Philine followed her and she knows no peace until Wilhelm has proved to her satisfaction that he loves her best.

At last Philine graciously renounces Wilhelm and turns to Friedrich, one of her many adorers, whom to his own great surprise she designates as her future husband. Mignon at last openly avows her

passion for Wilhelm. The people, hearing of the arrival of their master, the Marquis of Cypriani, alias Lothario, come to greet him with loud acclamations of joy, which grow still louder when he presents to them his daughter Sperata and Wilhelm, her chosen husband.

La Muette de Portici. Grand Historical Opera in 5 acts by Auber. Text by Scribe.

In the first act we witness the wedding of Alfonso, son of the Viceroy of Naples, with the Spanish Princess Elvira. Alfonso, who has seduced Fenella, the Neapolitan Masaniello's dumb sister and abandoned her, is tormented by doubts and remorse, fearing that she has committed suicide. During the festival Fenella rushes in to seek protection from the Viceroy, who has kept her a prisoner for the past month. She has escaped from her prison and narrates the story of her seduction by gestures, showing a scarf which her lover gave her. Elvira promises to protect her and proceeds to the altar, Fenella vainly trying to follow. In the chapel Fenella recognizes her seducer in the bridegroom of the Princess. When the newly married couple come out of the church, Elvira presents Fenella to her husband and discovers from the dumb girl's gestures that he was her faithless lover. Fenella flies, leaving Alfonso and Elvira in sorrow and despair.

In the second act the fishermen, who have been brooding in silence over the tyranny of their foes, begin to assemble. Pietro, Masaniello's friend, has sought for Fenella in vain, but at length she appears of her own accord and confesses her wrongs. Masaniello is infuriated and swears to have revenge, but Fenella, who still loves Alfonso, does not mention his name. Then Masaniello calls the fishermen to arms and they swear perdition to the enemy of their country.

In the third act we find ourselves in the market-place in Naples where the people go to and fro, selling and buying, all the while concealing their purpose under a show of merriment and carelessness. Selva, the officer of the Viceroy's bodyguard from whom Fenella has escaped, discovers her, and the attempt to rearrest her is the sign for a general revolt, in which the people are victorious.

In the fourth act Fenella comes to her brother's dwelling and describes the horrors which are taking place in the town. The relation fills his noble soul with sorrow and disgust. When Fenella has retired to rest, Pietro enters with comrades and tries to excite Masaniello to further deeds, but he only wants liberty and shrinks from murder and cruelties.

They tell him that Alfonso has escaped and that they are resolved to overtake and kill him. Fenella, who hears all, decides to save her lover. At this moment Alfonso begs at her door for a hiding-place. He enters with Elvira, and Fenella, though at first disposed to avenge herself on her rival, pardons her for Alfonso's sake. Masaniello, reentering, assures the strangers of his protection, and even when Pietro denounces Alfonso as the Viceroy's son he holds his promise sacred.

Pietro, with his fellow conspirators, leaves him full of rage and hatred.

Meanwhile the magistrate of the city presents Masaniello with the Royal Crown and he is proclaimed King of Naples.

In the fifth act we find Pietro with the other fishermen before the Viceroy's palace. He confides to Moreno that he has administered poison to Masaniello in order to punish him for his treason and that the King of one day will soon die. While he speaks Borella rushes in to tell of a fresh troop of soldiers marching against the people with Alfonso at their head. Knowing that Masaniello alone can save them, the fishermen entreat him to take the command of them once more, and Masaniello, though deadly ill and half bereft of his reason, complies with their request. The combat takes place while an eruption of Vesuvius is going on. Masaniello falls in the act of saving Elvira's life. On hearing these terrible tidings Fenella rushes to the terrace, from which she leaps into the abyss beneath, while the fugitive noblemen again take possession of the city.

NORMA, Tragic Opera in 2 acts by Bellini. Text by Romani.

Norma, daughter of Orovist, chief of the Druids and High Priestess herself, has broken her vows and secretly married Pollio, the Roman Proconsul. They have two children. But Pollio's love has vanished. In the first act he confides to his companion Flavius that he is enamoured of Adalgisa, a young priestess in the temple of Irminsul, the Druids' god.

Norma, whose secret nobody knows but her friend Clothilde, is worshipped by the people, being the only one able to interpret the oracles of their god. She prophesies Rome's fall, which she declares will be brought about not by the prowess of Gallic warriors but by its own weakness. She sends away the people to invoke alone the benediction of the god. When she also is gone, Adalgisa appears, and is persuaded by Pollio to fly with him to Rome. But remorse and fear induce her to confess her sinful love to Norma, whom she like the others adores. Norma, however, seeing the resemblance to her own fate, promises to release her from her vows and give her back to the world and to happiness, but hearing from Adalgisa the name of her lover, who, as it happens, just then approaches, she of course reviles the traitor, telling the poor young maiden that Pollio is her own spouse. The latter defies her, but she bids him leave. Though as he goes he begs Adalgisa to follow him, the young priestess turns from the faithless lover and craves Norma's pardon for the offence she has unwittingly been guilty of.

In the second act Norma, full of despair at Pollio's treason, resolves to kill her sleeping boys. But they awake and the mother's heart shudders as she thinks of her purpose; then she calls for Clothilde and bids her fetch Adalgisa.

When she appears Norma entreats her to be a mother to her chil-

dren and to take them to their father Pollio, because she has determined to free herself from shame and sorrow by a voluntary death. But the noble-hearted Adalgisa will not hear of this sacrifice and promises to bring Pollio back to his first love. After a touching duet, in which they swear eternal friendship to each other, Norma takes courage again. Her hopes are vain, however, for Clothilde enters to tell her that Adalgisa's prayers were of no avail.—Norma, distrusting her rival, calls her people to arms against the Romans and gives orders to prepare the funeral pile for the sacrifice. The victim is to be Pollio, who was captured in the act of carrying Adalgisa off by force. Norma orders her father and the Gauls away that she may speak alone with Pollio, to whom she promises safety if he will renounce Adalgisa and return to her and to her children. But Pollio, whose only thought is of Adalgisa, pleads for her and for his own death. Norma, denying it to him, calls the priests of the temple to denounce as victim a priestess, who, forgetting her sacred vows, has entertained a sinful passion in her bosom and betrayed the gods. Then she firmly tells them that she herself is this faithless creature, but to her father alone does she reveal the existence of her children.

Pollio, recognizing the greatness of her character, which impels her to sacrifice her own life in order to save him and her rival, feels his love for Norma revive, and stepping forth from the crowd of spectators, he takes his place beside her on the funeral pile. Both commend their children to Norma's father Orovist, who finally pardons the poor victims.

Le Nozze di Figaro. Comic Opera in 4 acts by Mozart. Text by Lorenzo da Ponte.

Count Almaviva, though married to Rosina and loving her ardently, cannot bring himself to cease playing the rôle of a gallant cavalier; he likes pretty women wherever he finds them, and, notwithstanding his high moral principles, is carrying on a flirtation with Rosina's maid, the charming Susanna. This does not hinder him from being jealous of his wife, who is here represented as a character both sweet and passive. He suspects her of being overfond of her page, Cherubino.—From the bystanders, Doctor Bartolo and Marcellina, we hear that their old hearts have not yet ceased to glow at the touch of youth and love; Bartolo would fain give his affections to Susanna, while Marcellina pretends to have claims on Figaro.

These are the materials which are so dexterously woven into the complicated plot and which furnish so many funny quid-pro-quos.

In the second act we find Cherubino, the Page, in the rooms of the Countess, who, innocent and pure herself, sees in him only a child; but this youth has a passionate heart and he loves his mistress ardently. Mistress and maid have amused themselves with Cherubino, putting him into women's dresses. The Count, rendered suspicious by a letter, given to him by Basilio, bids his wife open her door. The

women, afraid of his jealousy, detain him a while, and only open the door when Cherubino has got safely through the window and away over the flower beds. The Count, entering full of wrath, finds only Susanna with his wife. Ashamed of his suspicions, he asks her pardon and swears never to be jealous again. All blame in the matter of the letter is put on Figaro's shoulders, but this cunning fellow lies boldly and the Count cannot get the clue to the mystery. Figaro and Susanna, profiting by the occasion, entreat the Count at last to consent to their wedding, which he has always put off. At this moment the gardener Antonio enters, complaining of the spoilt flower beds. Figaro, taking all upon himself, owns that he sprang out of the window, having had an interview with Susanna and fearing the Count's anger. All deem themselves saved when Antonio presents a document which the fugitive has lost. The Count, not quite convinced, asks Figaro to tell him the contents; but the latter, never at a loss and discovering that it is the Page's patent, says that the document was given to him by the Page, the seal having been forgotten. The Count is about to let him off when Bartolo appears with Marcellina, who claims a matrimonial engagement with Figaro. Her claim is favored by the Count, who wishes to see Susanna unmarried. Out of this strait, however, they are delivered by finding that Figaro is the son of the old couple, the child of their early love; and all again promises well. But the Countess and Susanna have prepared a little punishment for the jealous husband as well as for the flighty lover.

They have both written letters in which they ask the men to an interview in the garden. Susanna's letter goes to the Count, Rosina's to Figaro. Under the wings of night the two women meet, each, her own lover, but Susanna wears the Countess' dress, while Rosina has arrayed herself in Susanna's clothes.

The Countess, not usually given to such tricks, is very anxious. While she awaits her husband Cherubino approaches, and taking her for Susanna he, like a little Don Juan as he is, makes love to her. Hearing the Count's steps, he disappears. Almaviva caresses the seeming Susanna, telling her nice things and giving her a ring, which she accepts. They are observed by the other couple and the sly Figaro, who has recognized Susanna notwithstanding her disguise, denounces the Count to her, vows eternal love, and generally makes his bride burn with wrath. In her anger she boxes his ears, upon which he confesses to having known her from the first, and at once restores her good-humor.

Seeing the Count approach they continue to play their former rôles, and the false Countess makes love to Figaro, till the Count accosts her as "traitress." For a while she lets him suffer all the tortures of jealousy, then the lights appear and the Count stands ashamed before his lovely wife, recognizing his mistake. The gentle Countess forgives him, and the repenting husband swears eternal fidelity. He

speedily unites the lovers Figaro and Susanna, and forgives even the little Page Cherubino.

THE NUREMBERG DOLL (DIE NÜRNBERGER PUPPE). Comic Opera in 1 act by A. Adam. Text by Leuven and Beauplan, translated into German by Ernst Pasqué.

The scene takes place in a toy-shop at Nüremberg. Cornelius the owner, has an only son, Benjamin, whom he dearly loves notwithstanding his stupidity; while he is most unjust to his orphan nephew, Heinrich, whom he keeps like a servant after having misappropriated the latter's inheritance.

The old miser wants to procure a wife for his darling, a wife endowed with beauty and every virtue; and as he is persuaded that such a paragon does not exist in life, he has constructed a splendid doll which he hopes to endow with life by the help of Doctor Faust's magic book.

He only awaits a stormy night for executing his design. Meanwhile he enjoys life, and when presented to us is just going with Benjamin to a masked ball, after sending at the same time his nephew supperless to bed.—When they have left, Heinrich reappears in the garb of Mephistopheles, and clapping his hands his fiancée Bertha, a poor seamstress, soon enters.

Sadly she tells her lover that she is unable to go to the ball, having given all her money, which she had meant to spend on a dress, to a poor starving beggar-woman in the street.

Heinrich, touched by his love's tender heart, good-humoredly determines to lay aside his mask, in order to stay at home with Bertha, when suddenly a bright idea strikes him. Remembering the doll, which his uncle hides so carefully in his closet, which has, however, long been spied out by Heinrich, he shows it to Bertha, who delightedly slips into the doll's beautiful clothes, which fit her admirably.

Unfortunately Cornelius and his son are heard returning while Bertha is still absent dressing. The night has grown stormy, and the old man deems it favorable for his design; so he at once proceeds to open Faust's book and to begin the charm.

Heinrich, who has hardly had time to hide himself in the chimney, is driven out by his cousin's attempts to light a fire. He leaps down into the room and the terrified couple take him for no other than the Devil in person, Heinrich wearing his mask and being besides blackened by soot from the chimney. Perceiving his uncle's terror, he profits by it, and at once beginning a conjuration he summons the doll, that is to say, Bertha in the doll's dress. Father and son are delighted by her performances, but when she opens her mouth and reveals a very wilful and wayward character, Cornelius is less charmed. The doll peremptorily asks for food, and Mephistopheles indicates that it is to be found in the kitchen. While the worthy pair

go to fetch it, Mephistopheles, hastily exchanging words with his lady-love, vanishes into his sleeping room.

The doll now begins to lead a dance which makes the toymaker's hair stand on end. She first throws the whole supper out of the window, following it with plate, crockery, toys, etc. Then, taking a drum, she begins to drill them like a regular tambour-major, slapping their ears, mouths, and cheeks as soon as they try to approach her.

At last, when they are quite worn out, she flies into the closet. But now the father's spirit is roused, he resolves to destroy his and the Devil's work; however, he is hindered by Heinrich, who now makes his appearance and seems greatly astonished at the uproar and disorder he finds in the middle of the night. He only wants to gain time for Bertha to undress and then escape.

Resolutely the old man walks into the closet to slay the doll. But he returns pale and trembling, having destroyed her while asleep and believing to have seen her spirit escape through the window with fiendish laughter.—Yet, awed by his deed, he sees Heinrich returning, who confesses to his uncle that he has found out his secret about the doll, and that, having accidentally broken it, he has substituted a young girl. Cornelius, half dead with fright, sees himself already accused of murder; his only salvation seems to lie in his nephew's silence and instant flight. Heinrich is willing to leave the country provided his uncle give him back his heritage, which consists of 10,000 thalers. After some vain remonstrances the old man gives him the gold. Heinrich, having gained his ends, now introduces Bertha, and the wicked old fool and his son see too late that they have been the dupes of the clever nephew.

Orfeo e Eurydice. Opera in 3 acts by Gluck. Text by Raniero di Calzabigi.

Orpheus, the celebrated Greek musician and singer, has lost his wife Eurydice. His mournful songs fill the groves where he laments, and with them he touches the hearts not only of his friends but of the gods. On his wife's grave Amor appears to him and bids him descend into Hades, where he is to move the Furies and the Elysian shadows with his sweet melodies and win back from them his lost wife.

He is to recover her on a condition, which is, that he never casts a look on her on their return to earth; for if he fails in this, Eurydice will be for ever lost to him.

Taking his lyre and casque Orpheus promises obedience, and with new hope sallies forth on his mission. The second act represents the gates of Erebus, from which flames arise. Orpheus is surrounded by furies and demons, who try to frighten him; but he, nothing daunted, mollifies them by his sweet strains and they set free the passage to Elysium, where Orpheus has to win the happy shadows. He beholds Eurydice among them, veiled; the happy shadows readily

surrender her to him, escorting the pair to the gates of their happy vale.

The third act beholds the spouses on their way back to earth. Orpheus holds Eurydice by the hand drawing the reluctant wife on, but without raising his eyes to her face; on and on through the winding and obscure paths which lead out of the infernal regions. Notwithstanding his protestations of love and his urgent demands to her to follow him, Eurydice never ceases to implore him to cast a single look on her, threatening him with her death should he not fulfil her wish. Orpheus, forbidden to tell her the reason of his strange behavior, long remains deaf to her cruel complaints, but at last he yields and looks back, only to see her expire under his gaze. Overwhelmed by grief and despair Orpheus draws his sword to destroy himself, when Amor appears and stays the fatal stroke.

In pity for Orpheus' love and constancy he reanimates Eurydice (contrary, however, to the letter of the Greek tragedy), and the act closes with a beautiful chorus sung in Amor's praise.

Pagliacci (Merry Andrew). Musical Drama in 2 acts and a prologue. Music and Text by R. Leoncavallo. Translated into the German by Ludwig Hartmann.

In the Prologue, a wonderful piece of music, Tonio the Fool announces to the public the deep tragic sense which often is hidden behind a farce, and prepares them for the sad end of the lovers in this comedy.

The introduction, with its wonderful Largo, is like a mournful lamentation; then the curtain opens, showing the entry of a troop of wandering actors, so common in southern Italy. They are received with high glee by the peasants, and Canio, the owner of the troop, invites them all to the evening's play. Canio looks somewhat gloomy, and he very much resents the taunts of the peasants, who court his beautiful wife Nedda and make remarks about the Fool's attentions to her. Nevertheless Canio gives way to his friends' invitation for a glass of Chianti wine, and he takes leave of his wife with a kiss, which, however, does not quite restore her peace of mind, Nedda's conscience being somewhat disturbed. But soon she casts aside all evil forebodings and vies with the birds in warbling pretty songs, which, though reminding the hearer of Wagner's Siegfried, are of surpassing harmony and sweetness. Tonio the Fool, spying the moment to find Nedda alone, approaches her with a declaration of love, but she haughtily turns from him, and as he only grows more obstrusive and even tries to embrace her, she seizes a whip and slaps him in the face. Provoked to fury, he swears to avenge himself. Hardly has he turned away when the peasant Silvio appears on the wall. He is Nedda's lover, and, having seen Canio sitting in the tavern, he entreats her to separate herself from the husband she

never loved and take flight with him. Nedda hesitates between duty and passion, and at last the latter prevails and she sinks into his arms. This love duet is wonderful in style and harmony. Tonio unfortunately has spied out the lovers and returns with Canio. But, on perceiving the latter's approach, Silvio has leapt over the wall, his sweetheart's body covering his own person so that Canio is unable to recognize his rival; he once more reminds Nedda to be ready that night and then takes flight. With an inarticulate cry Canio rushes after him, and Nedda falls on her knees to pray for her lover's escape, while Tonio the Fool triumphs over her misery. The husband, however, returns defeated; panting, he claims the lover's name, and Nedda's lips remaining sealed he is about to stab his wife when Beppo the Harlequin intervenes, and, wrenching the dagger from his unfortunate master's hands, intimates that it is time to prepare for the play. While Nedda retires Canio breaks out into a bitter wail over his hard lot, which compels him to take part in the farce, which for him is bitter reality. With this air the tragic height of the opera is reached.

In the second act the spectators throng before the small stage, each of them eager to get the best seat. Nedda appears dressed as Colombine, and while she is collecting the money she finds time to warn Silvio of her husband's wrath. The curtain opens and Nedda is seen alone on the stage listening to the sentimental songs of Arlequin, her lover in the play. Before she has given him the sign to enter, Tonio, in the play called Taddeo the Fool, enters, bringing the food which his mistress has ordered for herself and Arlequin. Just as it really happened in the morning, the poor Fool now makes love to her in play; but when scornfully repulsed he humbly retires, swearing to the goodness and pureness of his lady-love. Arlequin entering through the window, the two begin to dine merrily, but Taddeo re-enters, in mocking fright, to announce the arrival of the husband Bajazzo (Canio). The latter, however, is in terrible earnest, and when he hoarsely exacts the lover's name the lookers-on, who hitherto have heartily applauded every scene, begin to feel the awful tragedy hidden behind the comedy. Nedda remains outwardly calm, and mockingly she names innocent Arlequin as the one who had dined with her. Then Bajazzo begins by reminding her how he found her in the street a poor waif and stray, whom he nursed, petted, and loved, and Nedda remaining cold, his wrath rises to fury and he wildly curses her, shrieking, "The name, I will know his name!" But Nedda, though false, is no traitress. "Should it cost my life I will never betray him!" she cries, at the same time trying to save her life by hurrying from the stage amongst the spectators. Too late, alas! Canio already has reached and stabbed her, and Silvio, who rushes forward, also receives his death-stroke from the hands of the deceived husband, who has heard his name slip from the dying lips of his wife. All around stand petrified, nobody dares to touch the

avenger of his honor, who stands by his wife's corpse limp and broken-hearted: "Go," says he, "go, the farce is ended."

PARSIFAL. A Festival Drama by Richard Wagner.

The first scene is laid in a forest on the grounds of the keepers of the Grail near Castle Monsalvat. Old Gurnemanz awakes two young Squires for their morning prayer, and bids two Knights prepare a bath for the sick King Amfortas, who suffers cruelly from a wound, dealt him by the sorcerer Klingsor, the deadly foe of the Holy Grail. The Grail is a sacred cup, from which Christ drank at the last Passover and which also received his holy blood. Titurel, Amfortas' father, has built the castle to shield it, and appointed holy men for its service. While Gurnemanz speaks with the Knights about their poor master's sufferings, in rushes Kundry, a sorceress in Klingsor's service, condemned to laugh eternally as a punishment for having derided Christ, while he was suffering on the Cross. She it was who with her beauty seduced Amfortas and deprived him of his holy strength, so that Klingsor was enabled to wring from the King his holy spear Longinus, with which he afterwards wounded him. Kundry is in the garb of a servant of the Grail; she brings balm for the King, who is carried on to the stage in a litter, but it avails him not: "a guileless fool" with a child's pure heart, who will bring back the holy spear and touch him with it, can alone heal his wound.

Suddenly a dying swan sinks to the ground, and Parsifal, a young knight, appears. Gurnemanz reproaches him severely for having shot the bird, but he appears to be quite ignorant of the fact that it was wrong and, when questioned, proves to know nothing about his own origin. He only knows his mother's name "Herzeleid" (heart's affliction), and Kundry, who recognizes him, relates that his father Gamuret perished in battle and that his mother reared him, a guileless fool, in the desert. When Kundry mentions that his mother is dead and has sent her last blessing to her son, Parsifal is almost stunned by this, his first grief. Gurnemanz conducts him to the castle, where the Knights of the Grail are assembled in a lofty hall. Amfortas is laid on a raised couch, and from behind Titurel's voice is heard imploring his son to efface his guilt in godly works. Amfortas, writhing with pain, is comforted by the prophecy:

"By pity lightened, the guileless fool—
Wait for him,—my chosen tool."

The Grail is uncovered, the blessing given, and the repast of love begins. Amfortas' hope revives, but towards the end his wound bursts out afresh. Parsifal, on hearing Amfortas' cry of agony, clutches at his heart, without, however, understanding his own feelings.

The second act reveals Klingsor's magic castle.

Kundry, not as a demon now, but as a woman of imperious beauty,

is awakened by Klingsor to seduce Parsifal. She yearns for pardon, for sleep and death, but she struggles in vain against the fiendish Klingsor.

The tower gradually sinks; a beautiful garden rises, into which Parsifal gazes with rapture and astonishment. Lovely maidens rush towards him, accusing him of having destroyed their lovers. Parsifal, surprised, answers that he slew them because they checked his approach to their charms. But when their tenderness waxes hotter he gently repulses the damsels and at last tries to escape. He is detained, however, by Kundry, who tells him again of his beloved mother, and when Parsifal is sorrow-stricken at having forgotten her in his thoughtless rambles, she consoles him, pressing his lips with a fervent kiss. This rouses the dreamy youth, he awakes to his duty, he feels the King's spear-wound burning; the unconscious fool is a fool no longer, but conscious of his mission and distinguishing right from wrong. He calls to the Saviour to save him from a guilty passion, and at last he starts up, spurning Kundry. She tells him of her own crime, of Amfortas' fall, and curses all paths and ways which would lead him from her. Klingsor, appearing at her cry, flings the holy spear at Parsifal, but it remains floating over his head, and the youth, grasping it, destroys the magic by the sign of the cross.

In the third act Gurnemanz awakes Kundry from a death-like sleep, and is astonished to find her changed. She is penitent and serves the Grail. Parsifal enters from the woods. Gurnemanz recognizes and greets him, after his wanderings in search of the Grail which have extended over long years. Kundry washes his feet and dries them with her own hair. Parsifal, seeing her so humble, baptizes her with some water from the spring, and the dreadful laugh is taken from her; then she weeps bitterly. Parsifal, conducted to the King, touches his side with the holy spear and the wound is closed. Old Titurel, brought on the stage in his coffin, revives once more a moment, raising his hands in benediction. The Grail is revealed, pouring a halo of glory over all. Kundry, with her eyes fixed on Parsifal, sinks dead to the ground, while Amfortas and Gurnemanz render homage to their new King.

Philémon and Baucis. Opera in 2 acts by Charles Gounod. Text by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, with an intermezzo.

In the first act Jupiter comes to Philémon's hut, accompanied by Vulcan, to seek refuge from a storm, which the god himself has caused. He has come to earth to verify Mercury's tale of the people's badness, and finding the news only too true, besides being uncourteously received by the people around, he is glad to meet with a kindly welcome at Philémon's door.

This worthy old man lives in poverty, but in perfect content with his wife Baucis, to whom he has been united in bonds of love for

sixty long years. Jupiter, seeing at once that the old couple form an exception to the evil rule, resolves to spare them, and to punish only the bad folks. The gods partake of the kind people's simple meal, and Jupiter, changing the milk into wine, is recognized by Baucis, who is much awed by the discovery. But Jupiter reassures her and promises to grant her only wish, which is, to be young again with her husband and to live the same life. The god sends them to sleep, and then begins the intermezzo.

Phrygians are seen reposing after a festival, bacchants rush in and the wild orgies begin afresh. The divine is mocked and pleasure praised as the only god. Vulcan comes, sent by Jupiter to warn them, but as they only laugh at him, mocking Olympus and the gods, Jupiter himself appears to punish the sinners. An awful tempest arises, sending everything to wrack and ruin.

In the second act Philémon's hut is changed into a palace; he awakes to find himself and his wife young again. Jupiter, seeing Baucis' beauty, orders Vulcan to keep Philémon apart, while he courts her. Baucis, though determined to remain faithful to her Philémon, feels, nevertheless, flattered at the god's condescension, and dares not refuse him a kiss. Philémon, appearing on the threshold, sees it, and violently reproaches her and his guest, and, though Baucis suggests who the latter is, the husband does not feel in the least inclined to share his wife's love even with a god. The first quarrel takes place between the couple, and Vulcan, hearing it, consoles himself with the reflection that he is not the only one to whom a fickle wife causes sorrow. Philémon bitterly curses Jupiter's gift; he wishes his wrinkles back, and with them his peace of mind. Throwing down Jupiter's statue, he leaves his wife to the god. Baucis, replacing the image, which happily is made of bronze, sorely repents her behavior towards her beloved husband. Jupiter finds her weeping, and praying that the gods may turn their wrath upon herself alone. The god promises to pardon both if she is willing to listen to his love. She agrees to the bargain, on the condition, namely, that Jupiter shall grant her a favor. He consents, and she entreats him to make her old again. Philémon, listening behind the door, rushes forward to embrace the true wife and joins his entreaties to hers. Jupiter, seeing himself caught, would fain be angry, but their love conquers his wrath. He does not recall his gift, but giving them his benediction he promises never more to cross their happiness.

THE POSTILION OF LONGUMEAU. Comic Opera in 3 acts by Adolphe Adam. Text by Leuven and Brunswick.

Chapelou, stage-driver at Longjumeau, is about to celebrate his marriage with the young hostess of the post-house, Madeleine. The wedding has taken place and the young bride is led away by her friends, according to an old custom, while her bridegroom is held back by his comrades, who compel him to sing. He begins the romance

of a young postilion, who had the luck to be carried away by a Princess, having touched her heart by his beautiful playing on the cornet. Chapelou has such a fine voice that the Superintendent of the Grand Opera at Paris, the Marquis de Corcy, who hears him, is enchanted, and being in search of a good tenor, succeeds in winning over Chapelou, who consents to leave his young wife in order to follow the Marquis' call to glory and fortune. He begs his friend Bijou, a smith, to console Madeleine by telling her that he will soon return to her. While Madeleine calls for him in tenderest accents, he drives away with his protectors and Bijou delivers his message, determined to try his fortune in a similar way. The desperate Madeleine resolves to fly from the unhappy spot, where everything recalls to her her faithless husband.

In the second act we find Madeleine under the assumed name of Madame de Latour. She has inherited a fortune from an old aunt, and makes her appearance in Paris as a rich and noble lady, with the intention of punishing her husband, whom she, however, still loves. During these six years that have passed since their wedding day, Chapelou has won his laurels under the name of St. Phar, and is now the first tenor of the Grand Opera and everybody's spoilt favorite. Bijou is with him as leader of the chorus, and is called Alcindor. We presently witness a comical rehearsal in which the principal singers are determined to do as badly as possible. They all seem hoarse and, instead of singing, produce the most lamentable sounds. The Marquis de Corcy is desperate, having promised this representation to Mme. Latour, at whose country-seat near Fontainebleau he is at present staying. As soon as St. Phar hears the name of this lady, his hoarseness is gone and all sing their best. We gather from this scene that Mme. Latour has succeeded in enthralling St. Phar; he has an interview with her, and won by his protestations of love, she consents to marry him.

St. Phar, not wishing to commit bigamy, begs his friend Bijou to perform the marriage ceremony in a priest's garb, but Mme. Latour locks him in her room along with Bourdon, the second leader of the chorus, while a real priest unites the pair for the second time.

St. Phar enters the room in high spirits, when his companions, beside themselves with fear, tell him that he has committed bigamy. While they are in mortal terror of being hanged, Mme. Latour enters in her former shape as Madeleine, and blowing out the candle torments St. Phar, assuming now the voice of Mme. Latour, now that of Madeleine.—After having sent her fickle husband into an abyss of unhappiness and fear, the Marquis de Corcy, who had himself hoped to wed the charming widow, appears with the police to imprison the luckless St. Phar, who already considers himself as good as hanged, and in imagination sees his first wife Madeleine rejoicing over his punishment. But he has been made to suffer enough, and at the

last moment Madeleine explains everything, and Chapelou obtains her pardon.

LE PROPHÈTE. Opera in 5 acts by Giacomo Meyerbeer. Text by Scribe.

The scene is laid in Holland at the time of the wars with the Anabaptists.

Fides, mother of the hero, John von Leyden, keeps an inn near Dortrecht. She has just betrothed a young peasant girl to her son, but Bertha is a vassal of the Count of Oberthal and dares not marry without his permission.

As they set about getting his consent to the marriage, three Anabaptists, Jonas, Mathisen, and Zacharias, appear, exciting the people with their speeches and false promises. While they are preaching, Oberthal enters, but smitten with Bertha's charms he refuses his consent to her marriage and carries her off, with Fides as companion.

In the second act we find John waiting for his bride; as she delays the Anabaptists try to win him for their cause, they prophesy him a crown, but as yet he is not ambitious, and life with Bertha looks sweeter to him than the greatest honors. As the night comes on Bertha rushes in to seek refuge from her pursuer, from whom she has fled.—Hardly has she hidden herself when Oberthal enters to claim her. John refuses his assistance, but when Oberthal threatens to kill his mother he gives up Bertha to the Count, while his mother, whose life he has saved at such a price, asks God's benediction on his head. Then she retires for the night, and the Anabaptists appear once more, again trying to win John over. This time they succeed. Without a farewell to his sleeping mother, John follows the Anabaptists, to be henceforth their leader, their Prophet, their Messiah.

In the third act we see the Anabaptists' camp; their soldiers have captured a party of noblemen, who are to pay ransom. They all make merry and the famous ballet on the ice forms part of the amusements. In the background we see Münster, which town is in the hands of Count Oberthal's father, who refuses to surrender it to the enemy. They resolve to storm it, a resolution which is heard by young Oberthal, who has come disguised to the Anabaptists' camp in order to save his father and the town.

But as a light is struck he is recognized and is about to be killed, when John hears from him that Bertha has escaped. She sprang out of the window to save her honor, and falling into the stream, was saved. When John learns this, he bids the soldiers spare Oberthal's life that he may be judged by Bertha herself.

John has already endured great pangs of conscience at seeing his party so wild and bloodthirsty. He refuses to go further, but, hearing that an army of soldiers has broken out of Münster to destroy the Anabaptists, he rallies. Praying fervently to God for help and vic-

tory, inspiration comes over him and is communicated to all his adherents, so that they resolve to storm Münster. They succeed and in the fourth act we are in the midst of this town, where we find Fides, who, knowing that her son has turned Anabaptist though not aware of his being their Prophet, is receiving alms to save his soul by Masses. She meets Bertha, disguised in a pilgrim's garb. Both vehemently curse the Prophet, when this latter appears to be crowned in state.

His mother recognizes him, but he disowns her, declaring her mad, and by strength of will he compels the poor mother to renounce him. Fides, in order to save his life, avows that she was mistaken and she is led to prison.

In the last act we find the three Anabaptists, Mathisen, Jonas, and Zacharias, together. The Emperor is near the gates of Münster, and they resolve to deliver their Prophet into his hands in order to save their lives.

Fides has been brought into a dungeon, where John visits her to ask her pardon and to save her. She curses him, but his repentance moves her so that she pardons him when he promises to leave his party. At this moment Bertha enters. She has sworn to kill the false Prophet, and she comes to the dungeon to set fire to the gunpowder hidden beneath it. Fides detains her, but when she recognizes that her bridegroom and the Prophet are one and the same person, she wildly denounces him for his bloody deeds and stabs herself in his presence. Then John decides to die also, and after the soldiers have led his mother away, he himself sets fire to the vault.

Then he appears at the coronation-banquet, where he knows that he is to be taken prisoner. When Oberthal, the Bishop, and all his treacherous friends are assembled, he bids two of his faithful soldiers close the gates and fly. This done, the castle is blown into the air with all its inhabitants. At the last moment Fides rushes in to share her son's fate, and all are thus buried under the ruins.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA (DIE KÖNIGIN VON SABA). Grand Opera in 4 acts by Charles Goldmark. Text by Mosenthal.

A magnificent wedding is to be celebrated in King Solomon's palace at Jerusalem. The High Priest's daughter, Sulamith, is to marry Assad, King Solomon's favorite. But the lover, who has in a foreign country seen a most beautiful and haughty woman bathing in a forest well, is now in love with the stranger and has forgotten his destined bride.

Returning home Assad confesses his error to the wise King, and Solomon bids him wed Sulamith and forget the heathen. Assad gives his promise, praying to God to restore peace to his breast.

Then enters the Queen of Sheba in all her glory, followed by a

procession of slaves and suitors. Next to her litter walks her principal slave, Astaroth.

The Queen comes to offer her homage to the great Solomon with all the gifts of her rich kingdom.

She is veiled, and nobody has seen her yet, as only before the King will she unveil herself.

When she draws back the veil, shining in all her perfect beauty, Assad starts forward; he recognizes her; she is his nymph of the forest. But the proud Queen seems to know him not, she ignores him altogether. Solomon and Sulamith try to reassure themselves, to console Assad, and the Queen hears Solomon's words: "To-morrow shall find you united to your bride!" She starts and casts a passionate look on the unfortunate Assad.

The Queen is full of raging jealousy of the young bride. But though she claims Assad's love for herself, she is yet too proud to resign her crown, and so, hesitating between love and pride, she swears vengeance on her rival. Under the shade of night her slave-woman, Astaroth, allures Assad to the fountain, where he finds the Queen, who employs all her arts again to captivate him, succeeding, alas! only too well.

Morning dawns and with it the day of Assad's marriage with Sulamith. Solomon and the High Priest conduct the youth to the altar, but just as he is taking the ring, offered to him by the bride's father, the Queen of Sheba appears, bringing as wedding gift a golden cup filled with pearls.

Assad, again overcome by the Queen's dazzling beauty, throws the ring away and precipitates himself at her feet. The Levites detain him, but Solomon, guessing at the truth, implores the Queen to speak. Assad invokes all the sweet memories of their past, the Queen hesitates, but her pride conquers. For the second time she disowns him.—Now everybody believes Assad possessed by an evil spirit, and the priests at once begin to exorcise it; it is all but done, when one word of the Queen's, who sweetly calls him "Assad," spoils everything. He is in her bands: falling on his knees before her he prays to her as to his goddess. Wrathful at this blasphemy in the temple, the priests demand his death.

Assad asks no better, Sulamith despairs, and the Queen repents having gone so far. In the great tumult Solomon alone is unmoved. He detains the priests with dignity, for he alone will judge Assad.

There now follows a charming ballet, given in honor of the Queen of Sheba. At the end of the meal the Queen demands Assad's pardon from Solomon. He refuses her request. She now tries to ensnare the King with her charms as she did Assad, but in vain. Solomon sees her in her true light and treats her with cold politeness. Almost beside herself with rage, the Queen threatens to take vengeance on the King and to free Assad at any risk.

Solomon, well understanding the vile tricks of the eastern Queen,

has changed the verdict of death into that of exile. Sulamith, faithful and gentle, entreats for her lover, and has only one wish: to sweeten life to her Assad, or to die with him.

We find Assad in the desert. He is broken down and deeply repents his folly, when, lo, the Queen appears once more, hoping to lure him with soft words and tears. But this time her beauty is lost upon him: he has at last recognized her false soul; with noble pride he scorns her, preferring to expiate his follies by dying in the desert. He curses her, praying to God to save him from the temptress.—Henceforth he thinks only of Sulamith and invokes Heaven's benediction on her. He is dying in the dreadful heat of the desert, when Sulamith appears, the faithful one who without resting has sought her bridegroom till now. But, alas! in vain she kneels beside him couching his head on her bosom; his life is fast ebbing away.—Heaven has granted his last wish; he sees Sulamith before his death and with the sigh, "Liberation!" he sinks back and expires.

THE NIBELUNGEN RING. A Festival Play in 3 days and a fore-evening by Richard Wagner. The Rhinegold.

The first scene is laid in the very depths of the Rhine, where we see three nymphs frolicking in the water. They are the guardians of the Rhinegold, which glimmers on a rock.

Alberich, a Nibelung, highly charmed by their grace and beauty, tries to make love to each one of them alternately. As he is an ugly dwarf they at first allure and then deride him, gliding away as soon as he comes near, and laughing at him.—Discovering their mockery at last, he swears vengeance. He sees the Rhinegold shining brightly, and asks the nymphs what it means. They tell him of its wonderful qualities, which would render the owner all-powerful if he should form it into a ring and forswear love.

Alberich, listening attentively, all at once climbs the rock, and before the frightened nymphs can cry for help, has grasped the treasure and disappeared. Darkness comes on; the scene changes into an open district on mountain heights. In the background we see a grand castle, which the rising sun illumines. Wotan, the father of the gods, and Fricka, his wife, are slumbering on the ground. Awakening, their eyes fall on the castle for the first time. It is "Walhalla," the palace which the giants have built for them at Wotan's bidding. As a reward for their services they are to obtain Freia, the goddess of youth; but already Wotan repents of his promise and forms plans with his wife to save her lovely sister. The giants Fafner and Fasold enter to claim their reward. While they negotiate, Loge, the god of fire, comes up, relates the history of Alberich's theft of the Rhinegold, and tells Wotan of the gold's power. Wotan decides to rob the dwarf, promising the treasure to the giants, who consent to accept it in Freia's stead. But they distrust the gods and take Freia with them as a pledge. As soon as she disappears

the beautiful gods seem old and grey and wrinkled, for the golden apples to which Freia attends and of which the gods partake daily to be forever youthful, wither as soon as she is gone. Then Wotan, without any further delay, starts for Nibelheim with Loge, justifying his intention by saying that the gold is stolen property. They disappear in a cleft and we find ourselves in a subterranean cavern, the abode of the Nibelungs.

Alberich has forced his brother Mime to forge a "Tarnhelm" for him, which renders its wearer invisible. Mime vainly tries to keep it for himself; Alberich, the possessor of the all-powerful ring which he himself formed, takes it by force and making himself invisible strikes Mime with a whip until the latter is half dead. Wotan and Loge, hearing his complaints, promise to help him. Alberich, coming forth again, is greatly flattered by Wotan and dexterously led on to show his might. He first changes himself into an enormous snake and then into a toad. Wotan quickly puts his foot on it, while Loge seizes the Tarnhelm. Alberich, becoming suddenly visible in his real shape, is bound and led away captive. The gods return to the mountain heights of the second scene, where Alberich is compelled to part with all his treasures, which are brought by the dwarfs. He is even obliged to leave the ring, which Wotan intends to keep for himself. With a dreadful curse upon the possessor of the ring Alberich flies.

When the giants reappear with Freia, the treasures are heaped before her; they are to cover her entirely, so it is decided, and not before will she be free. When all the gold has been piled up, and even the Tarnhelm thrown on the hoard, Fasold still sees Freia's eye shine through it and at last Wotan, who is most unwilling to part with the ring, is induced to do so by Erda, goddess of the earth, who appears to him and warns him. Now the pledge is kept and Freia is released. The giants quarrel over the possession of the ring and Fafner kills Fasold, thereby fulfilling Alberich's curse. With lightened hearts the gods cross the rainbow bridge and enter Walhalla, while the songs and wailings of the Rhine nymphs are heard, imploring the restitution of their lost treasure.

Rigoletto. Opera in 3 acts by Verdi. Text by Piave from Victor Hugo's drama "Le Roi s'Amuse."

The Duke of Mantua, a wild and debauched youth, covets every girl or woman he sees, and is assisted in his vile purposes by his jester, Rigoletto, an ugly, hump-backed man. We meet him first helping the Duke to seduce the wife of Count Ceprano, and afterwards the wife of Count Monterone. Both husbands curse the vile Rigoletto and swear to be avenged. Monterone especially, appearing like a ghost in the midst of a festival, hurls such a fearful curse at them that Rigoletto shudders.

This bad man has one tender point, it is his blind love for his

beautiful daughter Gilda, whom he brings up carefully, keeping her hidden from the world and shielding her from all wickedness.

But the cunning Duke discovers her and gains her love under the assumed name of a student named Gualtier Maldé.

Gilda is finally carried off by Ceprano and two other courtiers, aided by her own father, who holds the ladder believing that Count Ceprano's wife is to be the victim.—A mask blinds Rigoletto and he discovers, too late, by Gilda's cries that he has been duped. Gilda is brought to the Duke's palace.—Rigoletto appears in the midst of the courtiers to claim Gilda, and then they hear that she, whom they believed to be his mistress, is his daughter, for whose honor he is willing to sacrifice everything.—Gilda enters and, though she sees that she has been deceived, she implores her father to pardon the Duke, whom she still loves. But Rigoletto vows vengeance, and engages Sparafucile to stab the Duke. Sparafucile decoys him into his inn, where his sister Maddalena awaits him. She too is enamoured of the Duke, who makes love to her as to all young females, and she entreats her brother to have mercy on him. Sparafucile declares that he will wait until midnight, and will spare him if another victim should turn up before then. Meanwhile Rigoletto persuades his daughter to fly from the Duke's pursuit, but before he takes her away he wants to show her lover's fickleness in order to cure her of her love.

She comes to the inn in masculine attire, and, hearing the discourse between Sparafucile and his sister, resolves to save her lover. She enters the inn and is instantly put to death, placed in a sack, and given to Rigoletto, who proceeds to the river to dispose of the corpse. At this instance he hears the voice of the Duke, who passes by, singing a frivolous tune. Terrified, Rigoletto opens the sack and recognizes his daughter, who is yet able to tell him that she gave her life for that of her seducer, and then expires. With an awful cry the unhappy father sinks upon the corpse. Count Monterone's curse has been fulfilled.

Robert le Diable. Opera in 5 acts by Meyerbeer. Text by Scribe and Delavigne.

Robert, Duke of Normandy, has a friend of gloomy exterior named Bertram, with whom he travels but to whose evil influence he owes much trouble and sorrow. Without knowing it himself, Robert is the son of this erring knight, who is an inhabitant of hell. During his wanderings on earth he seduced Bertha, daughter of the Duke of Normandy, whose offspring Robert is. This youth is very wild and has, therefore, been banished from his country.

Arriving in Sicily, Isabella, the King's daughter, and he fall mutually in love.

In the first act we find Robert in Palermo surrounded by other knights, to whom a young countryman of his, Raimbaut, tells the story of "Robert le Diable" and his fiendish father; warning every-

body against them. Robert, giving his name, is about to deliver the unhappy Raimbaut to the hangman, when the peasant is saved by his bride Alice, Robert's foster sister. She has come to Palermo by order of Robert's deceased mother, who sends her last will to her son in case he should change his bad habits and prove himself worthy. Robert, feeling that he is not likely to do this, begs Alice to keep it for him. He confides in the innocent maiden, and she promises to reason with Isabella, whom Robert has irritated by his jealousy, and who has banished him from her presence.

As a recompense for her service Alice asks Robert's permission to marry Raimbaut. Seeing Robert's friend, Bertram, she recognizes the latter's likeness to Satan, whom she saw in a picture, and instinctively shrinks from him. When she leaves her master, Bertram induces his friend to try his fortune with the dice and he loses all.

In the second act we are introduced into the palace of Isabella, who laments Robert's inconstancy. Alice enters bringing Robert's letter, and the latter instantly follows to crave his mistress' pardon. She presents him with a new suit of armor, and he consents to meet the Prince of Granada in mortal combat. But Bertram lures him away by deceiving him with a phantom. Robert vainly seeks the Prince in the forest, and the Prince of Granada is in his absence victorious in the tournament and obtains Isabella's hand.

The third act opens with a view of the rocks of St. Irene, where Alice hopes to be united with Raimbaut. The peasant expects his bride, but meets Bertram instead, who makes him forget Alice by giving him gold and dangerous advice. Raimbaut goes away to spend the money, while Bertram descends to the evil spirits in the deep. When Alice comes Raimbaut is gone, and she hears the demons calling for Bertram. Bertram extracts a promise from her not to betray the dreadful secret of the cavern. She clings to the Saviour's Cross for protection, and is about to be destroyed by Bertram, when Robert approaches, to whom she decides to reveal all. But Bertram's renewed threats at last oblige her to leave them.

Bertram now profits by Robert's rage and despair at the loss of his bride, his wealth, and his honor to draw him on to entire destruction. He tells Robert that his rival used magic arts, and suggests that he should try the same expedient. Then he leads him to a ruined cloister, where he resuscitates the guilty nuns. They try to seduce Robert first by drink, then by gambling, and last of all by love. In the last Helena, the most beautiful of the nuns, succeeds and makes him remove the cypress-branch, a talisman, by which in the fourth act he enters Isabella's apartment unseen. He awakes his bride out of her magic sleep to carry her off, but overcome by her fears and her appeal to his honor, he breaks the talisman and is seized by the now awakened soldiers; but Bertram appears and takes him under his protection.

The fifth act opens with a chorus sung by monks, which is followed

by a prayer for mercy. Robert, concealed in the vestibule of the cathedral, hears it full of contrition. But Bertram is with him, and, his term on earth being short, he confides to Robert the secret of his birth and appeals to him as his father.

He almost succeeds, when Alice comes up, bringing the news that the Prince of Granada renounces Isabella's hand, being unable to pass the threshold of the church. Bertram urges Robert all the more vehemently to become one with him, suggesting that Isabella is likewise lost to him, who has transgressed the laws of the church, when in the last extremity Alice produces his mother's will, in which she warns him against Bertram, entreating him to save his soul. Then at last his good angel is victorious, his demon father vanishes into the earth, and Robert, united by prayer to the others, is restored to a life of peace and goodness.

LE ROI L'A DIT (THE KING HAS SAID IT). Comic Opera in 3 acts by Léon Délibes. Text by Edmond Gondinet.

The Marquis de Moncontour has long wished to be presented to the King Louis XIV., and as he has been fortunate enough to catch the escaped paroquet of Mme. de Maintenon, he is at last to have his wish accomplished. By way of preparation for his audience he tries to learn the latest mode of bowing, his own being somewhat antiquated and the Marquise and her four lovely daughters and even Javotte, the nice little ladies' maid, assist him. After many failures the old gentleman succeeds in making his bow to his own satisfaction, and he is put into a litter and borne off, followed by his people's benedictions. When they are gone Benoit, a young peasant, comes to see Javotte, who is his sweetheart. He wishes to enter the Marquis' service. Javotte thinks him too awkward, but she promises to intercede in his favor with Miton, a dancing-master, who enters just as Benoit disappears. He has instructed the graceful Javotte in all the arts and graces of the noble world, and when he rehearses the steps and all the nice little tricks of his art with her, he is so delighted with his pupil that he pronounces her manners worthy of a Princess; but when Javotte tells him that she loves a peasant he is filled with disgust and orders her away. His real pupils, the four lovely daughters of the Marquis, now enter, and while the lesson goes on Miton hands a billet-doux from some lover to each of them. The two elder, Agatha and Chimene, are just in the act of reading theirs when they hear a serenade outside, and shortly afterwards the two lovers are standing in the room, having taken their way through the window. The Marquis Flarembel and his friend, the Marquis de la Bluette, are just making a most ardent declaration of love when Mme. la Marquise enters to present to her elder daughters the two bridegrooms she has chosen for them. The young men hide behind the ample dresses of the young ladies, and all begin to sing with great zeal, Miton beating the measure, so that some time elapses before

the Marquise is able to state her errand. Of course her words excite great terror, the girls flying to the other side of the room with their lovers and receiving the two elderly suitors, Baron de Merlussac and Gautru, a rich old financier, with great coolness and a refusal of their costly gifts. When the suitors are gone the two young strangers are detected, and the angry mother decides at once to send her daughters to a convent, from which they shall only issue on their wedding day.

When they have departed in a most crestfallen condition, the old Marquis returns from his audience with the King and relates its astounding results. His Majesty had been so peremptory in his questioning about the Marquis' son and heir that the Marquis, losing his presence of mind, promised to present his son at Court on the King's demand. The only question now is where to find a son to adopt, as the Marquis has only four daughters. Miton, the ever useful, at once presents Benoit to the parents, engaging himself to drill the peasant into a nice cavalier in ten lessons. Benoit takes readily to his new position; he is fitted out at once and when the merchants come, offering their best in cloth and finery, he treats them with an insolence worthy of the proudest Seigneur. He even turns from his sweetheart Javotte.

In the second act Benoit, dressed like the finest cavalier, gives a masked ball in his father's gardens. Half Versailles is invited, but, having taken the Court Almanac to his aid, he has made the mistake of inviting many people who have long been dead. Those who do appear seem to him to be very insipid, and wanting some friends with whom he can enjoy himself, the useful Miton presents the Marquises de la Bluette and de Flarembel, who are delighted to make the acquaintance of their sweethearts' brother.

Benoit hears from them that he has four charming sisters who have been sent to a convent, and he at once promises to assist his new friends. Meanwhile Javotte appears in the mask of an oriental Queen and Benoit makes love to her, but he is very much stupefied when she takes off her mask and he recognizes Javotte. She laughingly turns away from him, when the good-for-nothing youth's new parents appear to reproach him with his levity. But Benoit, nothing daunted, rushes away, telling the Marquis that he intends to visit his sisters in the convent. Miton tries in vain to recall him. Then the two old suitors of Agathe and Chimene appear to complain that their deceased wife and grandmother were invited, and while the Marquis explains his son's mistake the four daughters rush in, having been liberated by their lovers and their unknown brother, whom they greet with a fondness very shocking to the old Marchioness. The elderly suitors withdraw, swearing to take vengeance on the inopportune brother.

In the last act Benoit appears in his father's house in a somewhat dilapidated state. He has spent the night amongst gay companions

and met Gautru and de Merlussac successively, who have both fought him and believe they have killed him, Benoit having feigned to be dead on the spot.

When the old Marquis enters he is very much astonished at receiving two letters of condolence from his daughters' suitors. Miton appears in mourning, explaining that Mme. de Maintenon's visit being expected they must all wear dark colors, as she prefers these. Meanwhile Benoit has had an interview with Javotte, in which he declares his love to be undiminished, and he at once asks his father to give him Javotte as his wife, threatening to reveal the Marquis' deceit to the King if his request is not granted. In the dilemma help comes in the persons of the two young Marquises, who present their King's condolences to old Moncontour. This gentleman hears to his great relief that his son is supposed to have fallen in a duel and he is disposed of. Nobody is happier than Javotte, who now claims Benoit for her own, while the Marquis, who receives a Duke's title from the King in compensation for his loss, gladly gives his two elder daughters to their young and noble lovers.

The girls, well aware that they owe their happiness to their adopted brother, are glad to provide him with ample means for his marriage with Javotte, and the affair ends to everybody's satisfaction.

SIEGFRIED. Second day of the Nibelungen Ring by Wagner. Musical Drama in 3 acts.

The first act represents a part of the forest where Fafner guards the Rhinegold and where Sieglinda has found refuge. We find her son Siegfried—to whom, when she was dying, she gave birth—in the rocky cave of Mime the Nibelung (brother of Alberich), who has brought up the child as his own, knowing that he is destined to slay Fafner and to gain the ring, which he covets for himself. Siegfried, the brave and innocent boy, instinctively shrinks from this father, who is so ugly, so mean and vulgar, while he has a deep longing for his dead mother whom he never knew. He gives vent to these feelings in impatient questions about her. The dwarf answers unwillingly and gives him the broken pieces of the old sword Nothung (needful), which his mother left as the only precious remembrance of Siegfried's father.

Siegfried asks Mime to forge the fragments afresh, while he rushes away into the woods.

During his absence Wotan comes to Mime in the guise of a wanderer. Mime, though he knows him not, fears him and would fain drive him away. Finally he puts three questions to his guest. The first is the name of the race which lives in earth's deepest depths, the second the name of those who live on earth's back, and the third that of those who live above the clouds. Of course Wotan answers them all, redeeming his head and shelter thereby; but now it is his turn to put three questions. He first asks what race it is that Wotan loves

most, though he dealt hardly with them, and Mime answers rightly that they are the Waelsungs, whose son Siegfried is; then Wotan asks after the sword which is to make Siegfried victorious. Mime joyously names "Nothung," but when Wotan asks him who is to unite the pieces he is in great embarrassment, for he remembers his task and perceives too late what question he ought to have asked. Wotan leaves him, telling him that only that man can forge it who never knew fear. Siegfried, finding the sword still in fragments when he returns, melts these in fire, and easily forges them together to Mime's great awe, for he sees now that this boy is the one whom the stranger has meant.

In the second scene we see the opening of Fafner's cavern, where Alberich keeps watch for the dragon's slayer, so long predicted.

Wotan, approaching, warns him that Alberich's brother Mime has brought up the boy who is to slay Fafner in the hope of gaining Alberich's ring, the wondrous qualities of which are unknown to Siegfried.

Wotan awakes Fafner, the dragon, telling him that his slayer is coming.

Mime, who has led Siegfried to this part of the forest under the pretext of teaching him fear, approaches now, and Siegfried, eager for combat, kills the dreadful worm. Accidentally tasting the blood he all at once understands the language of the birds. They tell him to seek for the Tarnhelm and for the ring, which he finds in the cavern. Meanwhile, the brothers, Alberich and Mime, quarrel over the treasure which they hope to gain. When Siegfried returns with ring and helmet, he is again warned by the voice of a wood-bird not to trust in Mime. Having tasted the dragon's blood, Siegfried is enabled to probe Mime's innermost thoughts, and so he learns that Mime means to poison him in order to obtain the treasure. He then kills the traitor with a single stroke.—Stretching himself under the linden tree to repose after that day's hard work, he again hears the voice of the wood-bird, which tells him of a glorious bride sleeping on a rock surrounded by fire; and flying before him, the bird shows Siegfried the way to the spot.

In the third scene we find Wotan once more awakening Erda, to seek her counsel as to how best to avert the doom which he sees coming, but she is less wise than he and so he decides to let fate have its course. When he sees Siegfried coming he, for the last time, tries to oppose him by barring the way to Brünnhilde, but the sword Nothung splits the god's spear. Seeing that his power avails him nothing he retires to Walhalla, there to await the "Dusk of the Gods."

Siegfried plunges through the fire, awakes the Walkyrie, and after a long resistance wins the proud virgin.

La Somnambula. Opera in 2 acts by Vincenzo Bellini. Text by Felice Romani.

The scene of action is a village in Switzerland, where the rich farmer Elvino has married a poor orphan, Amina. The ceremony has taken place at the magistrate's, and Elvino is about to obtain the sanction of the church to his union, when the owner of the castle, Count Rudolph, who fled from home in his boyhood, returns most unexpectedly and, at once making love to Amina, excites the bridegroom's jealousy. Lisa, the young owner of a little inn, who wants Elvino for herself and disdains the devotion of Alexis, a simple peasant, tries to avenge herself on her happy rival. Lisa is a coquette and flirts with the Count, whom the judge recognizes. While she yet prates with him, the door opens and Amina enters, walking in her sleep and calling for Elvino. Lisa conceals herself, but forgets her handkerchief. The Count, seeing Amina's condition and awed by her purity, quits the room, where Amina lies down, always in deep sleep. Just then the people, having heard of the Count's arrival, come to greet him and find Amina instead. At the same moment Elvino, summoned by Lisa, rushes in, and finding his bride in the Count's room, turns away from her in disdain, snatching his wedding ring from her finger in his wrath, and utterly disbelieving Amina's protestations of innocence and the Count's assurances. Lisa succeeds in attracting Elvino's notice and he promises to marry her.

The Count once more tries to persuade the angry bridegroom of his bride's innocence, but without result, when Teresa, Amina's foster-mother, shows Lisa's handkerchief, which was found in the Count's room. Lisa reddens, and Elvino knows not whom he shall believe, when all of a sudden Amina is seen emerging from a window of the mill, walking in a trance and calling for her bridegroom in most touching accents.

All are convinced of her innocence, when they see her in this state of somnambulism, in which she crosses a very narrow bridge without falling.

Elvino himself replaces the wedding ring on her finger, and she awakes from her trance in his arms. Everybody is happy at the turn which things have taken; Elvino asks Amina's forgiveness and leaves Lisa to her own bitter reflections.

Tannhäuser. Romantic Opera in 3 acts by Richard Wagner.

Wagner took his subject from an old legend, which tells of a minstrel called Tannhäuser (probably identical with Heinrich von Ofterdingen), who won all prizes by his beautiful songs and all hearts by his noble bearing. So the palm is allotted to him at the yearly "Tournament of Minstrels" on the Wartburg, and his reward is to be the hand of Elizabeth, niece of the Landgrave of Thuringia, whom he loves. But instead of behaving sensibly, this erring knight suddenly disappears nobody knows where, leaving his bride in sorrow

and anguish. He falls into the hands of Venus, who holds court in the Hörselberg near Eisenach, and Tannhäuser, at the opening of the first scene, has already passed a whole year with her. At length he has grown tired of sensual love and pleasure, and, notwithstanding Venus' allurements, he leaves her, vowing never to return to the goddess, but to expiate his sins by a holy life. He returns to the charming vale behind the Wartburg, he hears again the singing of the birds, the shepherds playing on the flute, the pious songs of the pilgrims on their way to Rome. Full of repentance he kneels down and prays, when suddenly the Landgrave appears with some minstrels, amongst them Wolfram von Eschinbach, Tannhäuser's best friend. They greet their long-lost companion, who, however, cannot tell where he has been all the time, and as Wolfram reminds him of Elizabeth, Tannhäuser returns with the party to the Wartburg.

It is just the anniversary of the Tournament of Minstrels, and in the second act we find Elizabeth with Tannhäuser, who craves her pardon and is warmly welcomed by her. The high prize for the best song is again to be Elizabeth's hand, and Tannhäuser resolves to win her once more. The Landgrave chooses "love" as the subject whose nature is to be explained by the minstrels. Every one is called by name, and Wolfram von Eschinbach begins, praising love as a well, deep and pure, a source of the highest and most sacred feeling. Others follow; Walter von der Vogelweide praises the virtue of love, every minstrel celebrates spiritual love alone.

But Tannhäuser, who has been in Venus' fetters, sings of another love, warmer and more passionate, but sensual. And when the others remonstrate, he loudly praises Venus, the goddess of heathen love. All stand aghast, they recognize now where he has been so long; he is about to be put to death when Elizabeth prays for him. She loves him dearly and hopes to save his soul from eternal perdition. Tannhäuser is to join a party of pilgrims on their way to Rome, there to crave for the Pope's pardon.

In the third act we see the pilgrims return from their journey. Elizabeth anxiously expects her lover, but he is not among them.— Fervently she prays to the Holy Virgin: but not that a faithful lover may be given back to her, no, rather that he may be pardoned and his immortal soul saved. Wolfram is beside her, he loves the maiden, but he has no thought for himself; he only feels for her whose life he sees ebbing swiftly away, and for his unhappy friend.

Presently when Elizabeth is gone, Tannhäuser comes up in pilgrim's garb. He has passed a hard journey, full of sacrifices and castigation, and all for nought, for the Pope has rejected him. He has been told in hard words that he is for ever damned and will as little get deliverance from his grievous sin as the stick in his hand will ever bear green leaves afresh.

Full of despair Tannhäuser is returning to seek Venus, whose siren songs already fall alluringly on his ear. Wolfram entreats

him to fly, and when Tannhäuser fails to listen he utters Elizabeth's name. At this moment a procession descends from the Wartburg chanting a funeral song over an open bier. Elizabeth lies on it dead, and Tannhäuser sinks on his knee beside her, crying: "Holy Elizabeth, pray for me." Then Venus disappears and all at once the withered stick begins to bud and blossom, and Tannhäuser, pardoned, expires at the side of his beloved.

Tannhäuser was represented at the Dresden Theatre, in June, 1890, according to Wagner's changes of arrangement, done by him in Paris, 1861, for the Grand Opera by order of Napoleon III.; this arrangement the composer acknowledges as the only correct one.

These alterations are limited to the first scene in the mysterious abode of Venus, and his motives for the changes become clearly apparent when it is remembered that the simple form of Tannhäuser was composed in the years 1843 and 1845 in and near Dresden at a time when there were neither means nor taste in Germany for such high-flown scenes as those which excited Wagner's brain. Afterwards success rendered Wagner bolder and more pretentious, and so he endowed the person of Venus with more dramatic power and thereby threw a vivid light on the great attraction she exercises on Tannhäuser. The decorations are by far richer, and a ballet of Sirens and Fauns has been added, a concession which Wagner had to make to the Parisian taste. Venus' part, now sung by the first prima donnas, has considerably gained by the alterations, and the first scene is far more interesting than before, but it is to be regretted that the Tournament of Minstrels has been shortened and particularly the fine song of Walter von der Vogelweide omitted by Wagner. All else is as of old, as indeed Elizabeth's part needed nothing to add to her purity and loveliness, which stands out now in even bolder relief against the beautiful but sensual part of Venus.

GUGLIELMO TELL. Grand Opera in 3 acts by Rossini.

The text is founded on the well-known story of Tell, who delivered his Fatherland from one of its most cruel despots, the Austrian governor Gessler.

The first act opens with a charming introductory chorus by peasants, who are celebrating a nuptial fête.

Tell joins in their pleasures, though he cannot help giving utterance to the pain which the Austrian tyranny causes him. Arnold von Melchthal, son of an old Swiss, has conceived an unhappy passion for Mathilda, Princess of Hapsburg, whose life he once saved; but he is Swiss and resolves to be true to his country. He promises Tell to join in his efforts to liberate it. Meanwhile, Leuthold, a Swiss peasant, comes up. He is a fugitive, having killed an Austrian soldier to revenge an intended abduction of his daughter. His only safety lies in crossing the lake, but no fisherman dares to row out in the face of the coming storm. Tell steps forth, and seizing the oars

brings Leuthold safely to the opposite shore. When Rudolf von Harras appears with his soldiers, his prey has escaped, and, nobody being willing to betray the deliverer, old father Melchthal is imprisoned.

In the second act we find the Princess Mathilda returning from a hunt. She meets Arnold and they betray their mutual passion. Arnold does not yet know his father's fate, but presently Tell enters with Walter Fürst, who informs Arnold that his father has fallen a victim to the Austrian tyranny. Arnold, cruelly roused from his love dream, awakes to duty, and the three men vow bloody vengeance. This is the famous oath takes on the Rütli. The deputies of the three Cantons arrive, one after the other, and Tell makes them swear solemnly to establish Switzerland's independence. Excited by Arnold's dreadful account of his father's murder, they all unite in the fierce cry, "To arms!" which is to be their signal of combat.

In the third act Gessler arrives at the market place of Altdorf, where he has placed his hat on a pole to be greeted instead of himself by the Swiss who pass by.

They grumble at this new proof of arrogance, but dare not disobey the order, till Tell, passing by with his son Gemmy, disregards it. Refusing to salute the hat, he is instantly taken and commanded by Gessler to shoot an apple off his little boy's head. After a dreadful inward struggle Tell submits. Fervently praying to God and embracing his fearless son, he shoots with steady hand, hitting the apple right in the centre. But Gessler has seen a second arrow, which Tell has hidden in his breast, and he asks its purpose. Tell freely confesses that he would have shot the tyrant had he missed his aim. Tell is fettered, Mathilda vainly appealing for mercy. But Gessler's time has come. The Swiss begin to revolt. Mathilda herself begs to be admitted into their alliance of free citizens, and offers her hand to Arnold. The fortresses of the oppressors fall, Tell enters free and victorious, having himself killed Gessler; and in a chorus at once majestic and grand the Swiss celebrate the day of their liberation.

Tosca. Musical Drama in 3 acts by V. Sardou, L. Illica, and G. Giacosa. Music by Giacomo Puccini.

The scene is laid in Rome. The first act takes place in the church of Sant' Andrea della Valle. Cesare Angelotti, a state prisoner, has escaped from jail and is hiding in a private chapel, of which his sister, the Lady Attavanti, has secretly sent him the key.

When he has disappeared from view the painter Cavaradossi enters the church. He is engaged in painting a picture to represent Mary Magdalen, the canvas stands on a high easel, and the sacristan, who is prowling about, recognizes with scandalized amazement and indignation that the sacred picture resembles a beautiful lady who comes to pray daily in the church. The old man, after having left a basket with food for the painter, retires grumbling at this sacrilege.

When he is gone Angelotti comes forward, and the painter, recognizing in the prisoner the Consul of the late Roman Republic who is at the same time an intimate friend of his own, puts himself at his disposal; but, hearing the voice of his fiancée Tosca, who demands entrance, he begs the prisoner, a victim of the vile Scarpia, to retire into the chapel, giving him the refreshments which the sacristan has left.

At last he opens the church door, and Tosca, a famous singer, enters looking suspiciously around her, for she is of a jealous disposition. She begs her lover to wait for her at the stage door in the evening. He assents and tries to get rid of her, when her suspicions are reawakened by the sight of the picture which she sees is a portrait of the Lady Attavanti. With difficulty he succeeds in persuading her of his undying love and at last induces her to depart; he then enters the chapel and urges Angelotti to fly while the way is clear. The chapel opens into a deserted garden from whence a foot-path leads to the painter's villa, in which there is a well now nearly dry. Into this well the painter advises Angelotti to descend if there is any danger of pursuit, as halfway down there is an opening leading to a secret cave, where his friend will be in perfect safety.

The Lady Attavanti had left a woman's clothes for her brother to wear as a disguise. He takes them up and turns to go when the report of a cannon tells him that his flight from the fortress is discovered. With sudden resolution Cavaradossi decides to accompany the fugitive to help him to escape from his terrible enemy.

In the next scene acolytes, scholars, and singers enter the church tumultuously. They have heard that Napoleon has been defeated, and all are shouting and laughing when Scarpia, the chief of the police, enters in search of the fugitive. Turning to the sacristan he demands to be shown the chapel of the Attavanti, which to the amazement of the sacristan is found open. It is empty, but Scarpia finds a fan, on which he perceives the arms of the Attavanti, then he sees the picture and hears that Tosca's lover Cavaradossi has painted it. The basket with food is also found empty. During the discussion that ensues, Tosca enters, much astonished to find Scarpia here instead of her lover. The chief of the police awakens her jealousy by showing her the fan, which he pretends to have found on the scaffolding. Tosca, recognizing the arms of the Attavanti, is goaded almost to madness by the wily Scarpia. When she departs three spies are ordered to follow her.

The second act takes place in Scarpia's luxurious apartments in an upper story of the Farnese palace.

Scarpia is expecting Tosca, who is to sing this evening at the Queen's festival. He has decided to take her for his mistress and to put her lover to death, as well as Angelotti, as soon as he has got hold of both. Spoletta, a police agent, informs his chief that he fol-

lowed Tosca to a solitary villa, which she left again, alone, very soon after she had entered it.

Forcing his way into the villa he had only found the painter Cavaradossi, whom he had at once arrested and brought to the palace.

Cavaradossi, who is now brought in, denies resolutely any knowledge of the escaped prisoner. When Tosca enters he embraces her, whispering into her ear not to betray anything she has witnessed in his villa.

Meanwhile, Scarpia has called for Roberts, the executioner, and Mario is led into the torture chamber that adjoins Scarpia's apartment. Scarpia vainly questions Tosca about her visit to the villa; she assures him that she found her lover alone. Then she hears her lover's groans, which are growing more fearful, the torture under Scarpia's directions being applied with more and more violence. In the intervals Mario, however, entreats Tosca to be silent, but at last she can bear no more and gasps, "In the well in the garden." Scarpia at once gives a signal to stop the torture and Mario is carried in fainting and covered with blood. When he comes to himself he hears Scarpia say to Spoletta, "In the well in the garden," and thereby finds out that Tosca has betrayed the unfortunate prisoner. While he turns from her in bitter grief and indignation, Sciarrone enters and announces, in the greatest consternation, that the news of victory has proved false, Napoleon having beaten the Italian army at Marengo. Mario exults in the defeat of his enemy, but the latter turns to him with an evil smile and orders the gendarmes to take him away to his death. Tosca tries to follow him, but Scarpia detains her. Remaining alone with him she offers him all her treasures and at last kneels to him imploring him to save her lover. But the villain only shows her the scaffold which is being erected on the square below, swearing that he will only save her lover if she will be his. Tosca turns shuddering from him. Spoletta now enters to announce that Angelotti, being found and taken, has killed himself; and that Mario is ready for death.

Now at last Tosca yields, Scarpia promising to liberate her lover at the price of her honor. He suggests, however, that Mario must be supposed dead, and that a farce must be acted, in which the prisoner is to pretend to fall dead while only blank cartridges will be used for firing. Tosca begs to be allowed to warn him herself and Scarpia consents, and orders Spoletta to accompany her to the prison at four o'clock in the morning, after having given the spy private instruction to have Mario really shot after all. Spoletta retires, and Scarpia approaches Tosca to claim his reward. But she stops him, asking for a safe conduct for herself and her lover. While Scarpia is writing it Tosca seizes a knife from the table, while leaning against it, and hides the weapon behind her back. Scarpia seals the passport, then opening his arms he says: "Now, Tosca, mine at last." But he staggers back with an awful scream; Tosca has suddenly plunged

the knife deep into his breast. Before he can call for help, death overtakes him, and Tosca, after having taken the passport from the clenched fist of the dead man, turns to fly.

The third act takes place on the platform of the castle Sant' Angelo.

The jailer informs Mario Cavaradossi that he may ask for a last favor, having only one hour to live, and the captive begs to be allowed to send a last letter of farewell to his fiancée. The jailer assents, and Mario sits down to write, but soon the sweet recollections of the past overcome him. Tosca finds him in bitter tears, which soon give way to joy when she shows him her passport, granting a free pass to Tosca and to the Chevalier who will accompany her.

When she tells him of the deadly deed she has done to procure it, he kisses the hands that were stained with blood for his sake. Then she informs him of the farce which is to be acted, and begs him to fall quite naturally after the first shot, and to remain motionless until she shall call him. After a while the jailer reminds them that the hour is over. The soldiers march up, and Tosca places herself to the left of the guard's room in order to face her lover. The latter refuses to have his eyes bandaged, and bravely stands erect before the soldiers. The officer lowers his sword, a report follows, and Tosca, seeing her lover fall, sends him a kiss. When one of the sergeants is about to give the "coup de grace" to the fallen man, Spoletta prevents him, and covers Mario with a cloak. Tosca remains quiet until the last soldier has descended the steps of the staircase, then she runs to her lover, calling to him to rise. As he does not move, she bends down to him and tears the cloak off, but, with a terrible cry, she staggers back. Her lover is dead! She bewails him in the wildest grief, when suddenly she hears the voice of Sciarrone, and knows that Scarpia's murder has been discovered! A crowd rushes up the stairs with Spoletta at their head; the latter is about to precipitate himself upon Tosca, but she runs to the parapet and throws herself into space, with the cry: "Scarpia, may God judge between us!"

La Traviata (or Violetta), Opera in 3 acts by Verdi. Text taken from the French by Piave.

The original of the libretto is Dumas' celebrated novel "La Dame aux Camélias."

The scene is laid in and near Paris. Alfred Germont is passionately in love with Violetta Valery, one of the most frivolous beauties in Paris. She is pleased with his sincere passion, anything like which she has never hitherto known, and openly telling him who she is, she warns him herself; but he loves her all the more, and as she returns his passion, she abandons her gay life and follows him into the country, where they live very happily for some months.

Annina, Violetta's maid, dropping a hint to Alfred that her mis-

tress is about to sell her house and carriage in town in order to avoid expenses, he departs for the capital to prevent this.

During his absence Violetta receives a visit from Alfred's father, who tries to show her that she has destroyed not only his family's but his son's happiness by suffering Alfred to unite himself to one so dishonored as herself. He succeeds in convincing her, and, broken-hearted, she determines to sacrifice herself and leave Alfred secretly. Ignoring the possible reason for this inexplicable action, Alfred is full of wrath and resolves to take vengeance. He finds Violetta in the house of a former friend, Flora Bervoix, who is in a position similar to that of Violetta.—The latter, having no other resources and feeling herself at death's door (a state of health suggested in the first act by an attack of suffocation), has returned to her former life.

Alfred insults her publicly. The result is a duel between her present adorer, Baron Dauphal, and Alfred.

From this time on Violetta declines rapidly, and in the last act, which takes place in her sleeping-room, we find her dying. Hearing that Alfred has been victorious in the duel and receiving a letter from his father, who is now willing to pardon and to accept her as his daughter-in-law, she revives to some extent; and Alfred, who at last hears of her sacrifice, returns to her, but only to afford a last glimpse of happiness to the unfortunate woman, who expires, a modern Magdalen, full of repentance and striving tenderly to console her lover and his now equally desolate father.

TRISTAN AND ISOLDA. Lyric Drama in 3 acts by Richard Wagner.

The first act represents the deck of a ship, where we find the two principal persons, Tristan and Isolda, together,—Tristan, a Cornish hero, has gone over to Ireland to woo the Princess for his old uncle, King Marke. Isolda, however, loves Tristan and has loved him from the time when he was cast sick and dying on the coast of Ireland and was rescued and nursed by her, though he was her enemy. But Tristan, having sworn faith to his uncle, never looks at her; and she, full of wrath that he wooes her for another instead of for himself, attempts to poison herself and him by a potion. But Brangäna, her faithful attendant, secretly changes the poisoned draught for a love-potion, so that they are inevitably joined in passionate love. Only when the ship gets ashore, its deck already covered with knights and sailors who come to greet their King's bride, does Brangäna confess her fraud; and Isolda, hearing that she is to live, faints in her attendant's arms.

In the second act Isolda has been wedded to Marke, but the love-potion has worked well, and she has secret interviews at night with Tristan, whose sense of honor is deadened by the fatal draught. Brangäna keeps watch for the lovers, but King Marke's jealous friend Melot betrays them, and they are found out by the good old King, who returns earlier than he had intended from a hunt.

Tristan is profoundly touched by the grief of the King, whose sadness at losing faith in his most noble warrior is greater than his wrath against the betrayer of honor. Tristan, unable to defend himself, turns to Isolda, asking her to follow him into the desert, but Melot opposes him, and they fight, Tristan falling back deadly wounded into his faithful servant Kurvenal's arms.

The third act represents Tristan's home in Brittany, whither Kurvenal has carried his wounded master in order to nurse him. Isolda, so skilled in the art of healing wounds, has been sent for, but they look in vain for the ship which is to bring her.

When at last it comes into sight, Tristan, who awakes from a long swoon, sends Kurvenal away, to receive his mistress, and as they both delay their coming, his impatient longing gets the better of him. Forgetting his wound, he rises from his couch, tearing away the bandages, and so Isolda is only just in time to catch him in her arms, where he expires with her name on his lips. While she bewails her loss, another ship is announced by the shepherd's horn. King Marke arrives, prepared to pardon all and to unite the lovers. Kurvenal, seeing Melot advance, mistakes them for foes and, running his sword through Melot's breast, sinks, himself deadly wounded, at his master's feet. King Marke, to whom Brangäna has confessed her part in the whole matter, vainly laments his friend Tristan, while Isolda, waking from her swoon and seeing her lover dead, pours forth rapturous words of greeting, and, broken-hearted, sinks down dead at his side.

Il Trovatore. Opera in 4 acts by Giuseppe Verdi. Text by Salvatore Commerano.

Two men of entirely different station and character woo Leonore, Countess of Sergaste. The one is Count Luna, the other a minstrel named Manrico, who is believed to be the son of Azucena, a gypsy.

Azucena has, in accordance with gypsy law, vowed bloody revenge on Count Luna, because his father, believing her mother to be a sorceress and to have bewitched one of his children, had the old woman burnt. To punish the father for this cruelty Azucena took away his other child, which was vainly sought for.—This story is told in the first scene, where we find the Count's servants waiting for him, while he stands sighing beneath his sweetheart's window. But Leonore's heart is already captivated by Manrico's sweet songs and his valor in tournament. She suddenly hears his voice, and in the darkness mistakes the Count for her lover, who, however, comes up just in time to claim her. The Count is full of rage, and there follows a duel in which Manrico is wounded, but, though it is in his power to kill his enemy, he spares his life, without, however, being able to account for the impulse.

In the second act Azucena, nursing Manrico, tells him of her mother's dreadful fate and her last cry for revenge, and confesses

to having robbed the old Count's son, with the intention of burning him. But in her despair and confusion, she says, she threw her own child into the flames, and the Count's son lived. Manrico is terrified, but Azucena retracts her words and regains his confidence, so that he believes her tale to have been but an outburst of remorse and folly.

Meanwhile, he hears that Leonore, to whom he was reported as dead, is about to take the veil, and he rushes away to save her. Count Luna arrives before the convent with the same purpose. But just as he seizes his prey, Manrico comes up and liberates her with the aid of his companions, while the Count curses them.

Leonore becomes Manrico's wife, but her happiness is shortlived.

In the third act the Count's soldiers succeed in capturing Azucena, in whom they recognize the burnt gypsy's daughter. She denies all knowledge of the Count's lost brother, and as the Count hears that his successful rival is her son, she is sentenced to be burnt. Ruiz, Manrico's friend, brings the news to him. Manrico tries to rescue her, but is seized too, and condemned to die by the axe.

In the fourth act Leonore offers herself to the Count as the price of freedom for the captives, but, determined to be true to her lover, she takes poison. She hastens to him, announcing his deliverance. Too late he sees how dearly she has paid for it, when, after sweet assurance of love and fidelity, she sinks dead at his feet.

The Count, coming up and seeing himself deceived, orders Manrico to be put to death instantly.

He is led away, and only after the execution does Azucena inform the Count that his murdered rival was Luna's own long-sought brother.

MADAM BUTTERFLY. Opera in 2 acts by Giacomo Puccini.

Cho-Cho-San, the heroine of "Madam Butterfly," was about 16 years old when Lieutenant Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton, of the United States navy, was stationed at Nagasaki, Japan. She belonged to a noble family. Her uncle was still living as a bonze, or Buddhist priest, in Nagasaki, but she had been left in poverty by the death of her father. Until late in the Nineteenth century, a Japanese nobleman, or "daimio," who displeased the court, might be presented with a sword, as one of a number of polite ways of requesting him to kill himself. As this amounted to sentence of death by "harikari," there was no escaping it. When Cho-Cho-San's father was thus sentenced, he killed himself in what the Japanese thought a highly honorable and creditable way. As this left his daughter unprovided for, she became a singer. Expecting to remain for some time at Nagasaki, Lieutenant Pinkerton leased a house for ninety-nine years in the Japanese form, which allowed him to cancel the lease and give up the house at the end of any month of the ninety-nine years. He made up his mind to have a Japanese wife, married in this convenient way to keep his

Japanese house for him. Goro, a marriage broker, introduced Cho-Cho-San. Because of her beauty and grace, she was called the Butterfly. Lieutenant Pinkerton was delighted with her. To him, she seemed to be a living picture from a Japanese fan, fit to be framed among cherry blossoms, with butterflies fluttering around her. She was equally pleased with him. While the marriage was being arranged, she tried to learn his religion, so that he might not be ashamed of her as his wife in the United States. She went to an American mission and became a convert to Christianity. Sharpless, the American consul at Nagasaki, understanding the Japanese character, urged Lieutenant Pinkerton to think of the girl's feelings as seriously as if she were one of his own countrywomen, but Pinkerton could think of her only as a toy and a work of Japanese art. They were married accordingly with all due Japanese form, the Imperial Commissioner and Official Registrar being present at the ceremony. When the bride was congratulated as "Madam Butterfly," she said that she must no longer be called by any other name than that of her husband. She was not "Madam Butterfly," but "Madam Pinkerton." Before the wedding guests had left the house, her uncle, the bonze, appeared among them in a great passion. He had learned that she had given up her family religion. Under his creed, this amounted to renouncing kinship with him and all her other relations. He pronounced a curse upon her, calling on her mother and all her kindred to confirm it by leaving her. Her husband finally told them all to go and comforted her.

In the second act, which has two parts, three years have passed and Lieutenant Pinkerton has been long absent in the United States. His Japanese wife and her faithful servant, Suzuki, are constantly watching the harbor for the return of his ship, the Abraham Lincoln. Cho-Cho-San is comforted by her little son, who has the blue eyes and fair hair of his father. Lieutenant Pinkerton, however, never took his Japanese marriage seriously. After he left Japan, not expecting to return, he married in the United States. He seems to have forgotten Madam Butterfly until his ship was once more ordered to Nagasaki. Then he wrote Consul Sharpless a letter, asking him to break the news of his American marriage to his Japanese wife. When Sharpless called on her, he found her so excited by the letter and so full of confidence in her husband, that it was impossible to undeceive her. She showed him her son and told him that her husband was sure to hasten back to see the beautiful child. The Consul leaves in great distress, and soon afterwards the harbor cannon fire a salute announcing the arrival of a man-of-war. It is Lieutenant Pinkerton's ship and he is on board. Madam Butterfly dresses herself and her boy in their best and waits for his arrival until late at night, but he does not come. During the day, Prince Yamadori, a wealthy merchant, makes her an offer of marriage which she indignantly rejects.

The next morning brings the conclusion. Pinkerton's American wife, who learns the whole story, wishes to take the child home with

her and adopt it as her own. Pinkerton and Sharpless visit Madam Butterfly. After realizing how cruelly he has wronged her, Pinkerton rushes away, full of the deepest remorse. Madam Butterfly resolves to give up the child and to die as her father did. She takes down his sword. The opera closes as she is dying. With her last breath she tells the child, "sent from Paradise," to go and play. With Sharpless, Pinkerton enters, calling "Butterfly, Butterfly." She dies as she points to the child.

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST. Operatic Melodrama in 3 acts, by Giacomo Puccini. Italian text by G. Zangarini, founded on Belasco's play.

The first act opens in a California mining camp, during the "Gold fever," between 1848 and 1850. The heroine, Minnie, keeps a combined tavern, saloon, dance-hall and gambling house, where in the first act, the miners are assembled. They drink, dance and play cards. All are very fond of Minnie, especially the sheriff, Jack Rance. Minnie teaches the miners and several Indians to read. She is the only white woman in the camp. Rance urges her to marry him, but she declines. She carries a pistol and reminds the sheriff that she knows how to use it if she is not treated with respect. Rance is highly sentimental in a rough way. So are all her other customers. Rance says that the country is "cursed with the lust of gold." The gamblers stop gambling when they hear a miner singing about "the old folks at home." When the song dies away "in an anguished silence," they are about to weep. One of the younger ones, Larkens, is found in tears. He says he has had enough and wants to go home. They contribute gold dust and nuggets to pay his expenses. Then they go on singing of home until one of their number is caught cheating at cards. They propose to hang him. The sheriff persuades them to punish him in another way. He is sentenced to keep the deuce of spades pinned always in sight on his breast and to be hanged if he is caught without it. Ashby, the agent for the Wells-Fargo company, comes in. He is anxious for the sheriff to catch a band of Mexican robbers, headed by a gentlemanly bandit known as Ramerrez, who robs Americans because they have invaded his country. While Ashby and the sheriff are talking, Minnie takes a Bible and reads the Fifty-first psalm to the miners. When she reads "purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean," they ask her to explain what hyssop is. She tells them that it is a plant which grows in the East and "in everybody's heart." As this is intended to explain the whole story, it is illustrated by what follows in the second and third acts. The moral is that God can save the worst people on earth by using the good in them, as the "hyssop of the heart."

The miners, who are very careless with their gold, have a barrel of it in Minnie's bar-room, where it is supposed to be kept until they are ready to send it to the mint. The band of Ramerrez plans to rob the miners, either while the gold is in this barrel or while it is being

shipped by stage-coach. One of the band is captured. He is followed to the bar-room by the leader, Ramerrez, in disguise. Minnie has met Ramerrez before without knowing that he is a professional bandit. He introduces himself as Dick Johnson. He and Minnie fall in love with each other. When he is hunted and wounded by the sheriff as Ramerrez, he is protected by Minnie who finally saves him from being lynched. The agent of the Express company is greatly disappointed because the miners become soft-hearted as suddenly as they did when they heard the song of home. They conclude that it would be wrong to lynch a bandit who is willing to repent, if lynching him would make Minnie unhappy. She tells them that the robber, Ramerrez, has been dead for a week and that they cannot kill him. She means that while wounded in her cabin, he repented and resolved to go away "to lead a new life." She throws away her pistol, tells them that the very chief of sinners can be redeemed by love and that she will be a loving friend and sister to all of them. Johnson then kneels and kisses the hem of her dress. Sonora, one of the miners, says that Minnie's words "must come from God" and that her love is something "high and holy." He cuts the rope from Johnson's neck. Minnie and Johnson leave the stage, saying "good bye, my California," while the miners remain weeping. The plot is inspired by Bret Harte's California stories, but lacks his art.

THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA. Opera in 3 acts by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari.

Maliella was left a foundling in Naples, with her parents unknown. She was adopted by Carmela, a widow, who had made a vow to the Virgin under which she bound herself to care for a deserted street-child. As she grew to womanhood, Maliella thought more and more of enjoying herself until finally she thought of nothing else. Carmela and her son, Gennaro, both loved the girl and attempted to protect her against the dangers of such a city as Naples. Gennaro loved her deeply and wished to marry her, but she scorned him. When he joined his mother in trying to keep her at home, away from her dangerous pleasures, she hated him. The opera opens in a small square near the sea in Naples, with Carmela's house and Gennaro's blacksmith shop in view. It is the feast day of the Virgin and the great procession, carrying her richly jewelled image, is about to pass. The square is full of merry-makers and Maliella joins them, flirting with the young men, some of whom try to kiss her. Among these is Rafaele, the young captain of a secret band of Camorrist outlaws. As he catches her and is about to kiss her, she draws the stiletto-pin from her hair and defends herself, cutting his hand. He gives her a flower and swears that she shall learn to love him. As she still rejects him, the procession carrying the image of the Virgin comes in sight. Rafaele says that he will risk his soul for Maliella. He offers to rob the Virgin of her jewels, if she will wear them. Maliella is terrified at this sacrilege and shrieks.

In the second act, she reproaches Gennaro with his dullness and rejects him when he urges her to marry him. She tells him she loves Rafaele. To show Rafaele's love for her, she boasts of his offer to rob the Virgin for her sake. Driven half insane with love and jealousy, Gennaro takes tools and false-keys from his shop, visits the church at night and steals the Madonna's jewels. He gives them to Maliella. She is greatly terrified. Finally her vanity grows stronger than her fear and she puts them on, thinking only of how much Rafaele might admire her, and falling finally almost into a trance.

The night after the festival, the Camorrists whom Rafaele leads, are gathered in their den, where the third act opens. There is an altar to the Virgin in it, but they draw a cloth over it and begin a wild orgy, during which Maliella enters with some of the most precious of the Madonna's jewels. She tells Rafaele of Gennaro's love. Rafaele, who is maddened with jealousy, throws her to the ground. She faints and the Madonna's jewels are seen by the Camorrists. While they are assembled around Maliella, Gennaro is dragged in by others of the band. Maliella revives from her faint, throws the jewels at Gennaro and curses him. "Rafaele," she says, "do you know what these jewels are? He stole them from the Madonna." The women in the Camorrist den scream with terror. Maliella is cursed by Rafaele. She runs out into the night, saying "to the sea." The ringing of bells announces the discovery of the robbery. The Camorrists worship the image of the Virgin and wish to kill Gennaro. They are checked by Rafaele who tells them that Gennaro is accurst and must be left to die like a dog. The Camorrists all leave the den. Gennaro kneels before the image of the Virgin, begging for a sign of her forgiveness. He stabs himself in delirium. As he is dying, day breaks, he hears the song of birds and light streams in upon him as he crawls to the altar. At the close, a mob which had followed him, appears and throws open the door, showing him in full daylight, dead at the foot of the altar.

SOME GREAT DRAMATISTS AND SOME OF THEIR CHIEF WORKS.

NOTE.—*This is not, of course, a complete list of famous Dramatists, nor is it a complete list of their works. It is intended to serve as an introduction to the vast field and to furnish a series of fingerposts to those who would acquaint themselves with the lives and works of the great masters.*

AESCHYLUS. 525-456 B.C. Greek. *Some Chief Works:* Prometheus Bound; Agamemnon; The Eumenides. *Biographies* are prefixed to most of the English translations of Aeschylus.

ALFIERI, VITTORIO. 1749-1803. Italian. *Chief Work:* Cleopatra. *Autobiography,* 1845, and life by Copping, 1857; Howells, 1877.

ANNUNZIO, GABRIELLE D'. Italian.

ARETINO, PIETRO. 1492-1556. Italian. *Chief Work:* Orazio. Sketch in Van Dyke, P. "Renascence Portraits," 1905.

ARISTOPHANES. About 444-380 B.C. Greek. *Some Chief Works:* The Birds; The Frogs; The Wasps; The Clouds.

AUGUR, EMILE. 1820-1859. French.

BEAUMARCHAIS, PIERRE AUGUSTIN CARON DE. 1732-99. French. *Chief Works:* The Barber of Seville: The Marriage of Figaro. *Biographies* by Loménie, 1856; Hallays, 1897 (in French).

BEAUMONT, FRANCIS. 1586-1616. English. Wrote many plays in collaboration with Fletcher.

BECQUE, HENRI FRANÇOIS. 1837-1899. French. *Some Chief Works:* The Prodigal Son; The Abduction; The Ravens; The Parisian.

BJORNSON, BJORNSTJERNE. 1832- . Norwegian. *Some Chief Works:* Lame Hulda; Mary Stuart; Sigurd the Crusader.

CALDERON DE LA BARCA, PEDRO. 1600-1681. Spanish. *Chief Work:* The Magic Wonder Worker. *Biographies and Studies* by Breymann, 1905 (in German); Hewes, 1846; Trench, 1880.

CIBBER, COLLEY. 1671-1757. English. *Some Chief Works:* Love's Last Shift; The Careless Husband. "Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber."

CONGREVE, WILLIAM. 1670-1729. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Mourning Bride; Love for Love; The Way of the World. *Biographies* in collected editions of Congreve's works by Gosse, 1888; Schmid, 1897 (in German).

COPPÉE, FRANÇOIS EDOUARD JOACHIM. French.

CORNEILLE, PIERRE. 1606-1684. French. *Some Chief Works:* Le Cid; Polyeucte. *Biographies and Studies* by Guizot, 1871; Segall, 1902; Vincent, 1901.

CUMBERLAND, RICHARD. 1732-1800. *Some Chief Works:* The Wheel of Fortune; The Jew; The Fashionable Love. *Memoirs* (autobiography), 1806.

DRYDEN, JOHN. 1631-1701. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Rival Ladies; All for Love; Don Sebastian. *Biographies and Studies* by Saintsbury (1881); Scott, 1808; Sherwood, 1898.

DUMAS, ALEXANDRE (fils). 1824-1895. French. *Chief Work:* Camille.

ECHEGARAY, JOSÉ. Spanish. *Some Chief Works:* The Avenger's Bride; The Great Galeotto; Madman or Saint; A Merry Life.

ETHEREGE, SIR GEORGE. 1635-1691. English. *Biography* by Meindl, 1901 (in German).

EURIPIDES. 480-406 B.C. Greek. *Some Chief Works:* Medea; Alcestes; Hippolytus; Hecuba; Orestes. *Biographies and Studies* by Mahaffy, 1879; Patin, 1866 (in French); Thomson, 1898; Way, 1894; Verrall, 1895.

FITCH, WILLIAM CLYDE. 1865-1909. American. *Some Chief Works:* Beau Brummel; The Climbers.

FLETCHER, JOHN. 1576-1625. English. See Beaumont.

FORD, JOHN. 1586-1639. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Lover's Melancholy; The Broken Heart; Love's Sacrifice.

GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON. 1749-1832. German. *Chief Work:* Faust. *Biographies* by Atkins, 1904; Bielchowsky, 1905; Boyesen, 1879; Browning, 1892; Düntzer, 1883; Grimm, 1880; Lewes, 1856; Sime, 1888.

GOLDONI, CARLO. 1707-1793. Italian. *Memoirs,* 1828, and sketch by Copping, 1857.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER. 1728-1774. English. *Chief Work:* She Stoops to Conquer. Biographies by Black, 1899; Dodson, 1899; Forster, 1848; Irving (various editions); Prior, 1837.

GREENE, ROBERT. 1560-1592. English. *Some Chief Works:* Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay; Pandosto. "Repentance" and *Biography* by Storojenko, 1881.

GRILLPARZER, FRANZ. 1791-1872. German. *Some Chief Works:* The Golden Fleece; The Argonauts; Medea; Sappho; Woe to Him Who Lies. *Autobiography,* 1892.

HAUPTMANN, GERHARDT. 1862- . German. *Some Chief Works:* Before Sunrise; A Family Catastrophe; The Weavers; The Sunken Bell.

HERVIEU, PAUL ERNEST. French.

HEYSE, JOHANN LUDWIG PAUL. 1830- . German. *Some Chief Works:* Hans Lange; Kolberg; The Wisdom of Solomon; The End of the World; Mary of Magdala. Short sketch by Copeland, 1894, and *Biography* by Patzet, 1904 (in German).

HUGO, VICTOR MARIE. 1802-1885. French. *Chief Work:* Ruy Blas. *Biographies* by Barbou 1893; Mme. Adèle Hugo, 1863; Marzials, 1888.

HOWARD, BRONSON. 1842-1908. American. *Some Chief Works:* Saratoga; Diamonds; Old Love Letters.

IBSEN, HENRIK. 1828-1906. Norwegian. *Some Chief Works:* Ghosts; The Doll's House; The Pillars of Society; Peer Gynt; When We Dead Awaken. *Biographies and Studies* by Boyesen, 1893; Jaeger, 1901; Lothar, 1902 (in German); Macfall, 1907; Shaw, 1891; Wicksteed, 1892.

IFFLAND, AUGUST WILHELM. 1759-1814. German. *Some Chief Works:* The Hunters; The Crime of Ambition.

JONES, HENRY ARTHUR. 1851- . English. *Some Chief Works:* The Middleman; The Hypocrites; Saints and Sinners.

JONSON, BEN. 1573-1637. English. *Some Chief Works:* Every Man in His Humor; Cynthia's Revels; The Alchemist. *Biographies and Studies* by Gifford, 1816; Köppel, 1906 (in German); Swinburne, 1889; Symonds, 1886.

KALIDASA. Date unknown. India. *Chief Work:* Sakuntala, a drama.

KLEIST, HEINRICH BERNT WILHELM VON. 1777-1811. German. *Some Chief Works:* The Prince of Hamburg; The Broken Pitcher.

KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN. 1784-1862. Irish. *Some Chief Works:* Virginius; William Tell; Alfred the Great; The Hunchback.

LESSING, GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM. 1729-1781. German. *Some Chief Works:* Minna von Barnhelm; Nathan the Wise; Emilia Galotti. *Biographies* by Sime, 1877; Stahr, 1866; Zimmern, 1878.

LOPE DE VEGA CARPIO, FELIX. 1562-1635. Spanish. *Biography* by Lewes, 1846.

MAETERLINCK, MAURICE. Belgian. *Some Chief Works:* The Blind; The Intruder; Princess Maleine; The Seven Princesses; Monna Vanna.

MANZONI, ALESSANDRO. 1785-1873. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Carmagnola; Adelchi.

MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER. 1564-1593. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Jew of Malta; Dr. Faustus; Tamburlaine. *Biography* by Ingrams, 1904.

MENANDER. 342-291 B.C. Greek. Fragments only of his work exist.

MOLIERE (JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN). 1622-1673. French. *Some Chief Works:* The Misanthrope; Bourgeois Gentilhomme; Tartuffe; Le Malade Imaginaire. *Biographies* by Marzials, 1906; Trollope, 1905; Taylor, 1906; Vincent, 1902.

MUSSET, LOUIS CHARLES ALFRED DE. 1810-1857. French.

OTWAY, THOMAS. 1651-1685. English. *Some Chief Works:* Venice Preserved; Alcibiades; Don Carlos.

PINERO, ARTHUR WING. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Second Mrs. Tanqueray; The Money Spinner.

PLAUTUS, TITUS MACCIUS. 254-184 B.C. Roman. *Chief Works:* Trinummus; Rudens.

RACINE, JEAN BAPTISTE. 1639-1699. French. *Some Chief Works:* Andromaque; Mithridate; Iphigénie; Phèdre; Esther; Athalie. *Biography* by Blaze de Bury, 1845; Trollope, 1881.

ROBERTSON, THOMAS WILLIAM. 1829-1871. English.

ROSTAND, EDMOND. 1868- . French. *Chief Work:* Cyrano de Bergerac.

SARDOU, VICTORIEN. French. *Chief Work:* Diplomacy.

SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON. 1759-1805. German. *Some Chief Works:* Wallenstein; Marie Stuart; William Tell; Joan of Arc. *Biographies* by Bellermann, 1901 (in German); Boyesen, 1898; Carlyle, 1846; Düntzer, 1883; Nevinson, 1889; Thomas, 1901; Weltrich, 1899 (in German).

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM. 1564-1616. English. *Some Chief Works:* King Lear; Hamlet; Romeo and Juliet; Othello; Merchant of Venice; Twelfth Night; Macbeth; Midsummer Night's Dream; As You Like It; The Tempest; A Winter's Tale. *Biographical Studies* by Baynes, 1894; Boas, 1896; Dowden, 1895; Elton, 1904; Ewen, 1904; Guizot, 1852; Halliwell-Phillips, 1890; Hazlett, 1902; Hudson, 1892; Hugo, 1886; Lanier, 1902; Lee, 1898; Mabie, 1904; Raleigh, 1907; Rolfe, 1904; Goldwin Smith, 1900; Walter, 1890; Wendell, 1894.

SHAW, GEORGE BERNARD. 1856- . English. *Chief Work:* Man and Superman.

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY BUTLER. 1751-1816. English. *Some Chief Works:* School for Scandal; The Rivals. *Biographies* by Fitzgerald, 1886; Moore, 1825; Oliphant, 1883; Rae, 1896.

SOPHOCLES. 495-406 B.C. Greek. *Some Chief Works:* Oedipus Tyrannus; Antigone; Electra; Ajax; Philoctetes. *Biographies* by Campbell, 1880; Patin, 1865 (in French).

SUDERMANN, HERMANN. 1857- . German. *Some Chief Works:* Magda; The Fires of St. John.

TERENCE (PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER). About 185-159 B.C. Roman. *Some Chief Works:* The Woman of Andros; The Step-mother; The Self-Tormentor; The Eunuch; Phormio; Adelphi.

THOMAS, AUGUSTUS. 1859- . American. *Some Chief Works:* Arizona; The Earl of Pawtucket; In Mizzoura.

VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN. 1666-1726. *Some Chief Works:* The Relapse; The Provoked Wife. *Biography* by Dametz, 1898 (in German), and sketches in collected editions of Vanbrugh's works.

VOLTAIRE, FRANÇOIS-MARIE AROUET. 1694-1778. French. *Some Chief Works:* Zaire; Mérope; Irène; Oedipe. *Biographies* by Espinasse, 1892; Morley, 1891; Parton, 1881.

VONDEL, JOOST VAN DEN. 1587-1679. Dutch. *Some Chief Works:* Palamides; The Amsterdam Hecuba; Lucifer; and many Biblical dramas.

SOME GREAT ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

NOTE.—*This is not, of course, a complete list of famous Actors and Actresses. It is intended to serve as an introduction to the vast field and to furnish a series of fingerposts to those who would acquaint themselves with the lives of these famous men and women.*

ABINGTON, FRANCES. 1737-1815. English.
ÆSOPUS, CLODIUS. 1st Century B.C. Roman.
ALLEYN, EDWARD. 1566-1626. English.
ANDERSON, MARY. 1859- . American. *Biographies:* "A Few Memories," 1896; "Stage Life of," by William Winter.
ANGLIN, MARGARET. 1876- . Canadian.
ARISTODEMUS. 4th Century B.C. Greek.
ARTHUR, JULIA (MRS. B. P. CHEN). 1869- . Canadian.
ASHWELL, LENA. 1872- . English.
BARETTA-WORMS, BLANCHE ROSE MARIE HÉLÈNE. . French.
BARRETT, LAWRENCE. 1838-91. American.
BARRYMORE, ETHEL. 1882- . American.
BATES, BLANCHE. 1873- . American.
BARON, MICHEL. 1653-1729. French.
BATHYLLUS OF ALEXANDRIA. Fl. B.C. 30.
BERNHARDT, SARAH (BERNHARDT, ROSINE). 1844- . French. *Biography* by Jules Huret.
BETTERTON, THOMAS. 1636-1710. English. *Biography* by R. W. Lowe.
BLOODGOOD, CLARE SUTTON.
BOOTH, EDWIN. 1833-93. American. *Biographies* by C. T. Copeland, 1901; Mrs. Edwina Booth Grossmann, 1894; W. Winter, 1894.
BOOTH, JUNIUS BRUTUS. 1796-1852. American.
BOUCICAULT, DION. 1822-1890. Irish.
BRACEGIRDLE, ANNE. 1663-1748. English.
BRANDES, JOHANN CHRISTIAN. 1735-1799. German.
BURBAGE, RICHARD. 1567-1619.
BURTON, WILLIAM EVANS. 1804-60. English.
CAMPBELL, MRS. PATRICK. 1867- . English.
CARTER, MRS. LOUISE LESLIE. American.
CIBBER, MRS. SUSANNAH MARIA. 1714-1766. English.
CLEANDER. 5th Century B.C. Greek.
CLAIRON, MLLE. CLAIRE JOSEPHE DE LA TUDE. 1723-1803. French. *Memoirs.*
CLIVE, MRS. CATHERINE (RAFTOR). 1711-85. *Life* by P. H. Fitzgerald.
COQUELIN, BENOIT CONSTANT. 1841- . French.
CRANE, WILLIAM H. 1845- . American.
CUSHMAN, CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS. 1816-76. American. *Biography* by Emma Stebbins.
DALY, ARNOLD. 1875- . American.
DAVENPORT, EDWARD LOOMIS. 1815-77. *Biography* by E. F. Edgett.
DAVENPORT, MRS. MARY ANN. 1765-1843. English.
DEJAZET, VIRGINIE. 1797-1875. French.
DREW, MRS. LOUISA (LANE) HUNT MOSSOP. 1820-97. *Autobiographical sketch.*
DREW, JOHN. 1853- . *Biography* by E. A. Dithmar.
DUMESNIL, MARIE FRANÇOISE MARCHAND. 1713-1803. French.
DUSE, ELEONORA. 1861- . Italian. *Biography,* "Duse, and the French," by Victor Mapes.
ELLIOT, MAXINE. 1873- . American.
EYTINGE, ROSE. 1838-1908. American. *Autobiography, Memories,* 1905.
FAUCIT, HELEN, afterwards LADY MARTIN. 1816-1898. English.
FECHTER, CHARLES ALBERT. 1824-79. French. *Biography* by Kate Field.
FISKE, MINNIE MADDERN (MRS. HARRISON GREY). 1865- . American.
FLORENCE, WILLIAM JERMYN. 1831-91. American.
FORREST, EDWIN. 1806-72. English. *Biography* by Lawrence Barrett.
FORBES-ROBERTSON, JOHNSTON. 1853- . English.
GARRICK, DAVID. 1716-79. English. *Life* by P. H. Fitzgerald.
GILBERT, MRS. ANNE (HARTLEY). 1821-1901. "Stage Reminiscences."
GILBERT, JOHN GIBBS. 1810-89. *Sketch* by William Winter.
GOODWIN, NATHANIEL C. 1857- . American.
GWYN, ELEANOR. 1650-87. English. "Story of," by Peter Cunningham.
HACKETT, JAMES HENRY. 1800-1871. American.
HARE, JOHN. 1844- . English.
HARNED, VIRGINIA. 1868- . American.
HARRIOTT, MRS. CLARA (MORRIS). 1848- . Canadian. "Life of a Star," "Life on the Stage," "Stage Confidences; Talks about Players and Play Acting," by Clara Morris.
IRVING, SIR JOHN HENRY BRODRIB. 1835-1905. English. *Biography* by William Archer, 1888; B. Stoker, 1906; W. Winter, 1885.

IRWIN, MAY (MRS. OTTO EISFELD). 1862- . Canadian.
JAMES, LOUIS. 1842-1910. American.
JEFFERSON, JOSEPH. 1829-1905. American. *Autobiography.* "Reminiscences," by Francis Wilson.
JORDAN, DOROTHEA. 1762-1816. English.
KEAN, EDMUND. 1787-1833. English. "Life and Adventures," by J. F. Molloy.
KEENE, LAWRENCE.
KEMBLE, FRANCES ANN. 1809-93. English. "Record of a Girlhood." *Autobiography.*
KEMBLE, JOHN PHILIP. 1757-1823. English. "The Kembles"; an account of the Kemble family, including the life of Mrs. Siddons.
KENDALL, MRS. GRIMSTON, MRS. MARGARET BRUTON (ROBERTSON). 1849-1907. "The Kendalls," a biography by T. E. Pemberton.
LAFOND, PIERRE. 1773-1846. French.
LECOUVREUR, ADRIENNE. 1692-1730. French.
LAMBERT, N. 17th Century. French.
LEPLAIN, HENRI LOUIS. 1728-1778. French.
LEMAITRE, ANTOINE LOUIS PROSPER (known as FRÉDÉRIC). 1800-76. French.
LUTZ, MRS. LAURA (KEENE) TAYLOR. 1826-73. "Life of Laura Keene," by John Creahan.
LORRAINE, ROBERT.
LOTTA (CHARLOTTE CRABTREE). 1847. American.
MCCULLOUGH, JOHN. 1837-85. American.
MACKAY, F. F. American.
MACKLIN, CHARLES. 1690-1797. *Biography* by E. A. Parry. "Eminent Actors," vol. iii.
MACREADY, WILLIAM CHARLES. 1795-1873. English. *Biography* by W. Archer.
MANNERING, MARY (MRS. J. K. HACKETT). 1876- . English.
MANSFIELD, RICHARD. 1857-1907. American.
MANTELL, ROBERT B. 1854- . Scottish.
MARLOWE, JULIA. 1865- . English. "Julia Marlowe," by I. D. Barry.
MARS, MONVEL, MLLE. ANNE FRANÇOISE HYPPOLYTE BOUTET. 1779-1847. French.
MATHEWS, CHARLES JAMES. 1776-1835. English.
MODJESKA, HELENA (MME. CHLAPOWSKI). 1844-1909. Polish.
MOLÉ, FRANÇOIS RENE. 1734-1802. French.
MORRIS, CLARA. (See HARRIOTT.)
MONVEL, JACQUES MARIE BOUTET. 1745-1812. French.
MYNISCUS OF CHALCIS. 5th Century B.C. Greek.
NEILSON, LILIAN ADELAIDE. 1848-80. English.
NETHERSOLE, OLGA. 1870- . English.
NICOSTRATUS. *About* 420 B.C. Greek.
OLDFIELD, ANNE. 1683-1730. English. "Palmy Days of Nance Oldfield," by Edward Robins.
POLUS OF ÆGINA. 4th Century B.C. Greek.
PRITCHARD, MRS. HANNAH. 1711-1768. English.
RACHEL (FÉLIX, ELISA RACHEL). 1821-58. French. *Biography* by Mrs. N. H. Kennard.
REHAN, ADA. 1860- . Irish.
REJANE, MME. French.
RISTORI, ADELAIDE. 1822-1906. Italian.
ROBINSON, MARY (known as PERDITA). 1758-1800. English.
ROBSON, ELEANOR ELISE. English.
ROSCIUS, QUINTUS. B.C. 62. Roman.
SALVINI, ALEXANDER. Italian.
SALVINI, TOMMASO. 1829- . Italian. "Leaves from the Autobiography."
SIDDONS, SARAH (KEMBLE). 1755-1831. English. *Memoirs* by James Boaden.
SKINNER, OTIS. 1865- . American.
SMITHSON, HARRIET CONSTANCE, afterwards MME. BERLIOZ. 1800-1859. English.
SOTHERN, EDWARD ASKEW. 1826-81. English. *Memoir* by T. E. Pemberton.
SOTHERN, EDWARD H. 1859- . American.
STODDART, JAMES HENRY. 1827-1907. "Recollections of a Player."
SULLIVAN, THOMAS BARRY. 1821-91. "Sullivan and His Contemporaries," by R. M. Sillard.
TALMA, FRANCOIS JOSEPH. 1763-1826. French.
TARLTON, RICHARD. 1588. English.
TERRY, ELLEN ALICE. 1848- . "Ellen Terry and Her Sisters," by T. E. Pemberton.
TERRISS, WILLIAM (LEWIN, WILLIAM CHARLES JAMES). 1847-97. English "Life of William Terris, Actor," by A. J. Smythe.
TREE, HERBERT BEERBOHM. 1853- . English.
TURPIO, LUCIUS AMBIVIUS. 2d Century B.C. Roman.
WALLACK, JAMES WILLIAM. 1795-1864. English.
WALLACK, JOHN LESTER. 1820-88. American.
WALSH, BLANCHE. 1873- . American.
WARFIELD, DAVID. 1866- . American.
WILKS, ROBERT. 1665-1732. English.
WOFFINGTON, MARGARET. 1720-80. English. "Life and Adventures of Peg Woffington," 2 vols.

SELF CULTURE QUESTIONS.

Volume IX.

By A. A. STANLEY,

Director University School of Music, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

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A